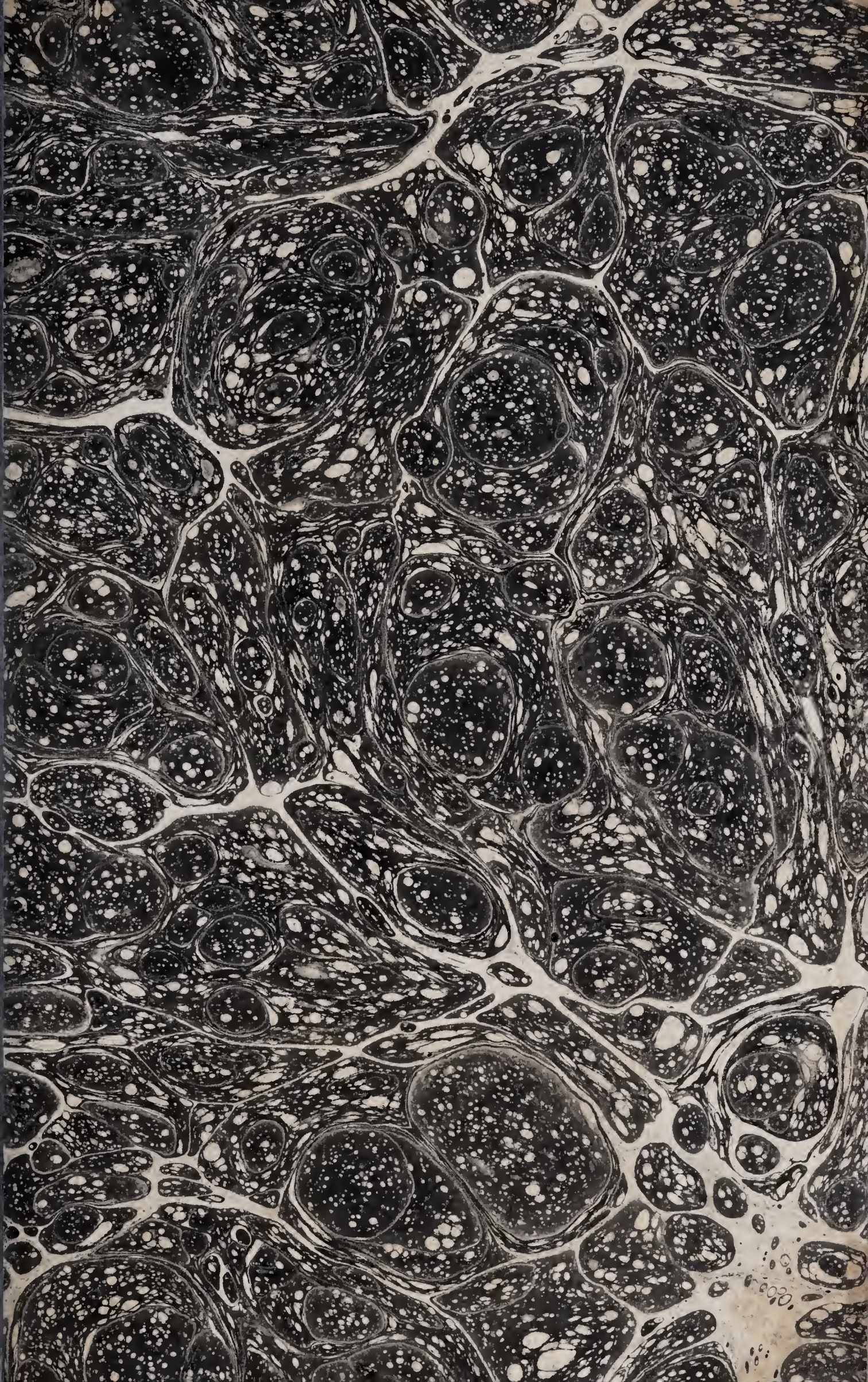




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FRONTISPIECE. Vol. I.



Rev.d W. Bingley del.t

S. Alken fecit.

A

TOUR

ROUND

NORTH WALES,

PERFORMED

During the Summer of 1798:

CONTAINING

Not only the Description and local History of the Country, but also, a Sketch of the History of the Welsh Bards;

An ESSAY on the LANGUAGE;

Observations on the Manners and Customs; and the Habitats of above 400 of the more rare Native Plants; intended as a Guide to future Tourists.

By the Rev. W. BINGLEY, B.A. F.L.S.

OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Illustrated with Views in Aquatinta by Alken.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,

I Have taken the liberty of presenting to you these volumes, which contain an account of a Tour made round a part of Great Britain, that to every naturalist, is particularly interesting. If they are found of any use as a guide to the treasures in the science, which there so amply abound, one chief end of their writing will be answered. It was in the hope of this, that I was principally in-

duced to present them to you; and I have only to express a wish, that the gift were better worth your acceptance than it is.

Receive it, however, if not as valuable from it's own merits, yet as affording you a testimony of the sincere esteem, with which I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, and

Obliged humble servant,

W. Bingley.

PREFACE.

THE accounts that I had at different times received of the ſtupendous and pictureſque ſcenery of ſome of the counties of North Wales, induced me, in the ſummer of 1798, to ſpend three months that I had to ſpare from my College avocations, in that romantic part of Great Britain. Theſe I juſtly conceived, would be ſo amply ſufficient, that they would allow me time *leiſurely* to examine all the moſt material places.

I can here truly ſay, that every expectation I had been taught to raiſe, was more than fulfilled. The traveller of taſte, who is in ſearch of the grandeſt ſcenes that nature has formed in theſe iſlands; the naturaliſt, and the antiquary, may all reſt aſſured that they will find here ample entertainment in their reſpective purſuits.

My mode of travelling was chiefly on foot, but ſometimes I took horſes, and at other times proceeded in carriages, as I found it convenient. The former, notwithſtanding all the objections that have been made againſt it, will, I am confident, upon the whole, be found the moſt uſeful, if health and ſtrength are not wanting. To a naturaliſt, it is evidently ſo; ſince, by this means, he is enabled to examine the country as he goes along; and when he ſees occaſion, he can alſo ſtrike out of the road, amongſt the mountains or moraſſes, in a manner completely independent of all thoſe obſtacles that inevitably attend the bringing of carriages or horſes.

Next to being on foot, the touriſt will find a horſe the moſt uſeful; but in this caſe, if he intends to ramble much amongſt the mountains, it will be neceſſary for him to take a Welſh poney, which, uſed to the ſtony paths, will carry him, without danger,

danger, over places where no Engliſh horſe, accuſtomed to even roads and ſmooth turf, could ſtand with him.

In carriages, no perſons will, of courſe, expect to travel, except along the great roads, (which indeed extend quite round the country), but at all the inns, horſes may be procured to penetrate into the mountainous and more romantic parts.

There is an inn at almoſt every reſpectable town, where poſt chaiſes are kept; but owing to the great numbers who now make this faſhionable tour, delays are at times unavoidably occaſioned by theſe being all employed. This, however, is a circumſtance that ſeems to me of but little conſequence to the touriſt, ſince, at almoſt every place where he has occaſion to ſtop, amuſements may be found more than ſufficient to occupy the two or three hours of delay.

Evans's ſmaller map of North Wales,* which is the correcteſt map I ever travelled by, will be found a moſt uſeful companion. The roads have in this been laid down with ſo much accuracy, that, wherever the traveller may have occaſion to find fault, it will be more than probable that ſome change has taken place ſince the ſurvey was taken. A ſmall pocket compaſs, amongſt the mountains, will be almoſt as neceſſary as the map.

The touriſt, who happens to take along with him theſe volumes, will, in pronouncing and underſtanding the Welſh names, be ſomewhat aſſiſted, by examining carefully the former part of the chapter on the language, where he will find the force of the letters, and the explanation of ſuch

* The price of this map is eighteen ſhillings; and it may be had of E. Williams, N°. 11, Strand, the publiſher of this work; as may alſo the larger one, on nine ſheets, price three guineas.

words

words as commonly occur in the compoſition of the names of places, &c.

The expences of travelling in Wales, notwithſtanding what Mr. Pratt,* and ſome other writers have ſaid upon the ſubject, I found in general, but little leſs than thoſe on the roads in the central parts of England. Proviſions are here very little cheaper than with us; and the expences of houſe-keeping have, within the few laſt years, been conſiderably increaſed.

Having put down theſe previous hints for the future touriſt, it is now proper that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of the preſent work.

Throughout the whole of my journey, I endeavoured to make my purſuits and my obſervations as general as poſſible: and in theſe volumes, I have, as far as lay in my power, made it my rule to put down for

* Author of Gleanings through Wales.

the information of others, every thing that I wiſhed to have known when I was myſelf making the tour. This, allowing for all the differences of taſte and opinion, ſeemed to me the beſt criterion by which to judge of the wiſhes of the public; in what manner I have ſucceeded, the volumes themſelves muſt ſhew.

I have, as will be found upon peruſal, interſperſed them but little, either with reflections or incidental ſtories: indeed of the latter, I ought candidly to confeſs, that I met with very few which I thought worth recording. Two late touriſts, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Warner, if they have not introduced the noveliſt too often in their works, (which, by the way, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect they have) were infinitely more fortunate in meeting with adventures than I was.

In the deſcription of the country, I have invariably endeavoured to let the ſcenes form

form themſelves, and to paint nature ſimply as I found her. The touriſt, who is deſirous of forming reflections for himſelf, will, I doubt not, at all events thank me for my intentions in this reſpect. I ſhall ever remember, in a tour that I made ſome years ago to the Lakes of the north of England, how much I found myſelf deceived and diſappointed, by the turgid and high-flown deſcriptions which fill almoſt every page of Mr. Weſt's Guide through that country; a book, in other reſpects certainly of merit. This circumſtance alone led me to a determination, if poſſible, to avoid that error. When the ſcenery exceeds the deſcription, it will be viewed with pleaſure; but when it falls ſhort of it, no one but a traveller can tell the diſappointment that is felt.

As the preſent work was intended chiefly for the uſe of the touriſt, I judged alſo that I ſhould be rendering myſelf of more

ſervice,

ſervice, in not permitting it to lay claim entirely to originality: but in return for this, I have, I believe, (except in the firſt and laſt chapters of the *Tour*) always inſerted marks of reference to the authors from whence my information is extracted. To Mr. Pennant's accurate and learned work on this country, I have in various inſtances, as will be hereafter ſeen, been much indebted.

It may indeed, and not improperly, be aſked, what need there was for any other account, when one ſo accurate as the above was already extant? In anſwer to this, I have to obſerve, that the preſent is more commodious for carriage: the former being in two volumes quarto, is extremely heavy and inconvenient for perſons to carry along with them. Mr. Pennant has taken no general rout. He begins near his own houſe in Flintſhire, proceeds through that county, part of Cheſhire, Shropſhire, and Denbighſhire, and returns

to

to Downing; from whence he again ſets out, and takes not a regular rout over the remainder of North Wales. I by no means mention this circumſtance as a derogation from the intrinſic merits of his work, it is only done to ſhew it's inconvenience as a guide to the touriſt. It contains much matter, and many long diſſertations on ſubjects of antiquity, (particularly an excellent life of the Welſh hero, Owen Glyndwr, which alone occupies about 70 pages) theſe, though well calculated both to inſtruct and amuſe in the cloſet, are too long and unintereſting for the generality of perſons when upon their journey. And to conclude the whole, it has been *out of print* for ſome time.

The literary world has been much indebted to the induſtry and abilities of Mr. Pennant, for his accurate examinations and deſcriptions of Wales, Scotland, and ſeveral parts of England, in which he has evinced a depth

a depth of knowledge that does not fall to every man's lot. He was the firſt who made the taſte for home travels ſo prevalent in this country; and it would be uncandid not to declare, that this gentlemen has given us ſome of the earlieſt deſcriptions that are worth preſerving. In his tour in North Wales, from being a native of the country, and having acceſs to all the principal libraries there, he poſſeſſed many advantages that in his other journies he did not, which of courſe muſt tend to render this his moſt correct work.

In the preſent volumes, from my being reſident in Cambridge, and having had acceſs to ſeveral of the libraries there, I may perhaps be permitted to flatter myſelf that I have been able to inſert ſome curious information, and many hiſtorical facts, which even Mr. Pennant has omitted.

When I made the journey, I very ſtrangely took but ſhort deſcriptions of the

town

towns of Cheſter and Shrewſbury, intending to confine my obſervations entirely to Wales: but afterwards, upon conſidering the matter, theſe places ſeemed ſo materially connected with the others, that rather than omit them, I determined to add to my own the moſt uſeful obſervations of Mr. Pennant and Dr. Aikin;* and ſince the references for theſe would, if inſerted, have occured very often, I thought it better to leave them out.

In the *Hiſtory of the Bards*, I have been much indebted to ſeveral parts of Mr. Jones's excellent work, entitled "Muſical "and Poetical Relics of the Welſh Bards." In the more antient part of the hiſtory, I have taken the liberty to prefer the authorities of the Roman writers to that of Mr. William Owen, who has lately, in the introduction to his tranſlation of the

* In his Hiſtory of the Country round Manchester.

elegies

elegies of Llywarch Hên, given us a hiſtory of bardiſm, very different from any we ever heard of before; for in what manner ſoever new opinions may have ſprung up, it appears to me difficult, if not impoſſible, to overthrow the accounts of contemporary writers, whoſe authority no one ſeems before to have doubted; and who were certainly themſelves preſent in ſome of the ſcenes they deſcribe.

The *Itinerary* I have attempted to make as uſeful as poſſible. When I made the tour, I took with me one, ſomewhat ſimilar, extracted from the accounts of former writers. The diſtances are marked, I believe, pretty accurately; and all the villages, and ſome other places, are here inſerted; many of which, from their inſignificance, have not been noticed in the body of the work.

In the Appendix, I have placed, chiefly at the deſire of ſome of my Welſh friends,

Lord

Lord Lyttleton's two intereſting Letters on this Country, and a few other detached things, that I thought might be of uſe.

Very little of *Botany* will be found to occur in the interior of the volumes; this I have confined almoſt entirely to the catalogue at the end, where I have given the habitats of the plants with as great a degree of exactneſs as I poſſibly could.

In the *Index*, which is pretty full, I believe I have inſerted every minute place whoſe name occurs, in order to render that, to naturaliſts in particular, of as much uſe as poſſible. They frequently want to know the ſituations of very ſmall and obſcure places, which, without ſome ſuch guide, it would be difficult to find. The indexes to Mr. Pennant's Tour, I found by no means ſufficient for this purpoſe; for in many caſes, where the places were not deſcribed at length in the body of the work, they were omitted there.

I have

I have now, in concluſion, to acknowledge my obligations for the kind and liberal aſſiſtance of ſeveral gentlemen in Wales, but in a moſt particular manner to the Reverend Peter Williams, late of Jeſus College, Oxford, Rector of Llanrûg, near Caernarvon, who was my companion in many of the ſcenes here deſcribed: to John Wynne Griffith, Eſq. F. L. S. of Garn, near Denbigh; the Reverend Hugh Davies, F. L. S. of Aber, near Bangor; the Reverend Evan Lloyd, of Maes y Porth, near Newborough; and to Mr. David Thomas, of Red Wharf, near Beaumaris, Angleſea.

W. B.

A

TOUR

ROUND

NORTH WALES.

CHAP. I.

CHESTER.——HISTORY—EARLDOM—ANTIENT TRADE—MONKISH OPINIONS OF IT'S IMPORTS —SIEGE—ROWS—CATHEDRAL—BISHOPRIC—CHURCHES—CASTLE—WALLS—MANUFACTURES AND TRADE—RIVER DEE—POLICE—LAW-COURTS—ROOD-EYE.

THE antient city of Cheſter is ſituated on a riſing ground, above the river Dee, by which it is guarded on the ſouth and weſt ſides. From its form, one would be led to conjecture that it was indebted to the Romans for its foun-

dation, for the four principal ſtreets croſſing each other at right angles, ſtill retain the original appearance of a Roman camp. Of this however there is no direct hiſtorical evidence, though it is well known to have been one of their military ſtations, and from its having been the place where the twentieth Legion was chiefly quartered, it was called *Caer Legion*, and *Caer Lleon Vawr ar ddyfr Dwy*, the camp of the great Legion on the Dee. It was called by the Romans *Caſtrum Legionis*, the camp of the Legion, *Deva* and *Deunana* from the river, and afterwards *Ceſtria* from *Caſtrum*, a camp or military ſtation; the Saxons gave it the name of *Leganceſter* and *Legaceaſter*.*

At different times there have been diſcovered here, various remains of Roman antiquity, ſuch as altars, ſtatues, coins,

* Biſhop Gibſon's edition of Camden's Britannia, fol. 1695. 557.

and

and a hypocauſt or furnace for heating a *ſudatorium* or ſweating-room, which is ſtill to be ſeen at the Feathers' Inn. The hypocauſt is the only part of the ſtructure left; it is rectangular, and conſiſts of a number of low pillars ſupporting ſquare tiles, perforated for the paſſage of the warm vapour.

After the Romans departed from Great Britain in the fifth century, this place fell under the government of the Britiſh princes, with whom it remained till the year 603, when it was wreſted from them by Ethelfrid king of Northumbria. Brochwel Yſcithroc king of Powes attempted to oppoſe him, but with an army compoſed chiefly of Monks, from the monaſtry of Bangor-is-coed not far diſtant, depending more upon the aſſiſtance of Heaven than in the manual ſtrength of his army; he placed them naked and unarmed upon an eminence, where Ethelfrid obſerving

them in the attitude of prayer, fell upon them, and without mercy ſlew upwards of twelve hundred.*

Sometime after this Cheſter appears to have again got into the poſſeſſion of the Britons, but about 828 it was finally wreſted out of their hands by Egbert, who annexed it to the Saxon crown.

* Chronicon Saxonicum, edit. 1662, p. 25. Hiſtoria eccleſiaſtica gentis Anglorum a venerabili Beda, 1643, II. c. 2. p. 111, 112, 113. Flores hiſtoriarum per Matthæum Weſtmonaſterienſem, 1570. p. 206. Commentarioli Britanniæ deſcriptionis pagmentum auctore Humfredo Lhuyd, 1572. Britannicarum Eccleſiarum antiquitates, Jacobo Uſſerio. 1639. p. 132. Fuller's Church Hiſtory, 1655, p. 63. Tanner's notitia monaſtica. Rowland's Mona antiqua reſtaurata, 1766, p. 152. The Saxon Annals, Beda and Mr. Pennant place this battle in 607, Uſher in 613, but the others in 603, which appears to have been the true date of the event. See a letter of Mr. Wynn of Llan Gynhafal upon the ſubject in the Cambrian Regiſter, vol. II. p. 521.

In

In the ſame century it was ſeized, and almoſt demoliſhed by the Danes, who having been defeated by Alfred the great, had retreated for ſafety into this part of the country; but it was ſoon afterwards reſtored by his valiant daughter Ethelfleda, the wife of Ethelred Duke of Mercia.*

After the Norman conqueſt, William created his nephew, Hugh Lupus Earl of Cheſter, and granted to him the ſame juriſdiction in this County, that he himſelf poſſeſſed in the reſt of the Iſland. By virtue of this grant the Earls held parliament here, conſiſting of the barons and tenants, which were not bound by the acts of the Engliſh parliament,† and the town of Cheſter enjoyed ſovereign juriſdiction within its own limits. The Earls were petty princes, and all the land hol-

* Matt. Weſtm. 354. Gibſ. Camden, 558.

† Gibſ. Camd. 567.

ders in the county were mediately or immediately their vaſſals, and under the ſame allegiance to them as to the kings of England.

Hugh Lupus when he received the earldom, immediately repaired the town walls and erected the caſtle;* the former having either fallen into decay ſince the days of Ethelfleda, or not being thought ſufficiently ſtrong for the exigencies of the times.

In ſeveral reigns ſubſequent to the Norman conqueſt, Cheſter was made a place of rendezvous for troops in all expeditions againſt Wales, and frequently ſuffered in the conteſts betwixt the two nations. Camden ſays that "the ſkirmiſhes here between "the Welſh and Engliſh in the beginning of the Norman times, were ſo "numerous, the inroads and excurſions "and the fireing of the ſuburbs of Han-

* Gibſ. Camden, 558.

"brid

" brid beyond the bridge, ſo frequent, " that the Welſhmen called it *Treboeth*, " that is, burnt town; they tell us alſo " that there was a long wall made there " of Welſhmen's ſculls."*

In the time of Hugh Lupus the port of Cheſter appears to have arrived at ſome degree of conſequence. The exports conſiſted in ſlaves,† (for this inhuman traffic was

* Gibſ. Camden, 559.

† " Here is a town called Brichſtow *(Briſtol)* " oppoſite to Ireland, and extremely convenient " for trading with that country. *Wulfſtan* induced " them to drop a barbarous cuſtom, which neither " the love of God nor the king, could prevail on " them to lay aſide. This was the market for " ſlaves collected from all parts of England. It " was a moſt moving ſight to ſee in the public " markets, rows of young people of both ſexes " tied together with ropes; of great beauty and " in the flower of their youth, daily proſtituted, " daily ſold. Execrable fact! wretched diſgrace!

was carried on even by the Saxons to a great height) in horſes and cheeſe. The imports were chiefly ſpices and other luxuries of the Eaſt, procured either from Venice or afterwards from Piſa and Amalphi; Cloth from Flanders; Linen from Germany; reliques and other articles, fuel for ſuperſtition, from Italy; wine from France and Spain; and furs, whale-bone, feathers and other articles from the northern regions.

Lucian* a jolly Monk, who flouriſhed about the time of the conqueſt, ſpeaks of ſhips "coming from Gaſcoign, Spain,

"men unmindful even of the affection of the "brute creation! delivering into ſlavery their re-"lations, and even their very offspring." beta, S. Wulfſtan in Anglia Sacra, quoted in Pennant's Tour, I. 134, 135. Wulfſtan was Biſhop of Worceſter, and died in the year 1095.

* See an extract from his writing in Gibſ. Camd. 559.

"Ireland

" Ireland and Germany, which by Chriſt's " aſſiſtance, and by the labour and conduct " of mariners, repair hither and ſupply " them with all ſorts of commodities; ſo " that being comforted by the grace of " God in all things, *we drink plentifully*; " for thoſe countries have abundance of " vineyards."

Upon the death of John Earl of Cheſter, without iſſue male in 1237, Henry III. took the Earldom, and all the powers annexed to it, into his own hands; and ſoon afterwards granted to the city its firſt royal charter.

In this city it was that the Welſh made their final acknowledgement to the ſovereignty of England in the year 1300, by Edward of Caernarvon, Prince of Wales, when the freeholders of the county did homage and fealty for their reſpective lands.

Henry Duke of Lancaſter, afterwards Henry IV. in 1399 ſeized the city and caſtle

caſtle in his way to Flint, againſt the ill-fated Richard II, and on his return ſecured him one night in the fortreſs,* and cruelly put to death Sir Perkin a Legh and other gentlemen, whom he had taken with their unfortunate maſter.

In the civil wars of Charles I. Cheſter adhered with great fidelity to the royal cauſe; and it was not till every hope had been cut off by the important victory which the parliament's army had gained at Rowton Heath, of which, from the leads of the Phœnix Tower the King himſelf was an anxious ſpectator, that it was ſurrendered to them on the 3d of February 1645-6, on the moſt honourable terms, after a gallant reſiſtance for near five months, during part of which time the garriſon were reduced to ſo great a want of provi-

* Stow's Annals, edit. 1631, 322. Carte's Hiſtory of England, edit. 1747, &c. II. 635.

ſions

ſions as to be obliged to live, even on their horſes and dogs.

It is ſaid by Camden * that Henry IV. Emperor of Germany, who married Maud the grand-daughter of William the Conqueror, and had put into priſon his father, the Pope and ſome of the cardinals, withdrew himſelf from the world, and retired to this place, where he reſided unknown as to his real character for near ten years; but death approaching, he diſcovered himſelf, and was afterwards buried in the abbey. This ſtory ſeems altogether doubtful, and the latter part of it is certainly falſe, for Henry IV. it is well known, died at Liege in 1106, and was magnificently interred in the Cathedral of that city.

Cheſter has been often admired by ſtrangers on account of the ſingular ſtructure of it's principal ſtreets. Theſe have been ex-

* Gibſon's edit. 558.

cavated

cavated to the depth of about eight feet out of the earth. On a level with them are low ſhops and warehouſes; whilſt above and on a level with the kitchens and court-yards are galleries, or *Rows* as they are called, running along the fronts of the houſes, and affording a covered walk for foot paſſengers.* Over theſe are the higher ſtories of the houſes. Theſe rows are diſagreeably cloſe and often very dirty; and a perſon is under the neceſſity of aſcending and deſcending wherever a lane croſſes the ſtreet. The four large ſtreets are for the moſt part of a good breadth, but upon the

* Theſe rows appear to have been the ſame with the antient *veſtibules*, and to have been a *form* of building preſerved from the time that the city was poſſeſſed by the Romans. They were built before the doors, midway between the ſtreets and the houſes; and were the places where dependants waited for the coming out of their patrons. Pennant's Tour, I. 113.

whole

whole this city is rather venerable and ſingular than elegant.

The Cathedral is a large, irregular and heavy pile of building, at preſent become ragged from the decay of it's mouldering ſtone. It was built on the ſide of a nunnery founded about the year 660, by Wolferus King of Mercia, in favor of his daughter Werburgh, afterwards ſainted, to whom it is dedicated. The chief part of the preſent building was erected in the reigns of Henry VI. VII. VIII. but principally in thoſe of the two laſt. The revenues of the Abbey at the diſſolution were according to Dugdale valued at £1003. 5*s*. 11*d*. and according to Speed at £1073. 17*s*. 7*d*.

The choir is very neat, and the gothic tabernacle-work over the ſtalls is carved in a light and elegant manner. About the walls in the chancel are diſperſed the monuments of ſeveral biſhops and churchmen, but none of them of any magnificence.

The

The Biſhop's throne ſtands on a ſtone baſe richly ornamented with gothic carving. Around it's upper parts is a range of ſmall images deſigned to repreſent the kings and ſaints of the Mercian kingdom. This baſe is generally called the ſhrine of St. Werburgh, but it is in fact nothing more than the pedeſtal on which it ſtood. The ſhrine itſelf, in which were depoſited the ſacred reliques, muſt have been ſmall and portable, and probably made of gold or ſilver; for in 1180, we read, that it was brought out to ſtop the raging of a fire in the city, which for a long time was invincible by every other means; but the approach of the holy remains inſtantly proved their ſanctity by putting an end to its furious devaſtation.

Cheſter was antiently part of the dioceſe of Litchfield, one of whoſe biſhops removing the ſeat of his ſee hither in 1075, was the occaſion of his ſucceſſors being frequently ſtiled *Biſhops of Cheſter*. But it

was

was not erected into a distinct bishopric till the general dissolution of monasteries, when Henry VIII. in 1541 raised it to that dignity; adding the bishopric to the province of Canterbury;* but soon afterwards he disjoined it from Canterbury, and annexed it to the province of York, in which it still remains. This diocese contains the entire counties of Chester and Lancaster, part of the counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire, two chapelries in Derbyshire; and five parishes in Flintshire, amounting in all to two hundred and fifty-six parishes, of which a hundred and one are impropriations. The Bishopric is valued in the King's books at £420. 1*s*. 8*d*. and is computed to be worth annually about £2700. To this Cathedral belong a Dean, two archdeacons, a chancellor, a treasurer, six prebendaries and other inferior officers.

* Gibs. Camd. 558.

The

The Biſhop's palace is a neat plain ſtructure, forming one ſide of the Abbey court, two others of which conſiſt of handſome modern-built houſes.

Beſides St. John's, which was once collegiate, and has been a large and magnificent pile of Saxon architecture, founded by Ethelred King of Mercia about 680, there are no churches in this place which can boaſt any thing extraordinary. Within this are ſome very curious ſpecimens of the maſſy ſtrength of the Saxon columns and arches.

The caſtle is ſituated above the river at the ſouth end of the town; though much dilapidated, ſtill affords ſome appearance of a fortreſs. It conſiſts of an upper and lower ward, the entrance to each protected by gates and round towers, and formerly alſo by a ditch and drawbridges. Within the caſtle are the county gaol and the courts of Juſtice. The latter have been

taken

taken down, and a new gaol, ſhire-hall, &c. erected upon a much-improved and extenſive plan. The caſtle has a governor, lieutenant-governor and conſtable, and is garriſoned by two companies of invalids.

The walls round this city are almoſt the only entire ſpecimen of antient fortification now exiſting in Great Britain. Their circuit is nearly two miles, and they are ſufficiently broad on the top to admit of two perſons walking abreaſt. Theſe are at preſent kept in repair by the inhabitants merely for the purpoſes of pleaſure and recreation. In commanding an extent and variety of proſpect they can ſcarcely be exceeded. From hence the Welſh mountains, the hills of Broxton, the inſulated rock of Beeſton crowned with it's caſtle, the rich intervening flat, and the perpetually changing objects on the river compoſe, in different parts, ſcenes extremely pleaſing.

The only manufacture of conſequence in Cheſter is that of gloves, which is carried on to ſome extent. There are alſo a ſmall manufactory of tobacco pipes, an iron foundry, ſnuff mills, ſhip builder's yards, and other concerns, which afford ſome but not much employment to the poor.

The maritime buſineſs is of no great extent. It chiefly conſiſts of the coaſting and Iriſh trades, with a ſmall portion of trade to foreign parts. The number of ſhips belonging to this port is but ſmall. The buſineſs of ſhip-building is carried on here continually and with advantage, many veſſels from 100 to 500 tons being built annually.

Till the new channel was made for the River Dee, which was finiſhed about the middle of the preſent century, veſſels of twenty tons could ſcarcely reach the town, and ſhips of burthen were obliged to lie under Newtown, ten miles lower; which

was

was the origin of that aſſemblage of houſes on the adjacent ſhore, called Park-Gate, ſtill the ſtation of the Iriſh packets. But now the water is of depth ſufficient to allow veſſels of 350 tons burthen to come up to the quays at ſpring tides. This new canal opens from the ſea near Northop, about ten miles above Cheſter, and there are two ferries acroſs it, which make a communication with the oppoſite county of Wales. The river juſt above the bridge is croſſed by a ſtone cauſeway, which cauſes a fall of thirteen feet, and cuts off conſtant communication by veſſels between the upper part of the river and the lower. There are however ſix or eight tides that flow over the cauſeway, and ſome reach upwards of twenty miles up the country, which allows a navigation for ſmall barges as far as Bangor, in Flintſhire. The cauſeway ſerves as a dam for the purpoſe of turning mills. The ſnuff mills are ſituated

directly upon it, and the town corn mills, which are reckoned very complete in their conſtruction, are cloſe to the bridge, one arch of which conveys a ſtream to their uſe.

The government of this city is veſted in a corporation, conſiſting of a mayor, recorder, two ſheriffs, twenty-four aldermen, and forty common-councilmen; two of whom are *leave-lookers*, whoſe office it is to inform of all perſons exerciſing trades within the city without being freemen. The two ſenior officers are murengers, or receivers of the murage duties for maintaining the walls. Two are treaſurers, who are next in ſucceſſion to the mayor. There are likewiſe a ſword and mace bearer, and other inferior officers.

The law courts of the city are the courts of Crown-mote and Port-mote, and the Seſſions, all held in the Exchange. In the

Port-

Port-mote the mayor, aſſiſted by the recorder, holds pleas to any amount. He alſo holds the ſeſſions of peace, in which criminals are tried, with the power of paſſing ſentence of death. There is another court, held at the *Pentice*, an antient building at the centre of the city, in which the ſheriffs are judges; this is for civil cauſes only. The city Gaol is in the Northgate. In the Exchange, which is a large handſome pile of building, ſupported on columns, the body corporate hold their aſſemblies for public buſineſs, and the elections of mayors and other officers. Here likewiſe the mayors give their entertainments, and the citizens their dancing aſſemblies.

The city returns two members to parliament, choſen by the freemen at large, and the ſheriff is the returning officer.

A fine meadow lying between the walls and the river, called the *Rood-eye*, is uſed

as a common by the citizens, and alſo for a race-ground; for which purpoſe it is admirably adapted, lying like an amphitheatre immediately beneath the walls, and alſo commanded by the high banks on the oppoſite ſide of the river.



CHAP.

CHAP. II.

FROM CHESTER TO FLINT.——HAWARDEN AND CASTLE—EULOE CASTLE—DEFEAT OF HENRY II. —NORTHOP—FLINT—CASTLE AND GAOL.

LEAVING Cheſter, I proceeded on my journey towards Holywell. Hawarden,* the firſt place that I arrived at, is a ſmall clean-looking market town in† Flintſhire.

* The Saxons called this place *Haordine*. The Britiſh name for it is *Pennard Halawg*, corrupted probably from *Pen y Llwch*, or the head land above the lake; Saltney and the other ſubjacent marſhes having been once covered by the ſea.—Pennant's Tour in Wales, 1784. I. 92.

† The County of Flint is the ſmalleſt of the Welſh counties, being only about thirty miles long,

Flintſhire. In the place itſelf I obſerved nothing deſerving attention; the ſurrounding country is pleaſant, and the caſtle, which ſtands at the eaſt end of the town, commands a fine and extenſive proſpect towards the River Dee and the County of Cheſter.

This building, which at preſent conſiſts of little more than fragments of the walls and keep, is ſituated in the grounds of Sir Stephen Glynne Bart. It has been an extenſive building of much ſtrength, ſituated on a conſiderable eminence and ſurrounded by a double ditch.

ten broad, and ſeventy in circumference. It contains near 160,000 acres of land, and 32,400 inhabitants; is divided into five cantreds or hundreds, and contains twenty-eight pariſhes. It has one city, and four market towns. There is a hundred about ten miles in length and ſix in breadth belonging to this county, ſituated between thoſe of Denbigh and Salop.

The

The late Sir John Glynne took great pains in having the rubbiſh removed from the ruins; and in one place was diſcovered a long flight of ſteps, at the bottom of which was a door and formerly a draw-bridge, which croſſed a deep long chaſm (nicely faced with free-ſtone) to another door leading to two or three ſmall rooms, probably places of confinement, where priſoners might be lodged with the utmoſt ſecurity, after pulling up the bridge over the chaſm that intervened between them and the open day.*

The circular keep, which is more elevated and perfect than the other parts of the building, has, within theſe few years, had a room fitted up in it, in the modern ſtile. This addition, however, and the painted ſtatues, interſperſed in the

* Pennant's Tour in Wales, Vol. I. 104.

grounds,

grounds, but ill accord with the wild and ſhattered ruins around them.

The time of the foundation of this caſtle is not known. It appears to have been poſſeſſed, ſoon after the Norman conqueſt, by Roger Fitzvalerine, ſon of one of the noble adventurers who followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror.* It was held by the ſeneſchalſhip to the Earls of Cheſter, and was afterwards the ſeat of the barons of Mont Alt or De Monte Alto, who were ſtewards of the Palatinate of Cheſter.†

On the extinction of the antient earls, this and other fortreſſes belonging to them were reſumed by the crown.‡ In 1265 a peace between Wales and Cheſhire was eſtabliſhed here in a conference between

* Collins's Peerage, I. 48.

† Gough's Camb. II. 588.

‡ Pennant's Tour, I. 94.

Simon

Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leiceſter, and Llewelyn, Prince of Wales;* and it was in the year following that Montfort obliged his captive monarch, Henry III. to make an abſolute ceſſion to the prince, not only of this fortreſs, but of the ſovereignty of all Wales.† Very ſoon after this time it muſt have been deſtroyed; for I find that Llewelyn, in 1267, reſtored to Robert de Monthalt the whole of his lands at Hawarden, at the ſame time reſtraining him from building a caſtle there for thirty years.‡ It ſeems however to have been rebuilt ſometime before the expiration of this period; for in the night of Palm Sunday, the 22d of March, 1281, David, Lord of Denbigh, brother to Llewelyn,

* Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 151. He quotes *Annales Ceſtrenſes*.

† Rymer's Fœdera, I. 814. Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 156. Pennant's Tour, I. 95.

‡ Rymer's Fœdera, I. 845.

having

having forgotten the favours which had been ſo laviſhly conferred upon him by Edward I. after his reconciliation with that prince, ſurprized and took this caſtle, and in it Roger de Clifford, Juſticiary of Cheſter, cruelly maſſacring all who reſiſted.*

This and other things, committed by theſe two princes, were the cauſe of a war, which at laſt ended in the total ſubjection of North Wales to the Engliſh. The ungrateful David, after the death of Llewelyn, being taken by the king, ſuffered for his offences in a ſevere and moſt exemplary manner; his ſentence was, to be drawn by a horſe to the place of execution, as a traitor to the king, from whom he had re-

* Matt. Weſtm. 370. Hen. de Knyghton apud Hiſtoriæ Anglicanæ Scrptores, X. Lib. III. p. 2464. Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 337. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 280. Stow's Annals, 200. M. Weſtm. and Hen. Knyghton place this inſurrection in the enſuing year.

ceived

ceived the honour of knighthood; to be hanged for the murder of Fulk Trigald and others in this caſtle; for his ſacrilege in committing thoſe murders on a Palm Sunday his bowels were to be burnt; and finally his body was to be quartered and expoſed in different parts of the kingdom, becauſe he had in different parts conſpired againſt the life of the king.*

This caſtle ſeems to have continued in the barons of Monthalt till 1327, when Robert, the laſt baron, having no iſſue male, made it over to Iſabella, queen of

* O mors miſera proditoris, ad caudas equorum per municipium Salopiæ fuit tractus, dein ſuſpenſus, poſtea decollatus, poſtmodum truncus corporis in quatuor partes fuit diviſus en finaliter cor ejus cum inteſtinis fuit combuſtum, caput Londin. portabatur, quod ſuper turrem Londinenſem erigebatur ſuper palum, ê regione capitis fratris ſui. Quatuor partes corporis ipſius acephali ad Briſtoliam, Northampton, Ebor. Winton. Mittebantur. Matt. Weſt. 371. See alſo Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 195.

Edward

Edward II. but on her disgrace it fell to the crown.*

In 1336, Edward III. granted it, along with the stewardship of Chester, to William de Montacute Earl of Salisbury;† in whose family it continued till the year 1400, when his great nephew, John Earl of Salisbury, was beheaded by the townsmen of Cirencester, after attempting an insurrection in favour of his deposed master, Richard II. Salisbury had, prior to this event, granted his estates in fee to Thomas Montague, Dean of Sarum, Lodowick de Clifford, John Venour, and Richard Hertcombe, and their heirs: but after his attainder, by act of parliament, in the 7th Henry IV. they became forfeited to the king.

* Gibs. Camd. 688. Dugdale's Baronage, I. 527.

† Dugdale's Baronage, I. 646.

In

In 1411 Hawarden was granted by patent from Henry IV. to his ſecond ſon, Thomas Duke of Clarence; but in 1414, the 2d of Henry V. Thomas, the ſon of John Earl of Saliſbury, petitioned the parliament that the former ſentence might be annulled; but upon his ſuit being diſmiſſed, Henry made to Clarence another grant, in which he declared the former to be invalid.*

Clarence was ſlain at the battle of Baugy, in 1420, and dying without iſſue, Hawarden returned to Henry V. whoſe ſon, Henry VI. in 1443, gave it to Sir Thomas Stanley;† but about ſeven years afterwards it was reſumed and given, together with Mold, to Edward Prince of Wales. On this occaſion John Hertcombe claimed Hawarden as heir to the laſt ſurvivor of

* Pennant's Tour, I. 97.

† Gibſ. Camd. 688.

the

the four feoffees, he alledging that John Earl of Saliſbury was not poſſeſſed of it at the time of his forfeiture, and on this plea obtained a privy ſeal to enquire into it. An inquiſition was taken, his plea was found good, and reſtitution was made.—This John Hertcombe conveyed it to the uſe of John Needham and his heirs.

In 1454 a fine was levied to Richard Neville, Earl of Saliſbury, and Alice his wife, (daughter to Thomas Montacute, the great Earl of Saliſbury) and Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Stanley, to the uſe of Sir Thomas Stanley and his heirs male, on condition that if he ſhould ſell the eſtate, ſuffered diſcontinuance, or died without iſſue male, it ſhould revert to the Earl of Saliſbury or the heirs of Alice his wife. On the death of Lord Stanley the fee deſcended to his ſon Thomas, afterwards Earl of Derby, and after his deceaſe to his ſecond wife, Margaret Counteſs of Richmond,

mond, the mother of Henry VII. On the death of Margaret, Hawarden deſcended to Thomas Earl of Derby, grandſon to the late earl, and continued in his family till the execution of the gallant James Earl of Derby, in 1651; ſoon after whoſe death it was purchaſed from the agents of ſequeſtration by Serjeant Glynne.*

On the reſtoration the lords made an order, on the 17th July, 1660, that the eſtates of the Earl of Derby, and ſeveral other noblemen, which had, in the late uſurpation, been ſold without their conſents, ſhould be re-poſſeſſed by them without moleſtation. This induced Glynne to make an offer to the earl of the ſurrender of Hawarden for a leaſe of three lives. The propoſal however was either rejected or not immediately accepted, the conſequence of which was the loſs of the whole

* Pennant's Tour, I. 93.

to the Derby family. The lords, reſentful of the indignities their order had experienced in the late troubles, began with an attempt to obtain reparation to one of the greateſt ſufferers. In December, of the ſame year, they ſent down to the commons a private bill for reſtoring to Charles Earl of Derby all the manors, lands, &c. which had belonged to his late father. This was ſtrongly oppoſed, and the bill was laid aſide, without ever coming to a ſecond reading. The Earl was then glad to compound for the property of this place, and granted it to Serjeant Glynne and his heirs,* in one of whom, Sir Stephen Glynne, it yet remains.

In the civil wars of the laſt century, this caſtle was early poſſeſſed by the parlia-

* Pennant's Tour, I. 99, who quotes Drake's Parliamentary Hiſtory, and an account communicated to him by the late Sir John Glynne.

ment,

ment, being betrayed to them by the governor;* and was kept for their uſe till the year 1643, when part of the Engliſh forces, who had been ſerving againſt the rebels in Ireland, upon the ceſſation there, came over to aſſiſt the king in England, and landed at Moſtyn, a place about ſixteen miles diſtant. Soon after their arrival they made an attack on Hawarden Caſtle, and being joined by ſome other forces "after a fortnight's ſiege, and "much ink,† but little blood ſpilt, the "caſtle, being in want of proviſions, was "ſurrendered to Sir Michel Ernley, on con-"dition to march out with half arms and "two pair of colours, one flying and the

* Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, II. 471. III. 204. quoted by Mr. Pennant, I. 100.

† See the ridiculous letters which paſſed on both ſides, in Ruſhworth's Hiſtorical Collections, part IV. vol. II. p. 301. and Pennant's Tour I. 101, 102.

" other furled, and to have a convoy to " Wem or Nantwyche."*

The royaliſts retained it till after the ſurrender of Cheſter in 1645, when on the 17th of Feb. O. S. it was vigorouſly beſieged by the parliament's forces under General Mytton, and on the 16th of March following was ſurrendered to them.† On the 22d of December the parliament, on account of ſome diſturbances amongſt their ſoldiers in north Wales, ordered this and four other caſtles to be diſmantled.‡ Theſe orders extended only to the rendering of it untenable; it's farther deſtruction was ef-

* Ruſhworth's Collections, part IV. vol. II. p. 301.

† Ruſhworth's Hiſtorical Collections, part IV. vol. I. p. 21. Whitelock's Memorials of Engliſh Affairs from the beginning of the reign of Cha. I. to the reſtoration of Cha. II. 192, 197.

‡ Whitelock's Memorials, 231.

fected

fected by the owner, Sir William Glynne, between the years 1665 and 1678.*

Having paſſed a bridge a little beyond the ninth mile-ſtone from Cheſter, I turned on the right over ſome meadows, in ſearch of a ſmall fortreſs I had heard of, called Euloe Caſtle. It ſtands about a quarter of a mile from the road, and from it's ſituation on the edge of a glen, and ſurrounded by wood, I had ſome difficulty in finding it. It has conſiſted of two parts; the larger of which has been an oblong tower rounded at one end, and about fourteen yards long, and ten or twelve in width, guarded on the acceſſible part by a ſtrong wall. The other part conſiſts of an oblong court, at the extremity of which are the remains of a circular tower. This fortreſs has been well defended; on one ſide by a trench, and on the other by the deep valley that runs beneath it.

* Pennant's Tour, I. 103.

Leland * ſays, that it was in his time "a ruinous caſtelet or pile;" and he is almoſt the only writer in which I find it mentioned.

It was in Coed Euloe, the wood adjoining to this place, that Heny II. in an expedition againſt Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, received a moſt ſevere repulſe from his two ſons, David and Conan. The army of Owen was encamped againſt him, and ſeemed determined to come to an engage-

* Leland's Itinerary, V. 53. "Hoele, a gentilman of Flyntſhir, that by auncient accuſtom was wont to give the badge of the ſylver harpe to the beſt harper of *North Walys*, as by a privilege of his aunceſtors, dwelleth at Penrine yn Flyntſhir; he hath alſo a *ruinus caſtelet or pile*, at a place caullid Caſtell Yollo. This word Yollo, is the ſame in Walſche that Lleuelin ys and Ludovicus in Latine. Yollo iſs two miles from Northop Village, a little on the left hand, in the highe way *to* Cheſter."

ment;

ment; but this was done only as an artifice, to draw the Engliſh into a narrow and dangerous paſs, between two ranges of hills, where a numerous ambuſcade was ſecretly placed under the command of his ſons. Henry, too confident in the ſtrength of his army, and not relying ſufficiently upon the opinion of thoſe who had a more perfect knowledge of the country than himſelf, fell into the ſnare, and paid dearly for his raſhneſs; for when he and his vanguard, following the Welſh, who in a ſham flight retiring into the valley, were engaged in fight, another party on a ſudden roſe with moſt horrible outcries from under the cover of the woods which hung over the ſteep, and aſſaulted them with ſtones, arrows and other miſſile weapons; the diſadvantage of the place, and the confuſion they were thrown into totally diſabled them from reſiſting this unexpected attack; and they were routed with a dreadful ſlaughter, the purſuit being continued

to Henry's encampment at Saltney, a few miles diſtant.*

When I arrived at the village of Northop, I turned on the right, out of the uſual road from Cheſter to Holywell, and went towards Flint. About two miles from this place, and from the ſlope of an hill, at the bottom of which ſtands the town, the ſcenery opened in a moſt pleaſing manner. It was high water; and the Eſtuary of the Dee, which runs up towards Cheſter, enlivened by the veſſels "lightly floating on it's ſurface," the towns of Park-Gate, and ſome others on the oppoſite ſhore, appeared to peculiar advantage. At the ebb of the tide this wide arm of the ſea dwindles into a narrow ſtream, incloſed on each ſide by long and dreary banks of ſand.

* Lyttleton's Hiſtory of Henry II. vol. II. p. 72, 73.

Flint

Flint * is a market town, ſmall, irregularly built, and by no means pleaſant. It has once been ſurrounded by a ditch and ramparts, but theſe are now nearly deſtroyed. Being ſituated near the ſea, it is reſorted to by a few from the neighbouring country as a bathing place; but the marſhy coaſt which extends to the edge of the water, and over which the ſea frequently flows, muſt render this extremely diſagreeable. The church, or rather chapel, for it is nothing more than a chapel of eaſe to Northop, is a dirty, ill-looking building, with a boarded turret. From this place there are packets which ſet ſail every tide for Cheſter and Park-Gate. This is

* Mr. Pennant in his Tour, I. 43, conjectures that this place was the ſame with what was antiently called *Colſul* or *Coleſhill*; and the chapel to have been (before it was rebuilt) that granted by David ap Lewelyn to the Abbey of Baſingwerk, and called *Capella de Colſul.*

from

from thence a charming, and as far as it relates to Park-Gate, certainly an expeditious mode of travelling.

The caſtle ſtands upon a rock in the marſh, and ſo near the river that ſometimes, at high water, the walls are waſhed by the tide.† It had a communication with the town by a bridge, which led to the outwork, called the Barbican, within which, in 1785, the county goal was erected. This building has been ſquare, having a tower at each corner, ſome remains of every one of which are yet left. The tower at the ſouth-eaſt corner is much larger than the others, and is called the double tower. It's outward diameter meaſures forty feet; it is formed by two concentric walls, each ſix feet thick, having a gallery, eight feet broad, included

† The *channel* of the Dee is at preſent at ſome diſtance, but it formerly flowed cloſe under the walls. There are ſtill in ſome parts rings to which ſhips were moored. Pennant, I. 45.

between

between them, and leaving a circular area in the centre of about twenty feet in diameter, into which there was an entry from the gallery by four doors. This appears to have been the keep. The interior of the caſtle is a ſquare court, whoſe area meaſures about an acre. In the curtain, on the weſt ſide, are ſeveral windows with pointed arches.

The founder of this caſtle has not yet been aſcertained with any degree of certainty. Camden * and Lord Lyttleton attribute it to Henry II. after his defeat at Coed Euloe, and ſay that it was finiſhed by Edward I. whilſt Jabian, Stow, and many others, ſay it was built by Edward only, about the year 1275,† not mentioning anything

* Gough's Camd. II. 588. Lyttleton's Hiſtory of Henry II.

† Hen. de Knyghton de event. Angliæ, 2462. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 279. Stow's Annals, 200. Leland

thing of its being begun by Henry, though they in the ſame ſentence, ſay that Edward ſtrengthened Rhyddlan Caſtle, which plainly evinces that they diſtinguiſhed between building and repairing.

On Palm Sunday, 1281, the Welſh being wearied of their ſubjection to the Engliſh, and as a ſignal of a general inſurrection, ſeized this and other caſtles, plundering at the ſame time all who refuſed to join their party.* Wherefore, in the year following, Edward repairing to Wales,

Leland ſays "Quia Lewelinus princeps Walliæ ad "parlamentum Eduardi regis venire noluerat, rex "Walliam adiens caſtellum de Flint *de novo fundavit*, caſtrum de Rudelan *firmavit*, ubi Lewelinus "ſubdidit ſe regi, dando pro tranſgreſſione, L. M. "librarum." Collectanea de rebus Britannicis, I. 246.

* Matt. Weſt. 370. Hen. de Knyghton, 2464. Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 361. Stow's Annals, 201.

after

after he had taken Caregurle Caſtle, marched to this place, upon which Llewelyn and his brother fled, leaving the caſtle undefended.*

In 1332, Edward III. granted this and other caſtles to the Black Prince, with all his lands here to hold to him and his heirs kings of England;† and in 1385 it was beſtowed by Richard II. upon Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford, who at the ſame time was created Lord Chief Juſtice of Cheſter.‡

It was ſurrendered in 1399 to the treacherous Percy Earl of Northumberland§, who ſhortly afterwards betrayed into this place the unfortunate Richard II. under pretence that the Duke of Lancaſter deſired

* Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 193.

† Pennant's Tour, I. 47.

‡ Groſe's Antiquities of England and Wales.

§ Stow's Annals, 321.

only

only to have his property reſtored, and to give to the kingdom a parliament. Northumberland met the king at Conwy, where he had gone after his return from Ireland, and proceeding with him towards this place, the King obſerved a band of ſoldiers amongſt the receſſes of the mountains near Penmaen Rhôs, and would have returned, but Percy catching his horſe's bridle forcibly, directed his courſe. They dined at Rhyddlan, and came the ſame evening to Flint. The morning following the King met Bolingbroke in the court of the caſtle, who ſaluting him, ſaid, that for the future he intended to aſſiſt him in the government of the realm; " which" continued he " you have for two and twenty years ruled to its prejudice." The King with the Earl of Salisbury, the Biſhop of Carliſle, Sir Stephen Scroope, and two others of his officers, were then made to mount on horſes, which, ſays Stow, were not altogether worth forty ſhillings,

lings, and thus led to Cheſter from whence after a night's reſt they were ſent to London.*

From this time I meet with nothing relative to Flint Caſtle till the civil wars of the reign of Charles I, when it was garriſoned for the King, after having been repaired at the expence of Sir Roger Moſtyn, who was appointed Governor.† In 1643 it was beſieged by Sir William Brereton and Sir Thomas Middleton, and was defended by the Governor till all the proviſions, even to horſes, failing, he ſurrendered it upon honourable terms. It muſt afterwards have been taken by the royaliſts, for in Auguſt 1646, it appears to have been ſurrendered to Major General Mytton,‡ and in December of the ſame year, it was, with Hawar-

* Pennant's Tour, I. 50.

† Carte's Hiſtory of England. Pennant's Tour, I. 47.

‡ Whitelock's Memorials, 221.

den

den and three other caſtles, ordered by the parliament to be diſmantled.*

In the year 1283, Edward I. granted to the town of Flint it's firſt charter, by which it was made a free borough, and the Mayor ſworn faithfully to preſerve it's liberties. This was confirmed in the reign of Philip and Mary, and afterwards in the 12th of William III.†

The aſſizes for the county of Flint are held at Mold. The county gaol, in the Caſtle-yard, is in a fine healthy ſituation, and built on a plan ſimilar to that at Ruthin. Over the door, at the front of this priſon, on a black and white marble, is the following Inſcription, which informs us of the benevolent purpoſes for which it was built.

* Ruſhworth's Collections, part IV. vol. I. 297. Whitelock's Memorials, 231.

† Pennant's Tour I. 46.

In

In the
Twenty-fifth year of his Majeſty *Geo. III.*
In the Sheriffalty of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. this
priſon was erected
inſtead of the antient loathſome place of confinement.
In pity
to the miſery of even the moſt guilty,
To alleviate the ſufferings of leſs offenders, or of
the innocent themſelves,
whom the chances
of human life may bring within theſe walls.
Done at the expence of the County,
aided by the ſubſcription of ſeveral of the Gentry;
who,
in the midſt of moſt diſtreſsful days,
voluntarily took on themſelves part of the burthen,
in compaſſion to ſuch of their countrymen,
on whom
Fortune had been leſs bounteous of her favours.

Joſeph Turner, Architect.

In the inſide, on a white marble, is a liſt of the names of the ſubſcribers, with the ſums they gave; beginning with Sir Roger Moſtyn, Bart. £100.

This place, in conjunction with Caerwys, Rhyddlan Caergurle and Overton, ſends a member to parliament. The election is made by the inhabitants paying parochial taxes, and the returning officers are the two bailiffs appointed by the Mayor.



CHAP.

CHAP. III.

HOLYWELL.——MANUFACTURES—WENEFRED's WELL AND LEGEND—MIRACLES—MOSSES—REMARK OF DR. FULLER—DEVOTEES—BASINGWERK ABBEY AND CASTLE—WAT'S DYKE.

THE road betwixt Flint and Holywell runs chiefly along the coaſt. It lies low, and is hemmed in on one ſide by a diſmal ſalt-marſh, and on the other by hills, which completely preclude every idea of a diſtant view of the country. I found it altogether perfectly unintereſting. About half-way I paſſed through a little hamlet, where the begrimed and ſooty faces of it's inhabitants ſeemed to indicate their employment to be about ſome of the many

lead works with which this neighbourhood abounds.

Holywell is a place of by far the moſt importance in Flintſhire. The numerous manufactures in it's vicinity, and its eaſy acceſs to the ſea, have rendered it the great mart of this part of the kingdom. The town is ſpacious, but irregular; it is pleaſantly ſituated on the ſlope of a mountain, which extends nearly to the water. Many of the houſes are good, and it altogether bears an air of opulence ſcarcely to be met with in any other town in North Wales. An admirer of the works of art may, at this place, find his taſte amply gratified by viewing the numerous works of lead, calamine, copper, braſs, and cotton.

The pariſh church is ſituated in a bottom at one end of the town, and ſo low that the prayer-bell can be heard only to a very little diſtance. This defect is remedied in the following ſingular manner—

a perſon,

a perſon, hired by the inhabitants, has a leathern ſtrap faſtened round his neck at the end of which is ſuſpended a bell of a tolerable weight, and over one of his knees is buckled a cuſhion; thus accoutred he ſets out juſt before the hour of prayers, and walks round the principal parts of the town jingling the bell every time his cuſhioned knee comes forward.

Giraldus Cambrenſis ſays, that there was formerly near this place a rich mine of ſilver.*

Wenefride's Well, from which the name of Holywell was given to this place, ſprings with vaſt impetuoſity from a rock at the foot of a ſteep hill at the bottom of the town. This well is covered by a ſmall Gothic building, ſaid to have been erected by Margaret the mother of Henry VII. but

* Itinerarium Cambriæ auctore Syl. Giraldo Cambrenſe, Lib. II. Cap. X. p. 872.

by the frieze (obſerves Mr. Groſe*) of the outſide cornice, which is ornamented with monkeys and other groteſque figures, it ſeems to be of more antient date. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and elegance of the Gothic work on the inſide of this building, which forms a canopy over the well, having in the centre, and ſerving as origin to the Gothic arches, a circular ſhield on which is carved a coat of arms, though not at preſent diſtinguiſhable. In a nich, oppoſite the entrance, ſtood once a ſtatue of the Virgin Mary, but this has been long deſtroyed. The chapel over it, which is of the ſame date as the other part of the building, is now converted into a charity ſchool. The well is an oblong ſquare about twelve feet by ſeven. The water paſſes through an arch into a ſmall

* Antiquities of England and Wales.

ſquare court; under this arch the catholics uſed to ſwim as an act of penance.

The legendary ſtory of the origin of this well is ſingular and curious. Wenefride* (in Welſh Gwenvrewi; Tudur Aled, a Welſh Bard, who flouriſhed about A. D. 1450, has celebrated this Virgin and the reputed miracles of her well, in a poem ſtill extant), who is ſaid to have lived in the early part of the ſeventh century, was a beautiful and devout virgin, of noble parentage. She was niece to St. Beuno, who, having obtained from her father leave to found a church upon his poſſeſſions here, took her under his protection, in order to aſſiſt her in her religious exerciſes. Cradocus, the ſon of King Alen, whoſe reſidence appears to have been not far diſtant,

* The following account is taken principally from Biſhop Fleetwood's edition of the Life of St. Wenefrede, 8vo. Lond. 1713.

admired the beauty of her perſon, and reſolved to make an attempt upon her virtue. It is ſaid that he made known to her his paſſion, on a Sunday morning, after her parents were gone to church. She made an excuſe to eſcape from the room, and immediately fled towards the church; he overtook her on the deſcent of the hill, and, enraged at his diſappointment, drew his ſword and ſtruck off her head. The head rolled down the hill to the altar, at which the congregation were kneeling,* and ſtopping there, a clear and rapid fountain immediately guſhed up. St. Beuno ſnatched up the head, and joining it to the body, it was, to the ſurprize and admira-

* I have inſerted this as I found it in the original, though it does not appear, from any other author, that the church, which Beuno founded, ſtood where the well now is. I ſhould rather think this muſt be a miſtake.

tion

tion of all preſent, immediately re-united, the place of ſeparation being only marked by a white line encircling her neck. Cradocus dropped down upon the ſpot where he had committed this atrocious act; and the legend informs us, that it is not known whether the earth opened to receive his impious corps, or whether his maſter the devil carried it away; but that it was certainly never ſeen afterwards. The ſides of the well were covered with a ſweet ſcented moſs, and the ſtones at the bottom became tinctured with her blood. Drayton, in his Polyolbion*, ſays

The liveleſs tears ſhee ſhed into a fountaine turne,
And that for her alone the water ſhould not mourne,
The pure vermilion bloud that iſſued from her vaines
Unto this very day the pearly gravel ſtaines;

* Page 160.

As

As erſt the white and red were mixed in her cheeke,
And that one part of her might be the other like,
Her haire was turn'd to moſſe, whoſe ſweetneſſe doth
declare
In livelineſs of youth the natural ſweets ſhe bare.

Wenefride ſurvived her decollation about fifteen years, and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius, at Gwytherin, in Denbighſhire, died Abbeſs of that monaſtry. There her body reſted in quiet for near 500 years, till the reign of King Stephen, when a miracle having been wrought, by her interceſſion, on a monk at Shrewſbury, the abbot of the convent there determined on the tranſlation of her remains to their monaſtry, which, after much difficulty and many pretended viſions from Heaven, was at laſt effected, about the year 1138.

The well, after her deceaſe, became endowed with many miraculous properties.

It

It healed the diſeaſes of all who plunged into its water; and Drayton ſays, that no animal whatever could be drowned in it. The following is one of the numerous miracles recorded of its powerful influence.—Some thieves one night ſtole a cow from a paſture not far from the well; and that no perſon might trace them by their footſteps, dragged her along ſome neighbouring rocks. But mark what followed to the impious wretches; not one ſtep was ſet without leaving a deep impreſſion in the ſtones, as if they had been paſſing over ſoft clay; nay, even the learned Editor of the life of St. Wenefrede ſays, that the original deſcribes them as at every ſtep *ſinking up to the knees*, which, conſidering how hard rocks in general are, muſt have been truly miraculous! The owner, by this means, was enabled to retake his beaſt; and the terrified robbers, coming penitently to the altar, confeſſed their crime, and were, no doubt,

doubt, at the interceſſion of the ſaint, forgiven.

The ſweet-ſcented moſs, growing plentifully on the ſides of this well, is nothing more than *Jungermannia aſplenoides, ſpleenwort Jungermannia.* It is found in many other ſprings in the kingdom, and is alſo occaſionally to be met with by the road ſides, and in woods in moiſt places. The ſuppoſed tincture of her blood upon the ſtones at the bottom, is alſo a vegetable production; *Byſſus jolithus* of Linnæus, *violet-ſmelling Byſſus.* Mr. Groſe, in his Antiquities, ſays, that a gentleman, who was educated in this town, informed him that he remembered a perſon being employed to *paint* the ſtones againſt the day of the commemoration of the ſaint, which is ſtill obſerved by the Roman Catholics on the 3d of November.*

* Groſe's Antiquities, Vol. VII. p. 37.

Dr.

Dr. Powel * ſeems juſtly to aſcribe the firſt invention of this well to the monks of Baſingwerk, an abbey about a mile diſtant, as it is not mentioned by any writer before the foundation of that monaſtry; even Giraldus Cambrenſis, (a man ever ready to relate any wonderful ſtory) though he lodged there a night, in his journey through Wales, in 1187, does not once ſpeak of it.

Of this invention Dr. Fuller † ſomewhat curiouſly remarks, that "if the tip of his "tongue who firſt told, and the top of his "fingers who firſt wrote this damnable "lye, had been cut off, and they had both "been ſent to attend their cure at the "ſhrine of St. Beuno, certainly they would "have been more wary, afterwards, how "they reported or recorded ſuch impro-"bable untruths."

† Powel's Notes on Itin. Cambriæ Syl. Ger. Cambrenſe, Lib. II. Cap. X. p. 38.

* Fuller's Worthies of Wales, p. 38.

The

The Devotees of the ſaint were formerly very numerous, and the well was ſo noted that a crowned head of the laſt age dignified the place with a viſit, but of late years they have much fallen off; however, if I may judge from ſeven crutches and two hand barrows ſtuck amongſt the gothic ornaments of the roof, I ſhould ſuppoſe the well was not yet entirely forſaken. Indeed the ſanative properties of this water, in common with thoſe of cold baths in general, are not to be diſputed, but blindly to attribute to the interceſſion of a ſaint thoſe things which from the common courſe of nature may be accounted for, ſeems only worthy the ages of ignorance and ſuperſtition.

The quantity of water thrown up here is really ſurprizing, this upon an accurate calculation is found to be not leſs than *eighty-four hogſheads* every minute. The well has never been known to freeze, and

ſcarcely

ſcarcely ever varies in quantity, either in droughts or after the greateſt rains. Theſe circumſtances render it ſo valuable in a commercial view, that although it has but little more than a mile to run before it arrives at the ſea, the ſtream works no leſs than fourteen mills, three of which are in one part of it placed abreaſt.

Proceeding along the road by the ſide of the ſtream for about a mile, till I came to the marſh, and then croſſing it to the right, I found myſelf within ſight of Baſingwerk Abbey, which ſtands in a meadow on an eminence juſt above. Theſe ſhattered time-worn remains, with the ſurrounding ſycamores, are from ſome points of view highly pictureſque and beautiful.

The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
It's tangled foliage thro' the cloiſter'd ſpace,
O'er the green windows mould'ring height aſcends,
And fondly claſps it in a laſt embrace.

The

The little now left is ſcarcely ſufficient to indicate to us what this Abbey has formerly been. The church, which lay on the eaſt ſide, is totally deſtroyed. The refectory is pretty entire, and has on one ſide a great receſs, with two round arches, and a plain in front. Above were the cells for the lodgings of the monks, with a ſmall window to each.* The chapel of Knights Templers founded here by Henry II. is ſpacious and elegant. The brick building, ſtriped with timber, which joins the abbey, and certainly adds nothing to it's beauty, is conjectured, by Mr. Groſe,† to have been the Granary.

The ſituation is delightful, commanding an extenſive proſpect of the river Dee, Cheſter, Park-Gate, and the Lancaſtrian hills.

* Pennant's Tour, I. 25.

† Antiquities of England and Wales.

The

The architecture of Baſingwerk is mixed, being partly Saxon and partly Saracenic, or what is generally called Gothic. The round arches and ſhort maſſy columns ſhewing the Saxon, and the narrow pointed windows the Gothic parts.

Tanner * and Dugdale † ſuppoſe this abbey to have been founded about 1131 by Ranulph Earl of Cheſter, and to have been afterwards confirmed by Henry II. and Llewelyn Prince of North Wales: and Mr. Pennant‡ conjectures it to be of a more antient date, whilſt many of the old writers aſcribe the original foundation to Henry II.§

The

* Notitia Monaſtica.

† Monaſticon Anglicanum, I. 720.

‡ Pennant's tour, I. 24.

§ Stow's Annals, 158. Leland's Collectanea, I. 101. According to Henry de Knyghton and John Bromton, it was not founded till after 1150. See Hen. de Knyghton de event. Angliæ, p. 2394.

The value of it's revenues in the 26th of Henry VIII. was according to Dugdale £150. 7s. 3d. and according to Speed £157. 15s. 2d.

Not far from hence ſtood formerly a ſtrong fort, called Baſingwerk Caſtle, built, as Lord Lyttleton ſuppoſes, by one of the Earls of Cheſter.* In 1157, Henry II. after his eſcape at Euloe rebuilt this caſtle, which, in a former reign, had been demoliſhed, having firſt cleared the paſſes and cut down the woods around it, which at that time were impenetrable foreſts.† This

and Chron. Joh. Bromton, p. 1048. Powel in his notes on Gir. Camb. It. Camb. lib. II. c. X. 837, and Biſhop Gibſon, in his additions to Camd. Flintſhire, agree in its being founded ſo late as 1312.

* Lyttleton's Hiſtory of Henry II. vol. II. p. 72.

† Matt. Paris. edit. 1684. p. 81. M. S. chronicle from Brutus to the end of the reign of Edward IV. in the Library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

fortreſs

fortreſs was found to be a diſagreeable check upon the Welſh, therefore in 1165 Owen Gwynedd, after many unſucceſsful attempts at laſt took it by ſtorm, and immediately levelled it with the ground.* From this time I have ſeen nothing more of it as a fortreſs.

The great dike and foſs, called Wat's Dike, which begins at Maeſbury near Oſweſtry, and paſſes by Oſweſtry through Sir Watkin Williams Wynne's grounds at Wynnſtay, near Wrexham, Hope and Northop, had it's termination in the Dee near this place. Churchyard the poet is almoſt the only writer who has not confounded this with Offa's Dike. He aſſigns as the object of the work that the ſpace between the two was to be free ground, where the Britons and Saxons might meet with ſafety for all commercial purpoſes.

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 223.

There is a famous thing;
Cal'de Offa's dyke, that reacheth farre in length.
All kind of ware the Danes might thither bring,
It was free ground and cal'de the Britaine's ſtrength.
Wat's dyke likewiſe, about the ſame was ſet,
Betweene which two, the Danes and Britaine's met
And traffic ſtill, but paſſing bounds by ſleight,
The one did take the other pris'ner ſtreight.*

* Churchyard's Worthines of Wales, Edit. 1776. p. 104.



CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

FROM HOLYWELL TO ST. ASAPH. —— ROMAN PHAROS—VALE OF CLWYD—ST. ASAPH—CATHEDRAL—MIRACLE—MORTUARIES—EXCURSION TO RHYDDLAN—BATTLE AT MORFA RHYDDLAN—CASTLE—A SIEGE ODDLY RAISED—STATUTE OF RHYDDLAN—ABBEY—DISERTH VILLAGE AND CASTLE—ANECDOTE OF SIR ROBERT POUNDERLING.

THE road from Holywell to St. Aſaph is rugged, but pleaſant. This country abounds in lead mines, and I paſſed ſome very conſiderable ones about a mile from Holywell. I ſoon after got a ſight of an antient circular building, in form not much unlike a windmill, which ſtands on the ſummit of a hill, in the pariſh of Whit-

ford, betwixt the road and the ſea. This Mr. Pennant,* begging his friends would not deem him an *Antiquarian Quixote* for ſo doing, conjectures to have been a *Roman* light-houſe, conſtructed to direct the navigators to and from *Deva* along the difficult channel of *Seteia Portus*.†

About two miles from St. Aſaph, I entered the celebrated vale of Clwyd, and, favoured by a morning ſerenely bright, the whole ſcene from the ſide of the hill appeared to the greateſt advantage. Towards the ſouth ſtood Denbigh, with the ſhattered remains of its caſtle crowning the ſummit of a rocky ſteep in the middle of the vale; and on the north, clad in its ſober hue, I obſerved the caſtle of Rhyddlan. The intervening ſpace was enlivened with meadows, woods, cottages, herds, and

* Pennant's Tour, Vol. II. p. 1.

† The Eſtuary of the Dee.

flocks

flocks ſcattered in every pleaſing direction, whilſt the whole was bounded by the ſea and the dark retiring mountains. This, from the great extent of the picture, is not a ſcene fitted for the pencil, though its numerous beauties cannot fail in attracting the attention of every lover of nature. When we enter a rugged mountainous ſcene, where the ſhelving ſides ſcarcely afford ſoil for vegetation, and where the whole character is that of ſavage grandeur, we are ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and awe; but, when nature preſents us with a ſcene like this, which ſeems to abound with health, fertility, and happineſs, every nerve vibrates to the heart the pleaſure we receive. Here the pencil fails.

I admire—
None more admires—the painter's magic ſkill,
Who ſhows me that which I ſhall never ſee,
Conveys a diſtant country into mine,

And throws Italian light on Engliſh walls:
But imitative ſtrokes can do no more
Than pleaſe the eye—ſweet Nature ev'ry ſenſe.
The air ſalubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And muſic of her woods—no works of man
May rival theſe; they all beſpeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and excluſively her own.

After enjoying this ſcene for ſome time, I deſcended into the vale, croſſed the bridge over the little river Clwyd, and ſoon after came to St. Aſaph, or, as it is called by the Welſh, Llan Elwy, *the Church of Elwy*, a name obtained from its ſituation on the bank of the River Elwy, which runs along the weſt ſide of the town. It conſiſts of little more than a ſingle ſtreet, pretty regularly built, up the ſide of a hill. It has a cathedral and pariſh church; and, as a city, is, except one or two, the ſmalleſt in the kingdom. The cathedral, though ſmall, is plain and neat. The epiſcopal palace

palace is a large and convenient building, and the deanry ſtands due weſt from the cathedral, on the oppoſite ſide of the Elwy, which runs under the biſhop's garden.

Kentigern, Biſhop of Glaſgow, being driven from Scotland by the perſecutions of one of the princes of that nation, fled for ſafety into Wales. He was here patronized by Cadwallon, uncle to Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, who gave him this place for a reſidence, where he founded an epiſcopal ſeat and monaſtry, about the year 560, and became himſelf the firſt biſhop.* Being, ſometime afterwards, recalled into Scotland, he nominated

* Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica. Carte's Hiſtory of England, I. 211, 212. Speed ſays Kentigern founded the monaſtry, but that Malgo (Maelgwn Gwynedd) made it into an Epiſcopal See. See his *Cat. of Religious Houſes.*

Aſaph,

Aſaph, or Haſſaph, an eminently good and pious man, to be his ſucceſſor. From this perſon both the church and place received their names; he died in 596, and was buried in the cathedral.*

In the Norman times, and eſpecially about the reign of Henry I. there was ſo great a devaſtation of this part of the country that no Biſhop could dwell here;† from this circumſtance it is no wonder that Henry of Huntingdon,‡ in that part of his hiſtory which ends at the year 1135, ſays of Wales, that there remained in it *three* biſhoprics, one at St. David's, another at Bangor, and a third at Glamorgan, not mentioning this. Even —— Galfrid Arthur,

* Tanner's Notitia.

† Stubbs de Pont. Ebor. p. 1718. Quoted in Collectanea Curioſa, by John Gutch, I. 262.

‡ Hiſt. Henrici Huntingd. apud Camdeni Script. poſt Bedam.

or,

or, as he is more commonly called, Jeffry of Monmouth, who, in 1138, tranſlated into Latin Tyſilio's Hiſtory of Britain, written ſometime in the ſeventh century, bringing it down to his own time, does not ſpeak of it.*

It ſeems, however, to have been repaired about this period, for in 1143, I find a Biſhop Gilbert conſecrated to this ſee. Jeffry himſelf was ſucceſſor to Gilbert, being made Biſhop on 23d of February, 1150.†

About the year 1247, this dioceſe, with that of Bangor, was entirely deſtroyed in the wars between Henry III. and the Welſh, and the Biſhops were obliged to live for ſome time upon charitable donations.‡ In 1282 the cathedral was burned

* Collectanea Curioſa, I. 262.

† Matt. Weſt. p. 41. ‡ Matt. Paris, 642.

down,

down, and in about two years afterwards was rebuilt.* But before this took place, Edward I. at the requeſt of Biſhop Anian, petitioned the pope to permit the ſee to be removed to Rhyddlan, which he repreſented as a place well fortified, alledging the inſecurity of its preſent ſituation, as being open to all the inſults of the Welſh people; at the ſame time offering both ground for the church and a thouſand marks towards the expences of building it.† This deſign was fruſtrated, either by the death of the pope, or the exhortation of the archbiſhop of Canterbury to rebuild the cathedral on its antient ſite. The roof and upper parts, with the biſhop's palace and canons houſes, were again deſtroyed by Owen Glyndwr in 1404, and they remain-

* Willis's Survey of the Cathedral of St. Aſaph, 45.

† Rymer's Fœdera, II. 45.

ed

ed in ruins for upwards of ſeventy years, when they were rebuilt by Biſhop Redman.*

During the protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, the poſt road lying through this place, the palace and cathedral were much injured by the poſt-maſter, who had his office in the ſormer, and made great havoc in the choir of the cathedral, uſing the font as a trough for watering his horſes, and, by way of venting his ſpleen upon the clergy, tying up calves in the Biſhop's throne.†

Mr. Groſe relates a curious miracle ſaid to have been wrought at this place:—He ſays that ſometime ago a mark uſed to be ſhewn on a black ſtone in the pavement of the ſtreet, about the middle of the hill between the two churches; this, he was in-

* Tanner's Notitia.

† Supplement to Groſe's Antiquities.

formed,

formed, was the print of St. Aſaph's horſe-ſhoe, when he jumped with him from Onan-Haſſa, which is about two miles off; though this, Mr. G. obſerves, ſeems rather to have been a miracle performed by the horſe than the ſaint, unleſs his keeping his ſeat at ſuch a leap may be deemed one. What was the occaſion of this extraordinary jump is not ſaid; whether only to ſhew the agility of his horſe, or to eſcape the aſſaults of the foul fiend, who, in thoſe days, took unaccountable liberties even with ſaints.*

The Dioceſe of St. Aſaph comprehends nearly all Flintſhire, Denbighſhire, and Montgomeryſhire, beſides three hundreds in Merionethſhire, and a ſmall part of Shropſhire. The members of the chapter are the dean, archdeacon, (who is the Biſhop) ſix prebendaries, and ſeven canons.

* Groſe's Antiquities, Vol. VII. p. *43.

And

And beſides theſe there are belonging to the church four vicars choral, four lay clerks or ſinging men, four choriſters, and an organiſt. At the diſſolution of monaſtries, in the 26th of Henry VIII. the biſhopric was valued at £202. 10s. 6d. in the whole, and £187. 11s. 6d. clear.*

There were formerly at St. Aſaph ſome ſingular mortuaries due to the Biſhop on the deceaſe of every beneficed clergyman within his dioceſe.

Imprimis. His beſt gelding, horſe, or mare.

Item. His beſt gown.

Item. His beſt cloak.

Item. His beſt coat, jerkin, doublet and breeches.

Item. His hoſe or nether ſtockings, ſhoes, and garters.

Item. His waiſtcoat.

* Tanner's Notitia.

Item.

Item. His hat and cap.

Item. His falchion.

Item. His beſt book.

Item. His ſurplice.

Item. His purſe and girdle.

Item. His knife and gloves.

Item. His ſignet or ring of gold.

Theſe were, by the intereſt of Biſhop Fleetwood, ſet aſide by act of parliament, and the living of Northop was annexed to the biſhopric in their ſtead.*

The tower of the cathedral commands a moſt extenſive proſpect of the Vale of Clwyd in every direction; and it is by far the beſt ſituation I could meet with for ſeeing it to advantage. The River Clwyd, from which the vale takes its name, is a diminutive little ſtream, that meanders along it, ſcarcely three yards over in the wideſt part. Its banks are low, and it is after

* Willis's Survey, 280.

ſudden

ſudden rains ſubject to the moſt dreadful overflowings, the water, at thoſe times, frequently ſweeping along with it even the very ſoil of the land it paſſes over. From this circumſtance it is that much of the land near its banks is let at very low rents. This vale is perhaps the moſt extenſive in the kingdom, being near twenty-four miles in length and ſeven in breadth; and though it is impoſſible to exhibit a richer or more beautiful ſcene of fertility, yet, from its great width and its want of water, I believe the painter will prefer to it many of the deep glens and pictureſque vales of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire.

From St. Aſaph I wandered down the vale towards the little village of Rhyddlan. The country all the way was intereſting. At the diſtance of about a mile I looked back upon the little city I had left: its ſingle ſtreet occupied the ſlope of the hill, at the top of which ſtood the cathedral,

and the intermingled trees and houſes, with the turbulent River Elwy flowing at the bottom, under a majeſtic bridge of five arches, altogether completed a very beautiful ſcene.

Rhyddlan * lies in a flat in the middle of the Vale of Clwyd, and on the eaſtern bank of the river, about two miles from its influx into the ſea. This is here ſo wide as to permit ſmall flat veſſels, of about twenty tons burthen, to ride up, at high water, as high as the bridge. Though now a very inſignificant village, Rhyddlan has been once a place of great importance, of which however no trace is left, except

* The etymology of this place is thus expreſſed by Leland, "*Rethelan*, communely caullid *Rudelan*, "cummith of *Rethe*, that ys to ſay, *roone color*, or "*pale redde*, and *Glan*, that is the *ſhore;* but *G*, when "*Glan* is ſet with a word preceding *G*, is exploded." Itin. V. 53.

the

the ruins of its caſtle.* In 1283 it was made a free borough by Edward I. who endowed it with many privileges in order to encourage an intercourſe betwixt the Welſh and the Engliſh.† From a port, about two miles from this place, where the river diſcharges itſelf into the ſea, much corn and timber are annually exported.

Below the town is a large marſh, called Morfa Rhyddlan, *the Marſh of Rhyddlan*, where, in 795, was fought a dreadful battle betwixt the Welſh, under their leader Caradoc, and the Saxon forces under Offa King of Mercia. The Welſh were defeated, and their commander ſlain; in addition to this ſevere loſs the Saxon prince cruelly ordered all the men and children,

* "Non procul a mari Rudlana in Tegenia olim "magnus urbs, nunc exiguus vicus ſituatur."
Lhuyd Comment. Brit. 56.

† Carte, II. 196

who unfortunately fell into his hands, to be maſſacred in cold blood; the women themſelves ſcarcely eſcaping his fury.*

The memory of this tragical event has been carried down to poſterity by a ballad, ſuppoſed to have been compoſed ſoon after the battle, called *Morfa Rhyddlan*, the air of which is moſt tenderly plaintive.†

The caſtle is of red ſtone, nearly ſquare, and having ſix towers, two at each of two oppoſite corners and only one at each of the others. One of theſe was called Twr y Brenin, *the King's Tower*. The whole was ſurrounded by a double ditch on the north,

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 20. Matt. Paris, bita duorum offarum, 976. Warrington's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 105.

† See this air amongſt the ſpecimens of Welſh muſic in the ſecond volume of this work. It is the general opinion in Wales, that this air was compoſed thus early, but from its conſtruction it appears to me to be of a much later date.

and

and a ſtrong wall and foſs all round. In this wall is a tower, called Twr y Silod, yet ſtanding. The principal entrance was from the north-weſt, flanked by two round towers. The two oppoſite to theſe are very much ſhattered, but the remainder are pretty entire.

This caſtle, according to Powel and Camden,* was built by Llewelyn ap Sitſylt, who reigned in Wales from 1015 to 1020, and made this the place of his reſidence. But Dugdale and Carte † both ſay, that it was erected by Robert de Rhyddlan, nephew and lieutenant to Hugh Earl of Cheſter, in the reign of William the Conqueror, in order to reſtrain the excurſions of the Welſh, and that he was placed

* Ann. Poveli Gir. Camb. X. Itin. Camb. Lib. II. c. 10. p. 873. Gough's Camd. II. 588.

† Dugdale's Baronage, I. 36. Carte's Hiſtory of Engl. I. 466.

there with ſufficient forces to check them. This, however, certainly cannot have been the caſe, for in 1063, three years before William came to the crown, it was in the poſſeſſion of Gryffydd ap Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, for in that year it was attacked and burnt by Harold, ſon of Godwin Earl of Kent, who was afterwards king of England, in retaliation for ſome depredations committed by the Welſh on the Engliſh borders. The Welſh prince was apprized of his danger but a moment before the Engliſh preſented themſelves at the gates, and as the only means of eſcaping the hands of his enemies, threw himſelf with a few of his attendants into one of his ſhips, at that time ready in the harbour, and by that means fortunately for himſelf got off.*

* Matt. Weſtm. 429. Annot. Poveli. Gir. Camb. It. Camb. Lib. II. c. X. 873. Warrington's Hiſtory of Wales, 221.

It

It ſeems not to have remained long in ruins, for in 1098, it appears to have been again taken from the Welſh by the above Robert, ſurnamed from the event De Rhydd-lan, who, it ſeems, did not build, but added many new works to it.* The two authors, quoted above, may probably have miſtaken between building and fortifying, unleſs we are to ſuppoſe that he entirely rebuilt it, which may have been the caſe, though I think the other account carries with it the greater degree of probability. Be this as it may, it is certain that he was ſtationed here to repel the attacks of the Welſh; and whilſt upon this poſt, Gryffydd ap Conan, Prince of Wales, petitioned him for aid againſt his enemies, which was obtained; but, on ſome quarrel, he attacked him in his caſtle, took and burnt the bailey or

* Gough's Camd. II. 588.

yard, and ſlew ſo great a number of his men, that very few eſcaped into the towers.* It was afterwards repaired and fortified by Henry II. who gave it to Hugh Beauchamp;† notwithſtanding which, in 1167, whilſt Henry was engaged in foreign affairs, it was attacked by Owen Gwynedd and his brother Cadwalader, aſſiſted by Ryſe ap Gryffydd, and after a blockade of two months, ſurrendered to them.‡ It muſt, not long after, have been delivered to the Engliſh, for about 1214, in the reign of King John, it was attacked and taken, without much oppoſition, by the Welſh Prince Llewelyn ap Jouverth, and is mentioned as being the laſt fortreſs which that monarch

* Pennant, II. 11. who quotes the Life of Gryffydd ap Knyan, in Sebright MSS.

† Matt. Paris, 81. Powel, 208. Peterhouſe, MS.

‡ Powel, 224. Lyttleton's Hiſtory of Henry II, Vol. II. 493.

held

held in this country, the Welſh having now entirely driven him out.*

Towards the latter end of the reign of Richard I. Ranulph Blundeville † Earl of Cheſter, being unexpectedly attacked by the Welſh in this caſtle, ſent to Roger Lacy (for his fierceneſs ſurnamed *Hell*) his Conſtable of Cheſter, to haſten to his relief with ſuch forces as he could on the ſudden collect. It happened to be on Midſummer Day when there was a fair at Cheſter, and Roger immediately got together a mob of fidlers, players, coblers, and other idle fellows, and marched towards Rhyddlan. Llewelyn, who was at the head of the Welſh, obſerving at a diſtance an immenſe crowd of people, and ſuppoſing that it was

* Powel, 270. Wynne's Hiſtory of Wales, 237.

† Or Blondeville. This addition was taken to his name of Ranulph from his having been born at Oſweſtry, in Shropſhire, which was antiently called *Album Monaſterium.*

the

the Engliſh army coming upon him, immediately raiſed the ſiege and fled. In memory of this ſervice the Earl, by charter, granted to Roger Lacy and his heirs the government over all the above deſcription of people in the County of Cheſter, which government was afterwards, in part, granted by his ſon to Hugh Dutton, his ſteward, and his heirs, by the following deed.

" Sciant præſentes et futuri, quod ego, " Johannes Conſtabularius *Ceſtriæ*, dedi et " conceſſi et hac præſenti mea charta con- " firmavi *Hugoni de Dutton* et hæredibus " ſius, magiſtratum omnium * *leccatorum* " et *meretricum* totius Ceſterſhiriæ, ſicut " liberius illum magiſtratum teneo de " comite. Salvo jure meo, mihi et hære- " dibus meis."

* Mr. Pennant has miſtaken this word for *peccatorum*. See his Tour, II. 12. Blount, in his Law Dictionary, has *Leccator*, a riotous, debauched perſon.

This

This inſtrument is without a date, but was given ſometime about the year 1220. The heirs of Hugh Dutton claimed ſo late as the reign of Henry VII. "*de qualibet "meretrice infra commitatum Ceſtriæ et infra "Ceſtriam manente, et officium ſuum exer-"cente*," an annual payment of fourpence. They alſo claimed, from antient cuſtom, that all the minſtrels of Cheſhire and the City of Cheſter ſhould appear before them, or their ſtewards, every year, on the feaſt of St. John the Baptiſt, and there preſent four flaggons of wine and a lance, and each of them to pay for their licence fourpence-halfpenny. This latter claim is, I believe, in ſome meaſure continued till this preſent time.*

* Dugdale's Baronage, I. 101. Blount's Tenures, by Beckwith, 300, where are quoted Sir Peter Leiceſter's Antiquities of Cheſhire, 141, 142, 151, and Burn's Juſtice, tit. *Vagrants*.

After

After the ſurrender of Rhyddlan Caſtle to the Welſh in the reign of King John, they ſeem to have had poſſeſſion of it for many years, for the firſt time I ſee any thing of it afterwards is in the reign of Edward I. when, upon the refuſal of Llewlyn ap Gryffydd to do homage to Edward at Cheſter, that monarch, at the head of an army, marched into Wales, and amongſt others took this caſtle, obliging the prince to come to terms. He then fortified it and placed in it a ſtrong garriſon.* Llewelyn knowing of how much conſequence this place was, and how dangerous it was to his intereſt whilſt it remained in the hands of an enemy, in the year 1281, in conjunction with his brother David, made a moſt vigorous attack upon

* Matt. Weſtm. 370. Tho. Walſingham, 6. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 278, 279. Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 334.

it,

it, but the Engliſh army approaching, they were forced to retire to their faſtneſſes amongſt the mountains in Caernarvonſhire.*

Shortly after this it was taken by Ryſe, ſon of Maelgon, and Gryffydd ap Meredith ap Owen,† though it ſeems as if they had abandoned it ſoon afterwards on the arrival of the king, who appears to have reſided here in 1283, for it was in this year that he held a parliament here, in which was paſſed, amongſt other ſtatutes, that called the *Statute of Rhyddlan*. This ſtatute contained a ſet of regulations made by the king in council for the government of Wales, which the preamble ſtates to

* Tho. Walſingham, 9. Holingſhed's Chron. II. 280. Matt. Weſt, p. 370, ſays, that they took, and afterwards demoliſhed it, which could not poſſibly have been the caſe.

† Groſe's Antiquities.

have

have been then totally ſubdued. It contains alſo many curious particulars with regard to the cuſtoms which prevailed in Wales previous to Edward's conqueſt, ſome of which were retained, others altered, and ſome entirely aboliſhed, by this ſtatute.*

Edward I. at Rhyddlan, aſſembled the barons and chief men of Wales, to inform them that he had appointed for them a prince, ſuch as they had long expreſſed a deſire to have, a native of their own country, one who could not ſpeak the Engliſh language, and whoſe life and conduct had been hitherto irreproachable. On their acclamations of joy and promiſe of obedience, he inveſted in the principality his own ſon Edward, afterwards Edward II. an infant, who had not long before been born at Caernarvon.†

* See Statutes at large. † Stow's Annals, 203.

After

After the death of Llewelyn Prince of Wales, David his brother was taken priſoner by the Engliſh army, and with his wife and two ſons was ſent to this caſtle, from whence, not long afterwards, he was taken to Shrewſbury, where he was executed for high treaſon.*

In 1399 it was ſeized by the Earl of Northumberland, previous to the depoſition of Richard II. who dined here in company with that earl, in his way to Flint, where he was delivered into the power of his enemy Bolingbroke.†

In the civil wars Rhyddlan caſtle was garriſoned for the king, but was ſurrendered on the 28th of July, 1646, to General Mytton,‡ and on the 22d of December, in the ſame year, was ordered by the parlia-

* Tho. Walſingham, 12. Holinſhed's Chron. II. 282.

† Stow's Annals, 321.

‡ Whitelock's Memorials, 217.

ment

ment to be diſmantled.* The property of it is at preſent in the crown.

The burgeſſes of Rhyddlan contribute towards electing a member of parliament for Flint. Thoſe who are qualified inhabit the place and that part of the pariſh called *Rhyddlan Franchiſe*, which extends above a mile from the town.†

Near the caſtle was a houſe of Black Friars, founded ſometime before 1268, for in that year Anian, who is related to have been a prior of this houſe, was made Biſhop of St. Aſaph. It ſuffered much in the wars between Edward I. and Llewelyn, but recovered and ſubſiſted till the diſſolution; though it does not appear in the valuations either of Dugdale or Speed. I did not obſerve, when I was at this place,

* Whitelock, 231.

† Pennant's Tour, II. 15.

whether

whether any part of the building was remaining.*

Camden † relates a ſtrange circumſtance concerning the River Clwyd at its influx into the ſea. He ſays that, "below the "caſtle, the river is diſcharged into the "ſea, and though the valley, at the mouth "of the river, *ſeems* lower than the ſea, "yet it is never overflown; but by a na-"tural, though an inviſible impediment, "the water ſtands on the very brink of "the ſhore, to our juſt admiration of the "Divine Providence." If the marſh only *appears* lower than the ſea, without being ſo, there certainly ſeems no wonder at all.

* Tanner's Notitia. Mr. Brown Willis, in his Survey of Bangor, p. 357, ſays, it was reported that there was an abbey here, the religious of which were of a military order.

† Gibſ. Camd. 688.

The village of Diſerth is about two miles and a half eaſt of Rhyddlan, the church ſtands in a romantic bottom, and is finely overſhaded with ſeveral large yew trees growing around it. In the church-yard are many very ſingular tomb-ſtones; but two in particular attracted my attention, as being not, as uſual, altar-ſhaped, but having a ſemicircular ſtone upon the top of each of them. They are of an antient date, and belong to a family of the name of Hughes. Here is alſo a curious and much ornamented old pillar, whoſe uſe I could form no idea of.

The caſtle ſtands on the ſummit of a high lime-ſtone rock, at the diſtance of half a mile from the village. Its preſent remains are very trifling, being nothing more than a few ſhattered fragments. From hence there is a fine proſpect of part of the Vale of Clwyd.

Diſerth Caſtle,* which was, moſt probably, the laſt of the chain of Britiſh poſts on the Clwydian hills, was formerly called alſo Din-colyn, ——— Caſtell y Ffailon, ——— Caſtell Gerri, ——— and Caſtell y Craig, *the Caſtle of the Rock.*† The time of its foundation is not known. It was fortified by Henry III. about 1241,‡ and it appears to have been the property of the Earls of Cheſter, for Dugdale, at the end of his ac-

* "Thiſarte, or Diſarte Caſtelle, yn Flintſhire, "by the name yn Walſche is thus expounded:— "*Thi* is *privativa particula*, as *not*; *ſarte* is *ſteepe up*; "*not ſtepe* or *clining up*, that is to ſay, *playne*." See *Leland's Itin.* V. 53.

I ſhould rather ſuppoſe it derived from *dy* very, and *ſerth*, ſteep, as it does not ſtand upon a plain, but upon a conſiderable eminence.

† Pennant, II. 7, who quotes Llwyd's Itinerary, MSS.

‡ Powel, 307.

count of that family, remarks that, upon its becoming extinct, Diſerth and Diganwy caſtles were, in 31ſt Henry III. both annexed to the crown.* About twenty years after this it was, along with Diganwy, deſtroyed by Llewelyn ap Gryffydd.†

On the Caſtle-hill I found the following plants growing in plenty:—*Beronica ſpicata*, *Ciſtus mariſolius*, *Ciſtus heleanthemum*, *Thalictrum minus*, *Geranium ſanguineum*, *Conyza ſquarroſa*, and *Carduus marianus*, with ſome others not ſo rare.

In a field, a little to the ſouth of it, I obſerved a ruinous building, called Siamberwen, *the White-Hall*, ſaid to have been the houſe of Sir Robert Pounderling, a valiant knight, who was many years ago the Con-

* Dugdale's Baronage, I. 48.

† Matt. Paris, 851. Matt. Weſtm. 316. Powel, 326.

ſtable

ſtable of the Caſtle.* Of this illuſtrious hero Leland † relates a ſtory, that being for his valour noted far and near, he was challenged, at a tournament, by a gentleman of Wales, who in the combat ſtruck out one of his eyes; but, being afterwards in the Engliſh court requeſted to challenge him in return, he wiſely ſhewed that he had prudence as well as valour by declining a ſecond combat, alledging as his excuſe, that he did not intend the Welſhman to knock out his other eye.

From this place I retraced my road back again, through Rhyddlan, to St. Aſaph, from whence, the next morning, I ſet off to Conway. I muſt here remark that, in the latter part of this day's excurſion, from Rhyddlan to Diſerth, I received but little

* Pennant, II. 8, who quotes Llwyd's Itinerary, MS.

† Leland's Itinerary, VI. 21.

amuſement, except in my botanical purſuits. Neither the village of Diſerth, nor its caſtle, afford any thing very deſerving of attention.



CHAP.

CHAP. V.

FROM ST. ASAPH TO CONWY.——ABERGELEY—LLANDULAS—PENMAEN RHOS—RIVER CONWY—FERRY—PEARL FISHERY—TOWN OF CONWY—CASTLE — CHURCH — INSCRIPTION — ABBEY — PLAS-MAWR—GLODDAETH—DIGANWY.

MY next ſtage was Conwy. The road now became rather more hilly, but it was hard and good, and the ſurrounding country, for the moſt part, very pleaſant. After paſſing Abergeley, a ſmall village, about ſeven miles from St. Aſaph, I had the ſea on the right, and a range of low rocks on the left of the road. From the bottoms of theſe were all the way meadows

and corn fields, which extended nearly to the water. Beyond Llandulas, *the dark village*, the road winds round a huge limeſtone rock, called Penmaen Rhos.

Mr. Pennant * conjectures that it was in ſome of the deep bottoms of this neighbourhood that Richard II. was ſurprized by a band of armed ruffians, placed there by the Earl of Northumberland, for the purpoſe of betraying him into the hands of Bolingbroke at Flint.

I was wandering leiſurely along this road, when on a ſudden, a moſt magnificent landſcape burſt upon the ſight. The fine old town of Conwy, with its gloomy walls and towers, appeared, with the wide river in front, and backed by the vaſt Caernarvonſhire mountains.

The River Conwy, the *Conovius* of Antoninus, runs on this, the eaſt ſide of the

* Tour, II. 334.

town.

town. It is here about half a mile over, and is croſſed by a ferry. I have been told of many ſhameful impoſitions that are continually practiſed by the ferrymen at this place upon ſtrangers. Their charges ought to be a *penny* for every perſon on foot, *two-pence* for a man and horſe, and *half-a-crown* a wheel for carriages. Inſtead of which, I even once ſaw them myſelf, with the moſt impudent aſſurance poſſible, charge half-a-guinea for a gig, and after that importune for liquor. They are, beſides, ſo much their own maſters that, I am told, they will only take over the boat when they think proper, and in this manner perſons have been frequently delayed in their journey three, four, or more hours, without the poſſibility on their part of preventing it. Whether theſe enormities are known to the renter of the ferry, who, I underſtand reſides at Conwy, I cannot tell, but if they are, it is certainly his duty to watch his

ſervants

ſervants more ſtrictly, and prevent their practiſing ſuch ſhameful impoſitions upon the public.

The River Conwy was formerly noted for being a pearl fiſhery; and pearls have been taken here, at different times, ever ſince the Roman conqueſt. Suetonius ſays, that to get theſe was one of the chief motives alledged for his invaſion of this iſland. The Britiſh and Iriſh pearls are found in a ſhell-fiſh, called by Linnæus * *Mya Margaritefera, the Pearl Muſcle*, peculiar to ſtony and rapid rivers. The pearls are ſaid to be produced from a diſeaſe in the fiſh ſomewhat analogous to the ſtone in the human

* Gen. Char. Shell bivalve, gaping at one end. Hinge with a broad thick tooth not let into the oppoſite valve.

Spec. Char. Shape oval, bending in on one ſide. Shell thick, opake, and heavy. Tooth of the hinge ſmooth and conical. The length five or ſix inches, and breadth about $2\frac{1}{4}$.

body.

body. On being ſqueezed they will eject them, and they often caſt them ſpontaneouſly in the ſand of the ſtream. There have been ſometimes ſo many as ſixteen taken in one ſhell. Pearls got here have ſold for four guineas each, and one for ten, which was afterwards purchaſed by Lady Glenlealy, who put it into a necklace, and refuſed *eighty pounds* for it from the Duchefs of Ormond. A notion prevails that Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydir, chamberlain to Catherine Queen of Charles II. preſented her majeſty with a pearl taken in this river, which is to this day honoured with a place in the regal crown.*

A more beautiful or more pictureſque town can ſcarcely be found than Conwy.† The

* Philoſophical Tranſactions abridged, II. 831. Pennant's Zoology, IV. 80.

† It has been conjectured by many, that this preſent Conwy was the *Conovium* of the Romans; this, however, appears to have been without any foundation,

The caſtle ſtands upon a rock, two ſides of which are waſhed by the river. Its architecture and poſition are truly grand, and denote the ſpirit and judgment of its founder, Edward I. From each end of the town walls, fronting the river, a curtain terminated with a round tower ran to ſome diſtance into the water, the more effectually to prevent the approach of an enemy from thence. The heap of rubbiſh at preſent left, nearly oppoſite to the end of the caſtle,

tion, for it has been, I think, clearly proved, that Conovium was ſituated where *Caer Rhun* (a corruption from *Caer Hên, the old city)* now ſtands, on the weſt ſide of the river, about five miles higher up. At this place, now an inſignificant village, many Roman antiquities have, at different times, been diſcovered; and out of the ruins of this, Camden conjectures, that Edward built the *new town*, at the mouth of the river, which was from thence called Aber Conwy, *the conflux of the Conwy.* It is now generally called Conway. See *Camden's Britannica*

is



Rev.d W. Bingley. del.t

S. Alken. scult.

CONWY CASTLE.

is the remains of one of theſe towers, the other has been long ſince entirely deſtroyed. The caſtle was defended alſo by eight large round towers flanking the ſides and the ends, from each of which iſſued, formerly, a ſlender turret, riſing much above, conſtructed for commanding an extenſive proſpect over the adjacent country; of theſe turrets there are only four now remaining. The walls are embattled, and from twelve to fifteen feet in thickneſs, and yet nearly entire, except one of the middle towers on the ſouth ſide, whoſe lower part has fallen down the rock, owing to the folly of ſome of the inhabitants who had taken away the ſtones from the foundation for their own uſe. The upper part of the tower is entire, ſuſpended at a vaſt height above, and projecting near thirty feet over the walls below, exhibiting, obſerves Mr. Pennant, "in the breach ſuch vaſt ſtrength of wall-
"ing, as might have given to the architect

"the

" the moſt reaſonable hope that his work " would have endured to the end of time."

The chief entrance into the caſtle is at the north-weſt end, formerly over a deep trench, by a draw-bridge. There was alſo at the other end another from the river, up a rock, protected by the projecting curtain.

The hall is the moſt remarkable apartment now left; it is a hundred and thirty feet long, thirty-two broad, and about twenty-two in height. It was lighted by nine windows, ſix of which were towards the river, and three towards the court; and the roof was once ſupported by eight Gothic arches, ſome of which are ſtill left.

Edward I. after his conqueſt of the Welſh, with his queen, and great part of the Engliſh nobility, ſpent a Chriſtmas at this caſtle in all the joyous feſtivity that a luxurious

luxurious court could boaſt. But what a change has taken place ſince that time!

What now avails that o'er the vaſſal plain
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide,
That honor and her knights compoſed his train,
And chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide.

Though to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabric as the founder low.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride,
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring towers with twiſted ivy tied.

The walls around this town,* which are built upon the ſolid rock, and betwixt twelve

* The mode of defending a town, before the introduction of gunpowder and artillery, was by a number of ſmall towers, capable of containing twenty or thirty men each, flanking and defending the

twelve and fifteen feet in thickneſs, are nearly entire. Within, the houſes are very irregular, but by no means bad. The church, ſaid to have been the conventual church belonging to the monaſtry, is a mean-looking building. I obſerved in it a few modern monuments belonging to the family of the Wynnes, formerly of this place; and, amongſt others, the following ſingular inſcription on the tomb of a Mr. Hookes:

" Here lyeth the body of Nicholas
" Hookes, of Conwy, Gent. who was the
" *forty-firſt* child of his father, William
" Hookes, Eſq. by Alice his wife; and
" father of *twenty-ſeven* children; who
" died the 20th day of March, 1637."

the intermediate curtains of the walls with long and croſs bows and other manual weapons; for few of them were large enough to contain the projectile machines of thoſe times.

There

There are ſome poor remains of the Ciſterian Abbey, founded here by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth Prince of Wales, in 1185, who endowed it with many privileges, amongſt which was the exemption of the monks from maintaining, for the prince, any men, horſes, dogs, or hawks. The abbots were to be elected by the monks, without the controul or interference of any other perſons whatever. They were to have the benefit of all wrecks on the ſhores of their property, and to be toll free.* In this convent, and that of Stratflur in Cardiganſhire, were kept the records of the ſucceſſions and acts of the princes of Wales from 1126 till the year 1270.† The founder was buried here, but on the diſſolution his

* Dugdale's Monaſticon, I. 918, 920. Tanner's Notitia Mon. Leland's Collectanea de reb. Brit. I. 103.

† Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 206.

coffin was removed to Llanruſt, a town about twelve miles diſtant. In this abbey was alſo interred Conan ap Owen Gwyn-edd,* wrapped in the habiliments of a monk, which, in thoſe ſuperſtitious days, was deemed a coat of mail proof againſt every power of Satan.†

Edward I. upon building the caſtle and fortifying the town, removed the religious of this convent to Maynan, in Denbigh-ſhire, a place about three miles up the river, where he had founded for them another abbey, reſerving to the monks all their former lands and privileges. He alſo re-ſerved to them the preſentation of their conventual church at Conwy, now made parochial, provided they found two able and worthy Engliſhmen as chaplains, and a third a Welſhman, for the benefit of thoſe who did not underſtand Engliſh. One of

* He died in the year 1200. † Powel, 225.

the

the Engliſhmen was perpetual vicar, who, on every vacancy, was to be named by the convent, and preſented by the dioceſan.*

Plas mawr, *the great manſion*, is an antique-looking houſe, built, in the year 1585, by Robert Wynne, Eſquire, of Gwydir. On the houſe are the letters I.H.S. X.P.S. and over the gateway, the Greek words Ανεχϑ, απεχϑ, *bear*, *forbear*. The apartments are ornamented in a rude ſtile, with uncouth figures in ſtucco.

The caſtle of Conwy was erected in the year 1283 by Edward I. who, at the ſame time, built the walls of the town, and repaired ſeveral of his other caſtles in Wales, in order to guard againſt the inſurrections of Llewelyn, which for ſome years before had been very frequent. It was built upon a ſpot which had formerly been fortified by Hugh Earl of Cheſter, in the time of Wil-

* Dugdale's Monaſticon, I. 921.

liam the Conqueror,* in a ſituation highly proper, having a complete command of the river, and by its vicinity to the ſtrong paſs of Penmaen Mawr, enabling the king's troops to occupy it on the leaſt commotion, thereby ſecuring a road to the interior of the mountains and to the Iſle of Angleſea.

I am rather at a loſs to judge whether it was this caſtle or that of Diganwy, about three miles north of it, that was called *Snowdon Caſtle*. Leland,† indeed, in his Collectanea, ſays "The *Caſtel of Snowdon* "is oftentymes put by a commen worde "for *Conwey*," but ſeveral circumſtances have occurred that induce me rather to ſuppoſe, that this was not the caſe, and that

* Matt. Weſtm. 371. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 282.

† Coll. de reb. Brit. I. 472.

Diganwy

Diganwy muſt formerly have been called Snowdon Caſtle.*

Edward I. once found himſelf very diſagreeably ſituated in this caſtle. He with a few of his men had preceded the body of his army a little way, and even croſſed the river before they came up. Soon after he had got over, the tide flowed in and prevented *them* from following, which the Welſh perceiving, attacked him and his handful of men in the caſtle, who were driven to great diſtreſs, having no kind of proviſion whatever, except a little honey and water. But by the ſtrength of the caſtle, and their own bravery, they were en-

* Dolbadain Caſtle, near Llanberis, being ſituated in the heart of the mountains, might with greater propriety than either of theſe have been called *Snowdon Caſtle*; but the old Engliſh writers, from its obſcurity, had probably never heard of it, or if they had, they do not ſeem to have known it by this name.

abled to hold out till the water again retired, and the army came over to their relief.*

In 1399, Richard II. in his return from Ireland, having landed in Wales, heard that the Duke of Lancaſter had prepared immenſe forces againſt him, and deſpairing in the ſtrength of his own army, in company with about a dozen of his friends, ſtole in the night to Conwy, where he hoped to be more ſecure; this, however, he ſcarcely found the caſe, for he was ſhortly afterwards drawn from thence by the inſinuating treachery of the villain Percy.†

Richard III. in the firſt or ſecond year of his reign, granted "to Thomas Tunſtall, "Eſq. the office of Conſtable of the Caſtel "of Conway, with the Captainſhip of the "Towne of Conway, and to have under "under him the number of twenty-four

* Hen. de Knyghton de event. Angl. 2471.

† Stow's Annals, 322. Carte's Hiſtory of England.

"ſoldiers

" ſoldiers for the time of his life, with the
" wages and fees to the ſame office and
" captaynſhip due and accuſtomed, and to
" have for every of the ſaid ſoldiers 4*d*. by
" the day."*

The caſtle was repaired and fortified for Charles I. in the civil wars, by Dr. Williams, Archbiſhop of York, at the king's particular requeſt. He faithfully promiſed the Archbiſhop, upon his doing this, that it ſhould remain in the care of himſelf, or any perſon appointed by him, till the money expended was repaid. After it was finiſhed, ſeveral country gentlemen requeſted him to receive into it their writings, plate, and other valuables, which he, relying upon the king's promiſe, did, giving to every owner a receipt, by which he made himſelf liable to the loſs. In May, 1645,

* MS. N°. 433, in Bib. Harl. quoted in Groſe's Antiquities.

about a year afterwards, Sir John Owen, a colonel in the king's ſervice, obtained of Prince Rupert a commiſſion, appointing him governor of the caſtle. By virtue of this he ſurprized and took it, diſpoſſeſſing the Archbiſhop, notwithſtanding the king's poſitive promiſe to the contrary; and he refuſed to give him any ſecurity for the valuables he had in charge. After this circumſtance the Archbiſhop, being invited by General Mytton, came over to the ſide of the parliament, and aſſiſted in perſon, along with the parliament's army, and many of the country people, whoſe goods had been lodged there, in attacking the caſtle. After a ſiege of three months, it was taken on the 18th of November, 1646, and the property of every perſon was juſtly reſtored to him. Mytton, who had a moſt cruel antipathy againſt the Iriſh, ordered all who were ſeized in the caſtle to be tied back to back,

and

and flung into the river.* For his late ſervices the parliament granted the Archbiſhop a general pardon, and a releaſe from all his ſequeſtrations.

After the reſtoration a grant was made of this fortreſs, by the king, to Edward Earl of Conwy, who, in 1665, ordered all the iron, timber, and lead to be taken down and tranſported to Ireland, under the pretence that it was to be uſed in his majeſty's ſervice. Several of the principal gentlemen of the country oppoſed the deſign, but their remonſtrances were over-ruled, and this noble pile was reduced nearly to its preſent condition.† It is now held from the crown at an annual rent of ſix ſhillings and eight-

* Whitelock's Memorials, 219, 228. Ruſhworth's Hiſtorical Collections, part IV. vol. I. 297.

† Pennant's Tour, II. 319. See alſo a copy of a Letter in the Appendix to the ſame volume, p. 478.

pence,

pence, and a diſh of fiſh, to Lord Hertford, as often as he paſſes through the town.*

Edward I. made Conwy a free borough, and ordered that the mayor, who was the conſtable of the caſtle for the time being, ſhould preſerve its privileges. It is at preſent governed by one alderman, a recorder, coroner, water-bailiff, and two ſerjeants at mace, choſen annually. The privileges here, as in all other Engliſh garriſons in North Wales, extended from Caernarvon to the River Clwyd; for none could be convicted of any crime, within that diſtrict, but by a jury empanneled within it.†

Situated on the ſide of a hill, about three miles north of Conwy ferry, is Gloddaeth, the beautiful ſeat of Sir Thomas Moſtyn, Bart. built by his anceſtor, Sir Roger Moſ-

* Groſe's Antiquities, vol. VII. p. 18.

† Pennant, II. 314.

tyn,

tyn, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a place, as I have been informed, ſurrounded with charming ſcenery and rare plants. About half a mile beyond this is Diganwy, an antient caſtle, founded about the time of the Norman conqueſt, and near it a circular watch tower, ſaid to have been built ſometime in the latter part of the laſt century. But from not having heard of theſe curioſities, when I was in this part of the country, I had not an opportunity of ſeeing them.



CHAP. VI.

FROM CONWY BY BANGOR TO CAERNARVON.—ROCKS—PENMAEN MAWR—ROAD—SINGULAR ACCIDENTS — BRITISH FORT—ABER — WATERFALL—LLANDYGAI—PENRHYN—BANGOR—CASTLE—CATHEDRAL—CONVENT—BANGOR FERRY—INN—HARP—FINE SCENERY—CAERNARVON—HOTEL.

HAVING left Conwy in my route to Bangor, I now began to find myſelf in a truly mountainous and romantic country, for the hills of Flintſhire and Denbighſhire, which I had juſt paſſed, bear no compariſon for pictureſque beauty, with the

the rocky ſcenes of Caernarvonſhire.* Inſtead of being as thoſe were gentle in aſcent, and frequently covered with graſs and turf to their ſummits, they now began to wear the ſavage and majeſtic face of Nature—they were precipitous, rugged and gloomy.

A few miles beyond Conwy is the celebrated mountain called Penmaen Mawr, a huge rock, riſing near 1550 feet in perpendicular height above the ſea. Along a ſhelf of this tremendous precipice is formed an excellent road, well guarded towards the ſea by a ſtrong wall, and ſupported in many

* Before the diviſion of Wales into counties this county was called Snowdon Foreſt, and in after-times Arvonia, from its ſituation oppoſite Mon, Bon or Angleſea. It is about 50 miles in length, 25 in breadth, and 130 in circumference; is divided into ſeven cantreds or hundreds, and ſixty-eight pariſhes. It contains about 370,000 acres of land, and the population is calculated at about 16,800. In it are one city and four market towns.

parts

parts by arches turned underneath it, a method in the expence found far preferable to that of hollowing it out of the ſolid rock. Before the wall was built, accidents were continually happening by people falling down the precipices; but ſince that time, I believe it has been perfectly ſafe.

Of theſe accidents, Mr. Pennant * has recorded the following: An exciſeman fell from the higheſt part, and eſcaped unhurt. The Rev. Mr. Jones, who in 1762, was rector of Llanlian, in Angleſea, fell with his horſe, and a midwife behind him down the ſteepeſt part. The female periſhed as did the nag, but the Divine, with great philoſophy, unſaddled the ſteed, and marched off with the trappings, exulting at his own preſervation.

" I have often heard," continues this intelligent author " of another accident attend-

* Tour II. 305.

" ed

" ed with ſuch romantic circumſtances,
" that I would not venture to mention it
" had I not the ſtrongeſt traditional au-
" thority, to this day in the mouth of
" every one in the pariſh of Llanfair Vech-
" an, in which this promontory ſtands.
" Above a century ago, Scôn Humphries,
" of this pariſh, made his addreſſes to Ann
" Thomas, of Creyddyn, on the other ſide
" of Conwy river. They had made an
" appointment to meet at a fair in the town
" of Conwy. He in his way fell over
" Penmaen Mawr; ſhe was overſet in the
" ferry-boat, and was the only perſon ſaved
" out of more than fourſcore. They were
" married, and lived very long together in
" the pariſh of Llanfair. She was buried,
" April 11, 1744, aged 116. He ſurvived
" her 5 years, died December 10, 1749,
" and was buried cloſe by her, in the pa-
" riſh church yard, where their graves are
" familiarly ſhewn to this day."

At

At ſome diſtance the road appears like a white line along the ſide of the rock, which towards the ſea is in many places ſo nearly perpendicular, that a ſtone may be thrown from thence into it without touching below, a height of almoſt a hundred and forty feet. The paſs would, were it not for the wall, be truly terrible; and even yet, to thoſe who can make frights to mock themſelves, the amazingly lofty abrupt precipice of rock, towering overhead with the fragments and ruins, that have for ages been falling down from it, and ſeem ready to roll over one, do preſent a ſcene of horror.

Before this paſs was formed, the uſual mode of going from Conwy to Bangor was either in boats, or to wait the departure of the tide and proceed along the ſands, at low water, a mode frequently attended with danger, owing to the tide's ſometimes forming hollows, of the depth of which, when

filled

filled with water, the guides cannot always be certain.

I did not aſcend to the ſummit of Penmaen Mawr, though I have ſince underſtood that there is at the top called Braich y Ddinas, *the arm of the city*, an antient Britiſh fortification, in the walls of which, according to the additions to Camden, * were formerly at leaſt a hundred towers all round, of equal ſize, and about ſix yards in diameter within. From it's ſituation, a hundred men might here have defended themſelves againſt a great army, and it was large enough to contain twenty thouſand ſoldiers. Of this fortreſs, though I underſtand very little is left, yet there is ſufficient to ſhew that it has once been a very extenſive and important place. Governor Pownall, who examined it many years ago with great care, contrary

* Gibſon's Camden, 673.

to the received opinion, conjectures that it has been one of the Druids' conſecrated high places of worſhip, and never intended for a place of defence. In the incloſure, he ſays, is a barrow of the kind which Dr. Stukely calls a long barrow, and aſcribes to the ſepulture of an Arch-Druid.* I however am inclined, from the circumſtances mentioned by Edward Llwyd, Mr. Pennant, and other able writers (without having ſeen it myſelf) to credit the other opinion, for from them there ſeems every evidence of its having been a Britiſh fort.

About nine miles from Conwy ſtands the pleaſing little village of Aber, *the confluence*. Here I found a comfortable little Inn, which from its ſituation near Penmaen Mawr, may be a very convenient place to aſcend that mountain from, to ſuch as wiſh

* See a paper of the Governor in Archæol. of the Society of Antiquaries, III. 303.

to

to examine the curious remains at the top. From the village, a deep and romantic glen runs upwards of a mile amongſt the mountains, at the extremity of which is a cataract, which precipitates itſelf from a height of more than ſixty feet down the rugged front of a rock. Thomſon's deſcription ſeemed to apply extremely well to it:

Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep,
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt an azure ſheet it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.

On an artificial mount, not far from the village, though long ſince deſtroyed, ſtood once a caſtle, the palace of Llewelyn ap Gryffydd, Prince of Wales.*

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 325. Leland's Itinerary, V. 45.

At Llandygai *(the church of Tegai)* a village beautifully ſituated on the banks of the turbulent little river Ogwen, is a neat church, built in the form of a croſs, having the tower in the centre. This is chiefly remarkable for containing the remains of Dr. Williams, Archbiſhop of York, who lived in the reign of Charles I. His memory is preſerved by a mural monument, which repreſents him in his epiſcopal dreſs, kneeling at an altar.

On the right of the road, and not far from Bangor, I paſſed Penrhyn, the ſeat of the Iriſh Baron of that name. The preſent building, which is a good ſpecimen of the military Gothic, much in vogue in the reign of Henry VI. is ſuppoſed to ſtand on the ſite of a palace which belonged to Roderic Moelwynog, Prince of Wales, who began his reign about the year 720.* When I

* Pennant's Tour, II. 284.

was

was here, it appeared to be undergoing ſome conſiderable alterations, under the inſpection of the judicious Mr. Wyatt. A method of fencing grounds is uſed about the eſtates of Lord Penrhyn, which I never recollect to have obſerved before. The fences are made with pieces of blue ſlate, (of which his lordſhip has ſome extenſive quarries in the neighbourhood) driven into the ground about a foot diſtant from each other, and interwoven near the top with briars, or any kind of flexible branches to hold them together. Whether theſe are of leſs expence than walls or hedges I know not, but in point of ornament I think they are ſufficiently neat.

Bangor,* *the beautiful choir*, though now only a very ſmall place, appears to have been formerly

* Mr. Warner, a late touriſt, whoſe average rate of walking of about twenty-five miles a day ſeems to have rendered him liable to a thouſand errors, has, amongſt others, miſtaken this place for Bangor in Flintſhire.

formerly ſo large as from it's ſize to be called *Bangor vawr, the great Bangor*, to diſtinguiſh it probably from Bangor-is-coed in Flintſhire.* It is ſeated in a vale, from the back of which ariſe the vaſt mountains of Caernarvonſhire. From the churchyard is an extenſive and beautiful proſpect of part of Angleſea, with the town and bay of Beaumaris.

The moſt antient hiſtorical fact that we have recorded of this place is, that Condagius, a king of Britain, who reigned about 800 years before the time of Chriſt, erected

Flintſhire. He ſpeaks of its being watered by the "Deva's wizard ſtream," which flows under an elegant bridge, of five arches. He ſays that this was the ſite of the antient Roman ſtation, *Bouvium*, that here was the monaſtry, 1200 of whoſe monks were ſlain by Ethelfred, and that this formed a part of the kingdom of Powis!!

* Gough's Camden, II. 549.

here

here a temple which he dedicated to the goddeſs Minerva.*

On a rocky eminence, about a quarter of a mile eaſt from Bangor, ſtood formerly a caſtle built by Hugh, Earl of Cheſter, ſometime during the reign of William II.† The date of it's demolition is not known.

The cathedral is a ſmall dirty-looking building, dedicated to St. Daniel. The nave is about an hundred and ten feet long, and ſixty wide; the tranſepts ſixty by twenty five; and the choir fifty-four by twenty-ſix.

It appears to have been firſt erected by Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, about the year 550; and Daniel, the ſon of Dinothus, Abbot of Bangor-is-coed, in Flintſhire, who had, about thirty years before, founded a college or monaſtry

* Leland's Coll. de reb. Brit. II. 425.

† Speed's Chronicle, ch. XIV. p. 123.

here, was made the firſt biſhop.* The prince, when he founded it, had ſome thoughts of entering himſelf a monk here, and taking up the profeſſion of religion. But the charms and pleaſures of the world, to which he was too much addicted, ſoon choaked the reſolution, and by yielding to theſe, he became, in the latter part of his life, a great libertine, though in his public character he appears to have been always a brave man, and a noble and magnanimous prince.

The cathedral was deſtroyed by the Saxons 1071, and being afterwards rebuilt, it was again deſtroyed in 1212 by a detachment from the army of King John, who had invaded the Welſh on account of ſome depredations they had committed in the Marches. The biſhop was taken priſoner, and carried to the Engliſh camp,

* Tanner's Notitia.

but

but obtained his ranſom by the payment of two hundred hawks.*—It ſuffered along with the cathedral of St. Aſaph about 1247, in the wars betwixt Henry III. and the Welſh.† In 1402 it was burnt down in the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr (who threatened to deſtroy all the cities in Wales) and remained in ruins upwards of ninety years, when the choir was rebuilt by the Biſhop, Henry Denne,‡ but the tower and nave were, according to an inſcription over the weſt door, built at the expence of Biſhop Skeffington in 1532. This ſee met with a ſtill more cruel ravager than Owen Glyndwr in the perſon of Biſhop Bulkeley; who not only alienated many of the lands belonging to it, but went ſo far as even to ſell the bells of the church.§

* Powell, 265. Wynne's Hiſtory of Wales, 231.

† Matt. Paris, 642.

‡ Willis's Survey, 62. Camden's Brit. II. 549.

§ Fuller's Worthies of Wales, 19.

The

The revenues were valued in the 26th of Henry VIII. at £151. 3s. per annum in the whole, and £131. 16s. 4d. clear.*

This dioceſe comprehends the whole of Caernarvonſhire, except four pariſhes, the Iſle of Angleſea, and part of the Counties of Denbigh, Merioneth and Montgomery. It contains 107 pariſhes, of which 36 are impropriated. This ſee has been computed to be worth annually about £1200. To the cathedral belongs a Biſhop, Dean, Archdeacon,† Treaſurer, and two Prebendaries endowed; a precentor, chancellor, and three canons not endowed; two vicars,

* Tanner's Not. Mon.

† There were here formerly three archdeaconries, viz. of Bangor, Angleſea, and Merioneth: out of theſe the two firſt were united to the biſhopric for it's better ſupport, by act of Parliament, A. D. 1685. Willis's Survey, 135.

choral,

choral, an organiſt, lay clerks, choriſters, and other officers.*

Mr. Pennant † ſuppoſes that Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, who died in 1169, was buried in the ſouth tranſept of the church, and that his remains lie beneath an arch with a flowery croſs cut on a flat ſtone. Here are alſo mutilated tombs of the Biſhops Vaughan and Rowlands, the former of whom died in 1597, and the latter in 1616.

Beſides the cathedral, Tanner ‡ mentions, that there was near Bangor, a houſe of friars, preachers, founded about 1299, by Tudor ap Gronw, Lord of Penmynydd and Trecaſtle. Mr. Pennant § ſays, it ſtood a little way out of the town, and that it was converted into a free ſchool by Jeffery Glynn, LL. D. ſometime about

* Tanner's Not. Mon. † Tour II. 281.
‡ Not. Mon. § Tour II. 282.

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the reign of Edward VI. Over the chimney piece is a fragment of an antient monument to one *Gryffydd*, with a long ſword carved upon it; and on the ſtaircaſe is another ſtone, with the words *ap Tudor*, probably part of the tomb of the founder Tudor ap Gronw ap Tudor.

Bangor ferry, called by the Welſh Porthaethwy, *the ferry of the confined waters*, is ſituated about a mile from the town, on the eaſtern bank of the Menai, the ſtraight that divides Angleſea from the other parts of Wales, and is certainly one of the moſt charmingly retired places in the kingdom. Here is an Inn to which moſt travellers reſort, there not being one in the town of Bangor at all comfortable. The charges are very high, being much the ſame as at moſt of the inns upon the great roads near London; but the accommodations for this diſtant part of the country are ſo extremely

good,

good, that a reaſonable perſon can ſcarcely think of finding fault.

It was at this Inn that I was, for the firſt time ſince my arrival in Wales, entertained with the muſic of the harp, the indigenous inſtrument of this country. The evening was mild, and the ſun in retiring had caſt a golden tinge over the whole face of nature. I had ſeated myſelf in a window which commanded a full and moſt delightful proſpect of Angleſea, the Iſle of the Druids, and I liſtened, wrapped in a pleaſing melancholy, to the ſweetly flowing tones. A thouſand pleaſant ideas of times of old floated on my imagination, and the emphatic lines of Gray croſſed my thoughts with all their force.

Ruin ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
Confuſion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by conqueſt's crimſon wing,
They mock the air with idle ſtate.

Helm

Helm nor hauberk's twiſted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! ſhall avail
To ſave thy ſoul from nightly fears;
From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!

In the warmth of my imagination I had overlooked the perhaps neceſſary, though moſt cruel, policy of Edward I. in deſtroying a race of men, whoſe ſongs, deemed almoſt inſpired, could not be heard without the moſt dangerous correſponding effects on the minds of the multitude.

Their ſkill'd fingers knew how beſt to lead
Through all the maze of ſound the wayward ſtep
Of harmony, recalling oft and oft,
Permitting her unbridled courſe to ruſh
Through diſſonance to concord, ſweeteſt then
E'en when expected harſheſt.

The next morning I ſet out from Bangor ferry to go to Caernarvon. I had heard much in praiſe of the walk betwixt

Bangor

Bangor and Caernarvon, but I found very little to amuſe me till I had paſſed the fourth mile-ſtone, when, on a ſudden turn of the road, the ſtraights of Menai, the well wooded Iſle of Angleſea, and beyond theſe, the far diſtant Rivel mountains on one ſide, opened into a placid ſcene, whilſt the black precipices and ſhagged ſides of the rocks of Caernarvonſhire on the other formed a moſt delightful contraſt. This proſpect was ſo momentary, that it ſeemed almoſt the effect of enchantment; and proceding onward, the town and caſtle of Caernarvon, after ſome time, opened the ſcene, and completed one of the moſt exquiſite landſcapes the eye ever beheld.

At Caernarvon I went to the hotel, an Inn built a few years ago by the Earl of Uxbridge, upon a very large and extenſive ſcale. It is an elegant ſtone building, ſtanding on the outſide of the town walls, a little above the Menai, of which it com-

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mands a fine proſpect. This Inn, which, in excellence of accommodations and goodneſs of apartments, is certainly the firſt in North Wales, will be found inferior to very few, even in England. The charges here, as well as at Bangor ferry, are rather high; but when the expences of a neceſſary eſtabliſhment, only uſed for about four or five months in the year, are taken into conſideration, there are very few who can, with juſtice, complain of their being too great.



CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

CAERNARVON.——WALLS — EXTENSIVE PROSPECT—HARBOUR—CASTLE—BIRTH OF EDWARD, FIRST PRINCE OF WALES — PRYNNE THE BARRISTER — PRIVILEGES — SEGONTIUM — ROMAN MODE OF BUILDING — BRITISH COURT — JUMPERS.

CAERNARVON is, taken in the whole, by much the moſt beautiful town in North Wales. It is ſituated on the eaſtern ſide of the Menai, the ſtreight that divides Angleſea from the other parts of Wales, and is a place extremely well adapted to afford a few months retreat for a thinking mind from the buſy ſcenes of the world. Here an admirer of nature may bury his

cares in contemplating the greatneſs of her works; he will certainly find ſcope enough. It's ſituation, between the mountains and Angleſea, renders it a convenient place from whence travellers may with advantage be able to viſit both.

It's name is properly Caer-yn-Arfôn, which ſignifies a fortified town in the diſtrict oppoſite to Mona or Angelſea.* The walls around the town are nearly entire, and as well as the caſtle, in their external appearance, the ſame as they were in the time of their founder Edward I. They are defended by a number of round towers, and have in them two principal gates, entrances to the town. Over one of theſe is a ſpacious room which is the Town hall, and in which the aſſemblies are frequently held. The buildings are upon the whole pretty regular, but the ſtreets, as in all other an-

* Ar ſôn, or Armôn, means oppoſite to Mona.

tient

tient towns, are very narrow and confined. On the outſide of the walls is a broad and pleaſant terrace walk along the ſide of the Menai, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, which ſeemed to be the faſhionable promenade in the fine evenings for all deſcriptions of people. The Court-houſe, in which the aſſizes are held, and all the county buſineſs is done, ſtands nearly oppoſite to the caſtle gates, and is within a neat little place. The Cuſtom-houſe, a ſmall inſignificant building, is on the outſide of the walls, and not far from the quay.

From the top of the rock, behind the hotel, I had an excellent bird's-eye view of the town. From hence the caſtle, and the whole of the town walls, may be ſeen to the greateſt advantage; and on a fine day, the Iſle of Angleſea, with Holyhead and Pary's Mountains, appear ſpread out like a map beneath the eye. Sometimes even the

far diſtant mountains of Wicklow may be ſeen towering beyond the channel. On the other ſide, towards the eaſt, is a fine and varied proſpect of the Britiſh Alps, where Snowdon, whoſe

—— —— —— —— hoary head,
Conſpicuous many a league, the mariner,
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers, exulting——

And the lofty Glydes are ſeen to far overtop the reſt.

Caernarvon is in the Pariſh of Llanbublic, and the pariſh church, dedicated to St. Publicius ſon of the Emperor Maximus and Helena the daughter of Octavius Duke of Cornwall, is ſituated about half a mile from the town. Within it I was ſhewn a marble monument, on which were two recumbent figures of Sir William Gryffyd, of Penrhyn, who died in 1587, and Margaret his wife. The names and dates are at preſent nearly eraſed from ſome miſchievous perſons

perſons having cut them out with knives. In this church the ſervice is always performed in the Welſh language; the Engliſh ſervice being performed in a chapel of eaſe ſituated in the north-weſt corner of the town walls, and formerly built for the uſe of the garriſon.

At Caernarvon is a ſmall but pretty good harbour, uſed chiefly by the veſſels which trade there for ſlates, of which many thouſands are exported every year to different parts of the kingdom. Theſe ſlates are brought from the mountains of Llanberis, a village ten miles diſtant. The quarries are generally high up amongſt the rocks, and the workmen, in conveying them down from thence, are obliged, as well as one horſe before, to have another behind the carts, to prevent the whole, in ſome of the dangerous ſteeps in which theſe mountains abound, from being daſhed headlong to the bottom, which muſt ſometimes inevitably

be the caſe without this contrivance. This ſeems a moſt inconvenient mode of conveyance: it appears that ſledges, ſimilar to thoſe uſed in many parts of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland for conveying ſlates down the mountains, would not only be leſs expenſive, but much more ſafe and commodious.

The entrance into Caernarvon Caſtle is through a high grand gateway, over which is a figure of the royal founder graſping in his hand a dagger. In this gate, which has been otherwiſe remarkably ſtrong, there have been no leſs than four portculliſes. The caſtle is a large and irregular building, much more ſhattered within than from viewing it on the outſide one would be led to imagine. The towers are for the moſt part octagonal, but there are three or four which have each ten ſides; amongſt theſe is the Eagle Tower, the largeſt and by far the moſt elegant in the whole building. This tower, which received its name from

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the figure of an eagle yet left at the top of it, ſtands at one end of the oblong court of the caſtle, and has three handſome turrets iſſuing from it's top.

In this tower it was that Edward, the firſt Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II. was born, on St. Mark's day, the 25th of April, 1284. Mr. Pennant * ſays, that the prince was brought forth "in a little dark "room not twelve feet long, nor eight in breadth." This aſſertion is certainly founded upon tradition, but I wonder very much at that gentleman's retaining the opinion, after he had once examined the place. This room has indeed had a window and a fire place in it, but has never been any thing more than a paſſage-room to the other apartments, which, during the queen's illneſs, though nearly the moſt magnificent in the caſtle, muſt have been ſhut up, as

* Tour in Wales, II. 215.

uſeleſs. I have no doubt whatever, but that when Edward ſent for his queen from England, he provided for her a more magnificent and ſuitable bed-room than this, which, beſides being extremely inconvenient at a time like that, at the birth of an Engliſh prince, muſt, from its being ſo ſmall and confined, have been beyond meaſure unhealthful. If the prince was born in the Eagle Tower, it muſt have been in one of the large rooms, occupying in width the whole inſide, in an apartment ſuitable to the majeſty of the heir apparent to the Engliſh crown, and not, as the guide, who ſhewed me the caſtle termed it, "in ſuch "a dog-hole as this." From the top of the building I was highly gratified by an extenſive view of the Iſle of Angleſea, the Menai, and the country many miles round.

At the other end of the court, and oppoſite to this tower, is a gate, called the Queen's

Queen's Gate, ſaid to be that through which the faithful Eleanor, Queen of Edward I. firſt entered the caſtle; it has been guarded by two portculliſes, and had once a communication with the outſide of the caſtle by a draw-bridge over a deep moat. It is at preſent conſiderably above the level of the ground on the outſide, owing probably to the foſſe having been filled up with earth from thence.

The ſtate apartments are larger, and have been much more commodious than any of the others. The windows have been wide and elegant. On the outſide the building is ſquare; but I was ſurpriſed, upon going into them, to find all the rooms perfectly polygonal, the ſides being formed out of the vaſt thickneſs of the walls. The floors and ſtairs throughout the caſtle are almoſt all beaten in and demoliſhed.

There was formerly a gallery quite round the caſtle, by which, during a ſiege, a communication

munication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one ſide this yet remains undemoliſhed. It was next the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow ſlits that ſerved as ſtations, from which, during a ſiege, arrows, and other miſſile weapons could be diſcharged with advantage upon the enemy. The caſtle occupies the whole weſt end of the town; it has been a fortreſs of great ſtrength, and before the introduction of artillery was, no doubt, able to withſtand for a long time the moſt forcible attacks of an enemy. The exterior walls are in general about three yards in thickneſs. From its ſituation and ſtrength it ſeems to have been well adapted to overawe the newly acquired ſubjects of it's founder. It is bounded on one ſide by the Streights of Menai; by the Eſtuary of the Seiont, exactly where it receives the tide from the former, on another; on the third, and part of the fourth ſides, by a creek of

the

the Menai; and the remainder has the appearance of having the inſulation completed by art.

From a heap of rubbiſh, near the end of the court oppoſite to the Eagle Tower, there is an echo which repeats ſeveral ſyllables moſt diſtinctly. There is alſo a ſingle reverberation, and it appeared to proceed from ſome part of that tower.

This caſtle, from whatever point, or at whatever diſtance it is viewed, has a romantic ſingularity, and an air of dignity that commands an awe, and at the ſame time pleaſes the beholder. It's ivy-clad walls appear in ſome parts to be going faſt to decay, while in others they even yet retain their antient form.

When one conſiders that it has withſtood the ſhocks of more than five hundred winters, one almoſt wonders that it has ſtood ſo long; for what is there that does not fade?

The

———————The tower that long hath ſtood
The cruſh of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the ſlow, but ſure deſtroyer—Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs
Deſcend; the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk,
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all thoſe worlds that roll about the Sun,
The Sun himſelf ſhall die; and antient Night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs.

It appears probable, that the town of Caernarvon ſprung from the antient Segontium, a Roman city, about half a mile diſtant, and is not, as generally ſuppoſed, indebted to Edward I. for its name, for Caer-yn-Arfon might, with equal propriety, have been applied to the old city, as to this more modern fortreſs. The town, however, was no doubt the creation of Edward, and it was moſt probably formed, in a great meaſure, from the ruins of the old fort.

After

After this monarch had ſubdued the Welſh, he began to ſecure his conqueſts by erecting ſeveral ſtrong holds, in different parts of Wales; and it appearing that Caernarvonſhire, on account of its mountains and moraſſes, was a county very likely to encourage inſurrections, he determined to guard as much as poſſible againſt ſuch, by erecting there the caſtles of Conwy and Caernarvon, two of the ſtrongeſt in the whole principality.*

He began this caſtle in the beginning of 1283, and completed it within that year; for on the 25th of April, in the year following, his ſon Edward, the firſt Prince of Wales, frequently afterwards ſtiled from the event, Edward of Caernarvon, was born here.† Mr. Pennant, from the authority of manu-

* Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 196.

† Matt. Weſt. 372. Speed ſays, the prince was born on St. Mark's day, 1285. See his Chronicle, II. 545.

ſcripts

ſcripts in the poſſeſſion of Sir John Sebright and Sir Roger Moſtyn, of Gloddaeth, ſays, that it was built within the ſpace of one year, by the labour of the peaſants and at the coſt of the chieftains of the country, on whom the conqueror had impoſed that hateful taſk.* The revenues of the Archbiſhopric of York, which was then vacant, were applied towards defraying the expences.†

The reaſon why the Queen was brought here to bring forth the prince was, that ſince the Welſh remembered but too keenly the oppreſſions of the Engliſh officers who, in former reigns, had been placed over them, they flatly told the king that they were determined never to yield obedience but to a prince of their own nation; and Edward, perceiving them reſolute, thought

* Pennant's Tour, II. 215.

† Groſe's Antiquities, VII. p. 8.

it

it a neceſſary policy to have her removed, though in the depth of a ſevere winter, from the Engliſh court, to this place, and thus, if poſſible, delude them into that obedience which he ſuppoſed it might be difficult to retain by mere force. By this means he, in a ſhort time, by aſſenting to their demands for a prince of their own, reduced the whole country to his will.

This place appears either to have ſuffered very little from the calamities of war, or very few events have been given to poſterity. In the year 1294, in an inſurrection of the Welſh, headed by Madoc, one of the chieftains of the country, it was ſuddenly attacked during the fair, and after the ſurrender, the town was burned and all the Engliſh found in the place cruelly murdered.*

* Henry de Knyghton, 2502. Tho. Walſingham, 26. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 273. Stow's Annals, 206.

When

When and by whom this damage was repaired, or how ſoon afterwards the caſtle was retaken by the Engliſh, is not mentioned in any of the accounts that I have ſeen.

The firſt perſon whom I find appointed by Edward to be the governor, was John de Havering, with a ſalary of two hundred marks, for which he was obliged to maintain conſtantly, beſides his own family, eighty men, fifteen of whom were to be croſs-bowmen, one chaplain, one ſurgeon, and one ſmith; the reſt were to do the duty of keepers of the gates, centinels, and other neceſſary offices.

In 1289, Adam de Wetenhall was appointed to the ſame important office. The eſtabliſhment for the town and caſtle was as follows. The conſtable of the caſtle had ſometimes ſixty, and at other times only forty pounds per annum. The captain of the town £12. 3*s*. 4*d*. for his annual fee; but this office was ſometimes annexed to the

the former, and then the ſalary was ſixty pounds for both. The conſtable and captain had twenty-four ſoldiers allowed them for the defence of the place at the wages of fourpence a day each. Certainly this ſlight garriſon could only be eſtabliſhed for peaceful times!*

In the year 1644 Caernarvon Caſtle was ſeized by Captain Swanly for the parliament, who at the ſame time took four hundred priſoners and a great quantity of arms, ammunition, and pillage.† It muſt however have been very ſoon afterwards retaken, for in May, 1645, I find it amongſt the caſtles which were fortified for the king.‡ Lord Byron was then the governor, but on the caſtle being beſieged by

* Pennant's Tour, II. 216.

† Whitelock's Memorials, 87.

‡ Ruſhworth's Hiſtorical Collections, Part IV. Vol. I. p. 21.

General Mytton and General Langhorn, about a year afterwards, he ſurrendered it to them upon honourable terms.*

In 1648 General Mytton and Colonel Maſon were beſieged here by Sir John Owen, with a ſmall force of a hundred and fifty horſe and a hundred and twenty foot; but Sir John having received notice that a detachment from the parliament's army, under the command of Colonel Carter and Lieutenant Colonel Twiſleton, were upon their march to join Mytton, drew off his troops to attack them, and meeting them on the ſands, near Llandegai, betwixt Bangor and Conwy, after a ſharp engagement, his party was routed, about thirty of his men killed and himſelf, and about a hundred others were taken priſoners.†

* Whitelock, 208.

† Ruſhworth, part IV. vol. II. p. 1146. Whitelock, 311.

From

From this time all North Wales became ſubject to the Parliament.

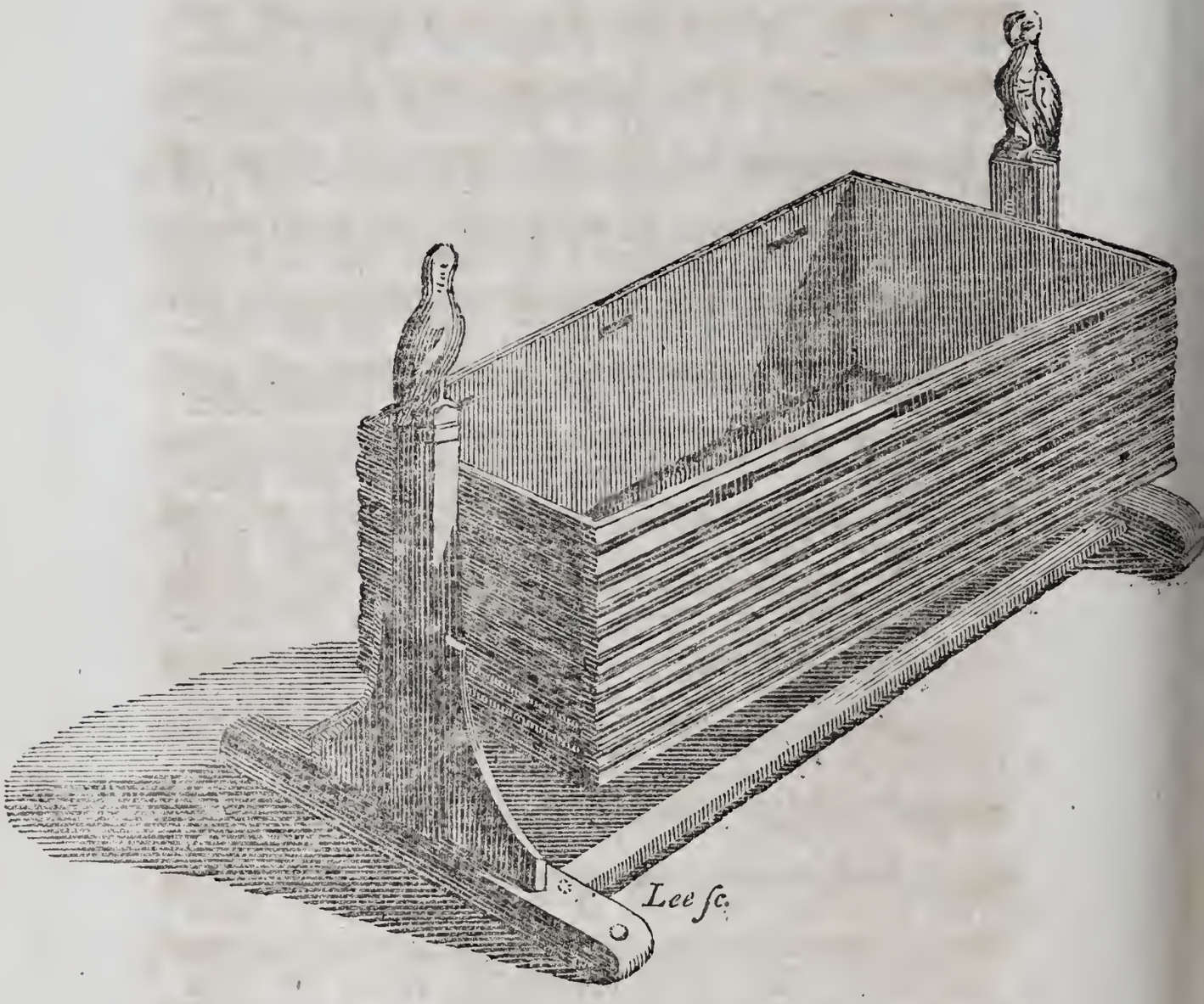
William Prynne, the barriſter, for publiſhing his book, called *Hiſtrio Maſtyx*, was ſentenced by the Court of Star Chamber, in 1637, to pay a fine of five thouſand pounds, to loſe the *remainder* of his ears, to be ſtigmatized on both his cheeks with an S for ſchiſmatic, and to be impriſoned in this caſtle for the remainder of his life.* The former part of his ſentence was ſeverely put in execution, but after a ſhort confinement he was reſtored to liberty, and held a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons till his death.

The property of the caſtle is, at preſent, in the crown, where it has been for near a century. It was formerly held by the families of the Wynnes of Glynllivon, the Wynnes of Gwydir, the Bulkeleys of

* Whitelock, 26.

Baron Hill in Angleſea, and the Moſtyns of Gloddaeth.*

The cradle of the unfortunate Edward II. is ſtill preſerved, and either is now, or



was very lately, in the poſſeſſion of the Reverend Mr. Ball of Newland, in Glou-

* Groſe's Antiquities, VII. 9.

ceſterſhire.

ceſterſhire. It deſcended to him from one of his anceſtors who attended that prince in his infancy, and to whom it became an honorary perquiſite. This ſingular piece of antiquity, which I have delineated on the oppoſite page, from an engraving in the London Magazine for March 1774, is made of heart of oak, whoſe ſimplicity of conſtruction, and rudeneſs of workmanſhip, are viſible demonſtrations of the ſmall progreſs that elegancy had at that time made in ornamental decorations. On the top of the upright poſts are two figures of birds, ſuppoſed, by ſome, to have been intended for doves, the emblems of innocency, but though theſe ſomewhat reſemble owls in their ſhape, I conjecture them to have been intended for eagles, as the tower was called the Eagle tower, and had a figure of that bird at the top of it. The cradle itſelf is pendent on two hooks driven into the uprights, linked by two rings to two

ſtaples faſtened to the cradle, and by them it ſwings. The ſides and ends of the cradle are ornamented with a great variety of mouldings, whoſe junctions at the corners are cut off ſquare without any degree of neatneſs, and the ſides and ends are faſtened together by rough nails. On each ſide are three holes for the rockers. Its dimenſions are three feet two inches in length; twenty inches wide at the head, and ſeventeen at the foot; one foot five inches deep, and from the bottom of the pillar to the top of the birds, it is two feet ten inches.*

The town and caſtle had ſeveral privileges and immunities granted to them by their founder. The moſt material of theſe were, that Caernarvon ſhould be a free Borough, that the conſtable of the caſtle

* See London Magazine for March 1774, p. 135, 136.

ſhould

ſhould be the mayor for the time being, and that the burgeſſes might elect two bailiffs.

They had likewiſe their own priſon for all petty tranſgreſſions; which priſon was not to be ſubject to the ſheriff. They had alſo a merchant's guild, with this peculiar privilege, that if the bondſman of any perſon belonging to it dwelt within this town, having lands, and paying ſcot and lot for a year and a day, after that time he ſhould not be claimed by his lord, but ſhould remain free in the ſaid town. The inhabitants were beſides exempt throughout the kingdom, from toll, laſtage, paſſage, murage, pontage, ſtallage, danegelt, and from all other cuſtoms and impoſitions whatſoever. And by the ſame charter Jews were not permitted to reſide within the Borough.* They had alſo

* Groſe's Antiquities, VII. p. 9.

another privilege, which was, that none of the burgeſſes could be convicted of any crime committed between the rivers Conwy and Dyfy, unleſs by a jury of their own townſmen.* The princes of Wales had here their chancery, exchequer, and juſticiary of North Wales.†

The town is at preſent governed by a mayor, one alderman, two bailiffs, a town-clerk, and two ſergeants at mace. The repreſentative for the place is elected by it's burgeſſes, and thoſe of Conwy, Pwllheli, Nefyn, and Criccaeth. The right of voting is in every one reſident or non-reſident, who has been admitted to his freedom.‡

* Pennant's Tour, II. 218.

† Gibſon's Camden, 665. Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir family, 417.

‡ Pennant II. 219. who quotes Willis's Notitia Parliam. III. part I. 76.

About

About half a mile ſouth of Caernarvon are a few walls, the ſmall remains of Segontium,* the antient Roman city, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, which appears to have been the principal ſtation the Romans had in this country. Dinas Dinorddwig,† and all the others being only ſubordinate ſtations. The Roman road from Dinas Dinlle to Segontium, and from thence to Dinas Dinorddwig, is, in ſome places, ſtill viſible.

* Called alſo by the Welſh *Caer Cuſteint*, the fort of Conſtantine, and *Caer Segont*, the fort on the river Seiont.

† The following is a copy of an inſcription, ſuppoſed to be Roman, dug up not along ago near this place,

H L
IMP
QTRO
DECIO
ISA . .
ER

Segontium

Segontium received it's name from the river Seiont,* which runs from the lower lake at Llanberis, paſſes under the walls, and diſcharges itſelf into the Menai, near the caſtle of Caernarvon. It has been of an oblong form, and formerly occupied about ſix acres of ground. It is now divided into two parts by the road which leads to Beddgelert.

Not far from hence is the antient fort which belonged to it; this is alſo of an oblong figure, and contains about an acre of ground. The walls are at preſent about eleven feet high and ſix in thickneſs, and at each corner there has formerly been a tower. The Romans formed their walls in a manner much different from what we do now; they firſt placed the ſtones in order one upon another, generally in two courſes, the one regular and the other in

* Gough's Camd. II. 548.

a zigzag

a zigzag faſhion, and then poured boiling mortar upon them, which, from it's fluidity, inſinuated itſelf into the many openings and hollows of the work, and thereby, from it's ſtrength, bound the irregular pieces of ſtone frequently uſed, into a firm and ſolid wall. In making the mortar they mingled ſand with the lime, unrefined by the ſkreen, and charged with all it's gravel and pebbles, and even ſome of the mortar, on breaking it, has been found tempered with pounded brick. The mortar uſed in theſe walls has acquired from time almoſt the hardneſs of ſtone.

Along the walls are three parallel rows of circular holes, each nearly three inches in diameter, which paſs through the whole thickneſs; and at the end are others ſimilar. There has been much learned conjecture as to the deſign of theſe holes, ſome have ſuppoſed them to have been uſed for diſcharging arrows through at the enemy,

enemy, but from their length and narrowneſs it is impoſſible that this ſhould ever have been the caſe. Others have thought that they might have been left in the walls to admit air, in order to harden the liquid cement that was poured in; but this cannot have been ſo, ſince there are ſuch at Saliſbury that appear to have been cloſed with ſtone at the ends, and others have been found even below the natural ſurface of the ground at Mancheſter. Mr. Whitaker,* in his hiſtory of Mancheſter, ſays, that he by chance met with one that was accidentally laid open from end to end, which he thought diſcloſed the deſign of all the reſt, and which he ſuppoſes to have been this: that as the Romans carried their ramparts upwards, they took off from the preſſure of the parts below, and gave a greater ſtrength to the whole by turning

* Second edition, vol. I. p. 47.

little

little arches in their work, and fixing the reſt of the wall upon them. At Segontium this appears to me to have been by no means the caſe, for the holes are too ſmall, and at by far too great a diſtance from each other to have been of any material uſe in taking off from the weight: and for my own part, if I may be allowed a conjecture, merely from their external appearance, I ſhould be inclined to ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding the circumſtance of their being ſaid to be found below the natural ſurface of the ground at Mancheſter, that they were made for no other purpoſe than merely to place in them poles for reſting the ſcaffolding upon, uſed in conſtructing the walls, and they may probably have been left unfilled up in order to admit the air into the interior of the work, or for ſome other purpoſe, with which I am not acquainted. I am more inclined to this conjecture, ſince they are

all

all parallel, and the rows at a proper diſtance above each other to admit the men to work. Mr. Pennant ſays, the holes at the end ſeem to run *through* the wall lengthways; theſe, I ſhould think, may go ſix or eight feet in the wall, but there is no reaſon whatever to ſuppoſe they ever went *through*.

Camden * ſays, that this was the *Setantiorum Portus* of Ptolemy, but Mr. Whitaker,† with much greater propriety, fixes that at the Neb of the Neſe, a high promontory of land in the river Ribble, about eight miles weſt of Preſton, in Lancaſhire.

Matthew of Weſtminſter‡ informs us, that the body of Conſtantius, the father of Conſtantine the Great, was diſcovered here in the year 1283, and honourably

* II. 798.

† Hiſtory of Mancheſter, I. 180. 182.

‡ P. 371. See alſo Leland's Collectanea de rebus Britannicus, vol. II. p. 46, 346, and 404.

interred

interred in the neighbouring church, meaning, I ſhould ſuppoſe, that of Llanbublic. How the body of Conſtantius came to be interred here I know not, for even the ſame author, in the former part of his work, relates that he died at York.* Helena, daughter of Octavius, Duke of Cornwall, and mother of Publicius, who was born at Segontium, and to whom the church is dedicated, is ſaid to have built there a chapel, which the learned Rowlands tells us was in being in his days.†

Cadwallo, the Prince of Wales from 365 to 376, on account of the Iſle of Angleſea being infeſted with the Iriſh and Pictiſh Rovers, removed the Britiſh Court from Aberffraw, where it had been placed

* Conſtantius, vir ſummæ magnitudinis Eboraci in Britannia diem clauſit extremum. Matt. Weſtm. 130. And ſee Holinſhed's Chronicle, I. 63.

† Mona antiqua reſtaurata, 165.

about

about two hundred years before by Caſwallon, law hîr to Segontium, or, as the Welſh called it, Caer Segont, where it remained about a century, till affairs becoming more ſettled in Angleſea, it was reſtored to the iſland by Roderic Mawr, *Roderic the Great*, where it afterwards continued during all the time of the Britiſh princes.*

Whilſt I was at Caernarvon, I was induced from curioſity, to attend ſome of the meetings of a curious kind or branch of Calviniſtical methodiſts, who from certain enthuſiaſtic extravagancies, which they exhibit, are denominated *Jumpers*. I will deſcribe them from an account of one of their own countrymen, as my own obſervations did not lead me to be ſo minute as he has been. "They perſuade themſelves "that they are involuntarily acted upon by "ſome divine impulſe; and becoming in-

* Rowland's Mona antiqua, 149. 172.

toxicated

" toxicated with this imagined inſpiration,
" they utter their rapture and their triumph
" with ſuch wildneſs and incoherence—
" with ſuch geſticulation and vociferation,
" as ſet all reaſon and decorum at defiance.
" This preſumption ſeized chiefly the young
" and ſanguine, and, as it ſeems, like hyſ-
" teric affections, partly ſpreading through
" the crowd by ſympathy; its operations
" and effects varying according to the dif-
" ferent degrees of conſtitutional tempe-
" rament, mock all deſcription. Among
" their preachers, who are alſo very vari-
" ous in character, (illiterate and conceited
" —or well meaning and ſenſible—or, too
" frequently I fear, crafty and hypocritical)
" ſome are more diſtinguiſhed by their ſuc-
" ceſs in exciting theſe *ſtravaganzas*. One
" of theſe, after beginning perhaps in a
" lower voice, in more broken and detached
" ſentences, riſes by degrees to a great-

" er vehemence of tone and geſture, which
" often ſwells into a bellowing, as grating
" to the ear as the attendant diſtortions
" are diſguſting to the ſight—of a rational
" man. In the early part he is accompa-
" nied only by ſighs and occaſional moans,
" with here and there a note of approbation;
" which after a while are ſucceeded by
" whinings and exclamations; till, at
" length one among the crowd, wrought
" up to a pitch of ecſtacy, which it is ſup-
" poſed will permit no longer to be ſup-
" preſſed, ſtarts and commences the jump-
" ing; uſing at intervals ſome expreſſions
" of praiſe or of triumph. The word
" moſt generally adopted is " *gogoniant*."*
" (glory!) Between theſe exclamations,
" while labouring with the ſubject, is emit-
" ted from the throat a harſh undulating

* Theſe preachings are altogether in the Welſh language.

" ſound,

" ſound, which by the profane has been
" compared to a ſtone-cutter's ſaw. The
" concluſion, which I am almoſt aſhamed
" to deſcribe, has more the appearance of
" heathen orgies, than of the rational fer-
" vour of chriſtian devotion. The phren-
" ſy ſpreads among the multitude; for in
" fact a kind of religious phrenſy appears
" to ſeize them. To any obſervations made
" to them they ſeem inſenſible. Men and
" women indiſcriminately, cry and laugh,
" jump and ſing, with the wildeſt extrava-
" gance. That their dreſs becomes deranged
" or the hair diſhevel'd, is no longer an object
" of attention. And their raptures continue,
" till, ſpent with fatigue of mind and body,
" the women are frequently carried out in
" a ſtate of apparent inſenſibility. In theſe
" ſcenes indeed the youthful part of the
" congregation are principally concerned;
" the more elderly generally contenting

" themſelves with admiring, with devout " gratitude, what they deem the opera- " tions of the ſpirit." Their exertions are ſo great at theſe times, that the hardeſt labour they could be put to, would not ſo much waſte their animal ſpirits, or weary their limbs, as two hours ſpent in this religious fury. Were their meetings ſeven times a week, inſtead of once or twice, I am confident that the ſtrongeſt conſtitution could bear it but a very ſhort time.

Beſides theſe they have their general meetings, which are held once or twice in a year, at Caernarvon, Pwllheli, and other places in rotation. At theſe they ſometimes aſſemble ſo many as five or ſix thouſand people. They hold their general meeting at Caernarvon in the open air upon the green, near the caſtle; and not contented with their enthuſiaſtic extravagancies upon the ſpot, many of the people, from the

the country, have been known to continue them for three or four miles of their road home.*

* The following is an extract from a Letter inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1799. p. 741. It is dated from Denbigh, and has the ſignature W. M. B. "What renders this ſect par-"ticularly dangerous is, that the preachers are in "general inſtruments of Jacobiniſm, ſent into this "country to diſſeminate their doctrines; and I aſ-"ſure you, that *Paine's Works*, and other books of "the like tendency *have been tranſlated into Welſh*, "*and ſecretly diſtributed about by the leaders of this* "*ſect*. Theſe are facts which may be depended on, "and which are well known to many in this coun-"try as well as to myſelf." Such is the zeal which the enemies of our country exhibit in diſſeminating their poiſonous principles into the minds of the illiterate and vulgar, who unable to ſee through their ſhallow artifices, are frequently I fear too eaſily led into their wicked deſigns.

CHAP. VIII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO LLANBERIS.—VALE OF LLANBERIS—PICTURESQUE SCENERY—ROAD—LAKES—DOLBADARN CASTLE—WATERFALL—COPPER MINE—VILLAGE—INHABITANTS—PUBLIC HOUSES—CHURCH—WELL—CURATE—CAMDEN'S DESCRIPTION OF CAERNARVONSHIRE—MARGARET UCH EVAN—GLYDER VAWR—LLYN Y CWN—EXTENSIVE VIEW—GLYDER BACH—CWM IDWEL—TULL DÛ—LLYN IDWEL—PLANTS—ROMANTIC PASS NEAR LLANBERIS.

THE road from Caernarvon to Llanberis, *the church of St. Peris*, a village, about ten miles eaſt of it, was, for the moſt part, rugged and unpleaſant, lying for nearly half the way over a flat and barren country; and beyond that, as far as the firſt or lower lake, over mountains which, affording no varied proſpects, were ſtill dull and unintereſting.

But

But when I had paſſed theſe, and was arrived in the vale of Llanberis,* the ſcene which preſented itſelf was ſo truly grand that I do not recollect one equal to it, even in the moſt romantic parts of Weſtmoreland or Cumberland. It reminded me moſt ſtrongly of the ſcenery about Ulſwater; but this, though much leſs extenſive, is ſtill more pictureſque. The bold and prominent rocks which aſcend almoſt immediately from the edges of the lakes, and tower into the ſky, caſt a pleaſing gloom upon the whole landſcape. The more diſtant mountains of the vale emboſoming the moſs-grown village, with the meadowy flat around it, are ſeen retiring in lines croſſing each other behind in the moſt pictureſque manner poſſible, whilſt the intermediate ſpace,

* This vale is alſo called Nant Beris, *the hollow of Peris.*

betwixt the village and the obſerver, is filled up with a ſmall lake, whoſe waters reflecting the mountains which bound it, contract their ſombre hue, and render the ſcene ſtill more intereſting. I could almoſt have fancied that nature untamed bore here an uninterrupted ſway amidſt the gloom and grandeur of theſe dreary rocks, had not the ſilence been, at intervals, interrupted by the loud blaſts from the neighbouring copper mine, which rolled like diſtant thunder along the atmoſphere.

In my walk to this place, I met ſeveral women and boys upon the road, who were coming from the mountains with horſes, ſome laden with peat, almoſt the only kind of fuel uſed by the middle and lower claſs of people in Caernarvonſhire, and others with heath, or as it is here called, *Grûg*, which the bakers make uſe of in heating their ovens. Theſe they take from a diſtance of frequently more than ſix miles, to

ſell

ſell at Caernarvon, where they in general receive about ſixpence for each horſe load. In theſe journies, I have almoſt always obſerved that the women employ themſelves in knitting, which makes ſome ſmall addition to their miſerable and hard-earned pittance.

There is no carriage road from Caernarvon nearer to Llanberis than the bottom of the lower lake, which is not quite half way; the road from thence being nothing more than a horſe path, and one of the worſt I ever ſaw. The beſt mode for thoſe who are not able to walk ſo far, is to go on horſeback or in carriages, as far as the lake, from whence they may be conveyed, in boats, to the waterfall, the old caſtle, or the village. I found every part about this romantic ſpot ſo extremely intereſting that I moſt ſtrenuouſly adviſe all perſons who viſit Caernarvon, to prolong their rout by coming here. There are no difficulties encoun-

encountered but what the ſcenery will amply make up for. A perſon may ride all the way on horſeback, but for the laſt three or four miles the road is ſo very bad that it would be juſt as eaſy to walk.

There are in the vale of Llanberis, which is ſtraight and nearly of an equal breadth throughout, two ſmall lakes or rather pools; for their ſize will ſcarcely admit of the former appellation. The upper pool is about a mile in length, and ſomething leſs than half a mile over, and the other, though rather longer, is ſo very narrow that it has much more the appearance of a wide river than a lake. Theſe are ſeparated by a ſmall neck of land, but have a communication by a ſtream which runs betwixt them.

In theſe pools the fiſh called char uſed formerly to be taken, but owing to the copper-works carried on here, theſe have all been long ſince deſtroyed.

On

On a rocky eminence betwixt the two, ſtands an old building called Dolbadarn Caſtle; it conſiſts now of a round tower, twenty-ſix feet in diameter within, and ſome few ſhattered remains of the walls and offices, which have once occupied the ſummit of the ſteep. It is called Caſtell Dolbadarn, or, *the caſtle of Padarn's meadow*, on account of it's having been erected on the verge of a piece of ground, called Padarn's meadow, ſuppoſed to have been the place to which an holy recluſe of that name retired from the world, to enjoy here meditation and ſolitude.

Juſt thus in woods and ſolitary caves
The antient hermits liv'd, but they liv'd happy;
And in their quiet contemplations found
More real comforts, than ſocieties
Of men could yield, than cities could afford,
Or all the luſtres that a court could give.

There are ſeveral churches in Wales dedicated to this Britiſh ſaint.

This

This caſtle, from it's conſtruction is evidently of Britiſh origin, and Mr. Rowlands* ſeems to have been of opinion, that it was in exiſtence ſo early as the ſixth century, for it is one of the forts which he mentions as being about that time in the poſſeſſion of Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and his ſon Rhun ap Maelgwn, during their contentions with the Saxons.

It was built, no doubt, to defend the narrow paſs through the vale into the interior of the mountains, and from it's ſituation, ſeems to have been capable of affording perfect ſecurity to two or three hundred perſons in caſe of an emergency. In this caſtle Owen Goch was confined for more than twenty years, for having joined in a rebellion againſt his brother Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, the laſt Prince of Wales. It ſeems to have been long in ruins, for in

* Mona antiqua reſtaurata, 149.

Le-

Leland's time, he ſays, there was only "a piece of a tower" left.*

Mr. Warrington † ſuppoſes that this was antiently called Bere Caſtle, ‡ which ſome of the hiſtorians relate to have been in Caernarvonſhire, and ſeated in the midſt of a moraſs, inacceſſible but by a ſingle cauſeway, and not to be approached but through the narrow and rugged defiles between the mountains. This, at that time, the ſtrongeſt caſtle the Welſh poſſeſſed, was taken in 1283, by the Earl of Pembroke, after a ſlight reſiſtance.

A little to the ſouth of the caſtle is a tremendous cataract, called Caunant mawr,

* "Dolbadarn is on a rock betwixt two linnys. "There is yet a *pece of a toure*, where Owen Gough, "brother to Lluelin, laſt Prince, was yn priſon." Leland's Itin. V. 44.

† Hiſtory of Wales, 517. See alſo Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 194, who quotes Chron. T. Wikes and Annal. Trivet.

‡ A corruption probably of *Peris* or *Beris Caſtle*.

the

the waterfall of the great chaſm, the height of which is upwards of ſixty feet. It is formed by a mountain ſtream, which ruſhes through a narrow opening in the rock, and is precipitated with a thundering noiſe into the deep black pool below.

At ſome diſtance beyond the caſtle, and near the edge of the upper pool, is a copper mine belonging to a company of proprietors, who reſide at Macclesfield. Theſe works are very inconſiderable, not having more than forty or fifty hands employed in them.

The village of Llanberis is romantic in the extreme; it is ſituated in a narrow graſſy dell, ſurrounded by immenſe rocks, whoſe ſummits, cloud-capped, are but ſeldom viſible to the inhabitants from below. Except two tolerable houſes in the vale, one belonging to Mr. Jones, the agent to the copper mine, and the other, which is on the ſide of the lake, oppoſite to Dolbadarn caſtle,

caſtle, belonging to the agent to the ſlate quarries; the whole village conſiſts but of two cottages, apparently the moſt miſerable. They are in general conſtructed of a ſhaly kind of ſtone, with which the country abounds, and with but juſt ſo much lime as to keep out the keeneſt of the mountain blaſts. The windows are all very ſmall, and in addition to this, by far the greater part of them, with having been formerly broken, are blocked up with boards, leaving only three or four panes of glaſs, and affording ſcarcely ſufficient light within to render even "darkneſs viſible." Here I might have expected to find a race of men, who, ſubject to the inconveniences, without participating in the benefits of civil ſociety, were in a ſtate little ſhort of miſery. Theſe men, it might again be ſuppoſed, in this ſecluded place, with difficulty contriving to keep up an exiſtence, would be cheerleſs as their own mountains,

ſhrowded

ſhrowded in ſnow and clouds; but I found them not ſo, they were happier in their moſs-grown coverings, than millions in more exalted ſtations of life; here I truly found that

Tho' poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
At night, returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed.

There are two houſes in this village, at which the wearied traveller may take ſuch poor refreſhments as the place affords. One of theſe belongs to John Cloſe, a grey-

grey-headed old man, who, though born and brought up in the north of Yorkſhire, having occaſion to come into Wales when he was quite a youth, preferred this to his Yorkſhire home, and has reſided here ever ſince. The other houſe is kept by the pariſh clerk, who may be employed as a guide over any part of the adjacent country. I found him well acquainted with the mountains, and a much more intelligent man than guides in general are. He does not ſpeak Engliſh well, but his civility and attention were a ſufficient compenſation for that defect. Neither of theſe places afford a bed, nor any thing better than bread, butter, and cheeſe, and perhaps, eggs and bacon.

As I was one day ſitting to my ruſtic fare, in the former of theſe houſes, I could not help remarking the oddneſs of the group, all at the ſame time, and in the ſame room, enjoying their different repaſts.

At one table was ſeated the family of the houſe, conſiſting of the hoſt, his wife, and their ſon and daughter, eating their bread and milk, the common food of the labouring people here; a large overgrown old ſow making a noiſe, neither very low nor very muſical, whilſt ſhe was devouring her dinner from a pail placed for her by the daughter, was in one corner, and I was eating my bread and butter, with an appetite ſteeled againſt niceties by the keenneſs of the mountain air, at a table, covered with a dirty napkin, in the other corner. This ſcene, however, induced me ever afterwards, in my excurſions to this place, to bring with me refreſhments from Caernarvon, and enjoy my dinner in quiet in the open air. But excepting in this ſingle inſtance, I did not find the houſe worſe than I had any reaſon to expect in ſuch a place as this. The accommodations in the clerk's houſe are poor,

but

but the inhabitants ſeemed very clean and decent people.

The church of Llanberis, which is dedicated to St. Peris, a cardinal, miſſioned from Rome as a Legate to this iſland, who is ſaid to have ſettled and died at this place, is, without exception, the moſt ill-looking place of worſhip I ever beheld. The firſt time I viſited the village, I abſolutely miſtook it for an antient cottage, for even the bell turret was ſo overgrown with ivy as to bear as much the appearance of a weather-beaten chimney as any thing elſe, and the long graſs in the church yard completely hid the few pave ſtones therein from the view. I thought it indeed a cottage larger than the reſt, and it was ſometime before I could reconcile to myſelf that it was a church. Here is yet to be ſeen the Well of the Saint, incloſed within a ſquare wall, but I met with no ſybil, who, as Mr. Pennant relates, could divine

my fortune by the appearance or non-appearance of a little fiſh which lurks in ſome of it's holes.

The curate I ſaw, and was introduced to; he reſides in a mean-looking cottage not far diſtant, which ſeemed to conſiſt of but few other rooms than a kitchen and bed room, the latter of which ſerved alſo for his ſtudy. When I firſt ſaw him he was employed in reading in an old volume of ſermons. His dreſs was ſomewhat ſingular; he had on a blue coat, which had long been worn threadbare, a pair of antique corderoy breeches and a black waiſtcoat, and round his head he wore a blue handkerchief. His library might have been the ſame that Hurdis has deſcribed in the *Village Curate.*

Yon half-a-dozen ſhelves ſupport, vaſt weight,
The curate's library. There marſhall'd ſtand,
Sages and heroes, modern and antique:
He, their commander, like the vanquiſhed fiend,
Out-

Out-caſt of heav'n, oft thro' their armed files,
Darts an experienced eye, and feels his heart,
Diſtend with pride, to be their only chief:
Yet needs he not the tedious muſter-roll,
The title-page of each well-known, his name,
And character.

From the exterior of the cottage, it ſeemed but the habitation of miſery, but the ſmiles of the good man were ſuch as would render even miſery itſelf cheerful. His ſalary is about forty pounds, on which, with his little farm, he contrives to ſupport himſelf, his wife, and a horſe, and with this ſlender pittance he appeared perfectly contented and comfortable. His wife was not at home, but from a wheel which I obſerved in the kitchen, I conjectured that her time was employed in ſpinning wool. The account I had from ſome of the pariſhioners of his character was, that he was a man reſpected and beloved by all, and that his chief attention

was occupied in doing ſuch good as his circumſtances would afford to his fellow creatures.

I venerate the man whoſe heart is warm,
Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe doctrine and whoſe life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honeſt in the ſacred cauſe.
To ſuch I render more than mere reſpect,
Whoſe actions ſay that they reſpect themſelves.

The vale of Llanberis was formerly almoſt covered with wood, but of this, there is at preſent, but little left, except a few ſaplings from the old roots, which only ſerve to remind us of the greater want of the reſt. Within the memory of perſons now living, there were great woods of oak in different places about theſe mountains. Leland,* who wrote in the reign of Henry

* Itin. V. 42.

VIII. says, "The best wood of Cairnar-
"vonshire is by Glinne Kledder *(Glyn*
"*Llwydaw)* and by Glin Lhughy *(Glyn*
"*Llygwy)*, and by Capel Kiryk *(Capel*
"*Curig)*, and at Llanperis." In the time of Howel Dha, *Howel the good*, who was made Prince of Wales in the year 940, the whole country must have been nearly covered with wood, for it is ordered in the Welsh laws, founded by him, that "whoever cleared away timber from any "land without the consent of the owner, "he should, for five years, have a right "to the land so cleared; and after that "time it should return again to the "owner."* These mountains also formerly abounded in deer,† which even continued

* Wotton's Leges Wallicæ.

† In hac (Merioneth) et Arvonia cervorum et caprearum maxima in excelsis montibus cernitur multitudo. Hum. Lhwyd's Comment. 54. Leland

continued in great quantities till much later than the reign of Henry VIII. but after the uſe of fire arms became general, they were ſoon all deſtroyed.

Camden,* ſpeaking of the romantic parts of Caernarvonſhire, ſays "Nature "has reared groups of mountains, as if ſhe "meant here to bind the iſland faſt to the "bowels of the earth, and make a ſafe "retreat for the Britons in time of war. "For here are ſo many crags and rocks, "ſo many woody vallies rendered impaſſi-"ble by ſo many lakes, that the lighteſt "troops, much leſs an army, could never

in his Itinerary, vol. V. p. 43, ſays, "Cairarvon-"ſhire, aboute the ſhore, hath reaſonable good "corne, as about a mile upland from the ſhore "outo Cairarvon. Then more upwarde be *Eryri* "hills, and in them ys very litle corne, except "oats in ſome places, and a litle barley, but "ſcantly rye: if there were *the deer would deſtroy it.*"

* Gough's Camden, III. 548.

"find

" find their way among them. Theſe " mountains may truly be called the Bri- " tiſh Alps; for beſides that they are the " higheſt in the whole iſland, they are " like the Alps, beſpread with broken " crags on every ſide, all ſurrounding " one, which towering far above the reſt " in the centre, lifts it's head ſo loftily as " if it meant not only to threaten, but to " thruſt it into the ſky."

Near the end of the lower lake at Llanberis, there formerly lived a celebrated perſonage, called *Margaret uch Evan*, who died a few years ſince at the great age of about 105, ſhe was the laſt ſpecimen of the ſtrength and ſpirit of the antient Britiſh fair. " This extraordi- " nary female was the greateſt hunter, " ſhooter, and fiſher of her time; ſhe " kept a dozen at leaſt of dogs, terriers, " greyhounds, and ſpaniels, all excellent " in their kinds. She killed more foxes

" in

" in one year than all the confederate
" hunts do in ten; rowed ſtoutly, and
" was queen of the lake; fiddled excel-
" lently, and knew all the old Britiſh
" muſic; did not neglect the mechanic
" arts, for ſhe was a good joiner: and at
" the age of ſeventy, was the beſt wreſtler
" in the country, and few young men
" dared to try a fall with her. Some
" years ago ſhe had a maid of congenial
" qualities; but death, that mighty hun-
" ter, at laſt earthed this faithful compa-
" nion of hers. Margaret was alſo black-
" ſmith, ſhoe-maker, boat-builder, and
" maker of harps. She ſhoe her own
" horſes, made her own ſhoes, and built
" her own boats, while ſhe was under
" contract to convey the copper ore down
" the lakes. All the neighbouring bards
" paid their addreſſes to Margaret, and
" celebrated her exploits in pure Britiſh
" verſe. At length ſhe gave her hand to

" the

" the moſt effeminate of her admirers, as " if predetermined to maintain the ſupe- " riority which nature has beſtowed on " her."*

Accompanied by the pariſh clerk as a guide, I aſcended the lofty and almoſt perpendicular mountain on the north-eaſt ſide of the village, called Glyder vawr, *the great Glyder*. The aſcent I found much more ſteep and tireſome than I afterwards found that to the ſummit of Snowdon. The path all the way was rocky, and in many places very wet and ſlippery: but little inconveniences of this kind the traveller, amongſt the mountains, from their frequent occurrence, will ſoon learn to bear with. On the left of the aſcent were pointed out to me, at ſome diſtance, two

* This account of Margaret uch Evan is extracted from Mr. Pennant's Tour, II. 166, 167.

high

high mountains, called Llyder Vawr and Llyder Vack, *the greater and leſſer Llyder.*

Glyder Vawr is the loftieſt of all the Caernarvonſhire mountains, except Snowdon, and in a flat, almoſt ſurrounded by rocks, about three-fourths of the diſtance to the ſummit, we came to a ſmall pool, called Llyn y Cŵn, *the pool of the dogs.* This alpine lake is mentioned in the Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrenſis,* as containing a ſingular kind of trout, perch, and Eels, which were all monocular, each wanting a left eye. This account has in general, been looked upon as fabulous; and Speed † thus deridingly ſpeaks of it: "Theſe matters are out of my creed; "yet I think the reader had better be-"lieve them, than go to ſee whether it "be ſo or not." But the Honourable

* Gir. Camb. Itin. Cambriæ, Lib. II. cap. 9. p. 872.

† Theatre of Great Brit.

Daines

Daines Barrington, in a paper on Cambrian fiſh, inſerted in the Philoſophical Tranſactions for 1767, aſſerts, that on accurate enquiry he had heard of a monocular trout being taken within the memory of perſons then living. At preſent I believe the pool is entirely deſtitute of fiſh of every deſcription.

From the ſummit of Glyder is a grand and unbounded proſpect; on one ſide, the immenſe mountains of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, appeared with their prominent and towering precipices in ſuch rude order, that they ſeemed "the "fragments of a ſhattered world;" theſe were interſected by the green meadowy vales and deep glens which were ſeen to wind amongſt them. On the other ſide, towards the town of Caernarvon, I had the entire Iſle of Angleſea ſurrounded by the ſea, and at a great diſtance, the Iſle of Man reſembling a faintly formed cloud. Whilſt the

the intervening ſpace betwixt myſelf and the ſea, was filled up by the varied ſcenery of mountain and vale, plentifully interſperſed with lakes and ſtreams.

At a little diſtance, north-eaſt of this mountain, but with a deep hollow intervening, is Glyder Bach, *the leſſer Glyder*, of which Mr. Pennant * has given the following ſingular account, "The area "of the ſummit was covered with groups "of columnar ſtones of vaſt ſize, from "ten to thirty feet long, lying in all di-"rections; moſt of them were of co-"lumnar form, often piled on one an-"other; in other places, half erect, ſlop-"ing down, and ſupported by others, "which lie, without any order, at their "baſes. The tops are frequently crowned "in the ſtrangeſt manner with other ſtones "lying on them horizontally. One was

* Tour in Wales, II. 160.

"about

" about twenty-five feet long and ſix " broad: I climbed up," ſays this Gentleman, " and on ſtamping it with my " foot, felt a ſtrong tremulous motion from " end to end. Another, eleven feet long " and ſix in circumference in the thinneſt " part, was poiſed ſo nicely on the point " of a rock, that to appearance the touch " of a child would overſet it. A third " enormous maſs had the property of a " rocking ſtone.

" Many of the ſtones had bedded in " them ſhells; and in their neighbour- " hood I found ſeveral pieces of lava. I " would therefore conſider this moun- " tain to have been a ſort of wreck of " nature, formed and flung up by ſome " mighty internal convulſion, which has " given theſe vaſt groups of ſtones for- " tuitouſly ſuch a ſtrange diſpoſition; for " had they been the ſettled ſtrata bared " of their earth by a long ſeries of rains,

" they

" they would have retained the ſame re-
" gular appearance that we obſerve in all
" other beds of ſimilar matter."

From my ſtation on Glyder vawr, the guide alſo pointed out to me, at the diſtance of four or five miles towards the north, and beyond the deep hollows of Nant Francon and Cwm Idwal, the two lofty mountains, Carnedd David and Carnedd Llewelyn; the latter chiefly noted on account of ſome uncommon plants that grow near it's ſummit.

Having ſufficiently enjoyed the numerous entertaining objects which preſented themſelves to me from this elevated ſituation, I deſcended to Llyn y Cwn; and proceeding about three quarters of a mile along the flat in which it is ſituated, came at length to an immenſe precipice above a hundred yards in perpendicular height, which forms one ſide of the dreadful hollow that incloſes the black waters of Llyn Idwal.

Idwal. This hollow, ſurrounded on all ſides by black and prominent rocks, is called Cwm Idwal, on account of it's having been the place where Nefydd Hardd, for ſome reaſon, not known, cauſed his ſon Dunawt to murder Idwal, the ſon of Owen Gwynedd, a young prince, who had been entruſted to his care and protection.* It is a fit place to inſpire murderous thoughts. The ſhepherds believe it to be the haunt of dæmons, and that no bird dare fly over it's damned water, fatal as that of Avernus. Knowing theſe facts, and ſtanding on the brink of the gloomy vale, I could almoſt have perſuaded myſelf that I had ſeen

The ſheet ſpectre riſing from the gloom,
Point at the murderer's ſtab, and ſhudder by.

* See an account of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales in the Cambrian Regiſter, I. p. 149.

I deſcended along the broken rocks on one ſide of this precipice, to a great depth into the hollow, and turning amongſt the larger maſſes that lay in rude heaps, rather more than half way down, where the deſcent began to be more gradual, I arrived at the foot of a moſt tremendous chaſm in the mountain, called Tull dû, *the black cleft*. A more ſublime ſcene the pencil, even of Salvator Roſa, could not have traced. Here the ſtream, that runs from Llyn y Cwn, is ſeen rolling from the top, and broken in it's deſcent by a hundred interrupting rocks. But in addition to this, there had been much rain the day before I was here, and the accumulated volume of water ruſhing in a vaſt cataract, from the aſtoniſhing height of *a hundred and fifty yards*,

> In one impetuous torrent down the ſteep,
> Now thundering ſhot, and ſhook the country round.

Amongſt

Amongſt the rocks, at the bottom, I obſerved a number of circular holes of different ſizes, from a few inches in diameter to two feet or upwards, which have been formed by the eddy of the torrent from above. Theſe hollows are frequently called by the Welſh people, Devil's pots, and from this circumſtance, the place itſelf is ſometimes called the Devil's kitchen.

From this place I now deſcended to Llyn Idwal, but found near this lake but little recompenſe for my trouble. The ſcenery around was gloomy and diſmal, but afforded nothing of landſcape beauty. Tull dû from hence appeared merely a cleft in the rock, without any thing remarkable about it, for it's great height diminiſhes it here almoſt to nothing. Had I firſt ſeen it from hence I by no means think I ſhould have had the curioſity to

clamber up to it, for the aſcent is very ſteep and rocky.

With ſome trouble I retraced the road I had come, and after a while arrived once more at the place from whence I had begun the deſcent, and thence I proceeded to the upper part of the horrid chaſm which I had before viewed with ſuch ſublime pleaſure from below. Near this place I had been taught to expect that I ſhould meet with a great number of uncommon plants; and I was not diſappointed, for I this day found within a very ſmall ſpace of ground, no fewer than the following: *Plantago maritima*—*Lobelia dortmanna*—*Parnaſſia paluſtris*—*Statice armeria*—*Rumex digynus*—*Vaccinium myrtillus* — *Chryſoſplenium oppoſitifolium* — *Saxifraga ſtellaris* — *Saxifraga nivalis* — *Saxifraga palmata*—*Saxifraga oppoſitifolia*—*Saxifraga hypnoides*—*Silene acaulis*—*Arenaria verna*—And two varieties which have been taken

taken by Engliſh botaniſts for *Arenaria jumperina* and *Arenaria laucifolia* of Linnæus, but theſe, according to Dr. Smith, have not hitherto been found in England. *Rubus ſaxatilis*—*Thalictrum alpinum*—*Thalictrum minus*—*Subularia Aquatica*—*Cochlearia officinalis*—*Cochlearia groenlandica* of Withering*—*Hieracium alpinum*—*Gnaphalium dioicum*—*Empetrum nigrum*—*Rhodiola roſea*—*Juniperus communis* (var. 2. Mountain dwarf Juniper tree)—*Lycopodium ſelaginoides*—*Lycopodium ſelago*—*Lycopodium alpinum*—*Iſoetes lacuſtris*—*Pteris criſpa*—*Aſplenium viride*—*Polypodium phegopteris*, and *Polypodium fragile*.—What a treat for a botaniſt!

* This I have been informed, by Dr. Smith, is not *C. Groenlandica* of Linnæus, but only a variety of *C. Officinalis*. Dr. Hull ſays, when it is cultivated in a rich ſoil, it becomes *C. Officinalis*, but if kept confined in a pot, retains it's diminutive ſize. *Britiſh Flora*, p. 482.

In a ſecond viſit that I made to Llanberis, I went through the curious and romantic paſs, leading from thence by the village of Capel Curig to Llanrwſt. This paſs is betwixt three and four miles in length, and in ſome places not more than fifty or ſixty yards wide. The rocks on each ſide are of a tremendous height, in ſome places nearly perpendicular, and in others overhanging their baſes many yards. Sometimes the road winds quite under the precipices, and the impending rocks, deſtitute of vegetation, render the ſcene in the higheſt degree romantic. In few places has Nature been more grand in her works than in this vale, which towers infinitely above all the pigmy works of art. About two miles from Llanberis there is a huge fragment of rock, once probably looſened from the majeſtic heights above, under which is a conſiderable cavity where a poor woman for many years reſided during the

the ſummer ſeaſon, in order to tend and milk her ſheep and cows. The ſummit of the aſcent, which is very gradual, is called Gorphwysfa, *or the reſting place.* A good road might, I think, be made without much expence from Caernarvon by Llanberis, and through this paſs to Llanrwſt. This would be ſhorter than the preſent road by Conwy and Bangor by at leaſt ten miles, and would have all the additional attractions of the moſt romantic ſcenery.

The walk from Llanberis back again to Caernarvon, I found much more pleaſing than the dull mountain proſpects the other way. I had from all the eminences an extenſive view of Angleſea towards Beaumaris and Prieſtholme, and to the left the fine old caſtle of Caernarvon appeared with all it's ſplendid towers riſing above the hills.

CHAP. IX.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.——INSTRUCTIONS—CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU—HEIGHT—NAME—Mr. PENNANT's DESCRIPTION—NATURAL PRODUCTIONS—LAKES—PLANTS—WELL—INCREDIBLE STORY OF GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS—SUN NOT APPEARING TO RISE FROM THE SEA—ROYAL FOREST—BRITISH PARNASSUS—MORE INSTRUCTIONS—SCHEME FOR AN INN NEAR DOLBADARN.

THE diſtance of the ſummit of Snowdon from Caernarvon, is rather more than ten miles, and from Dolbadarn Caſtle, in the vale of Llanberis, the aſcent is ſo gradual, that a perſon mounted on a little Welſh poney may, without any great difficulty, ride up very nearly to the top.

The traveller muſt go from Caernarvon to Dolbadarn Caſtle, and then turning to the right, go by the waterfall, Caunant Mawr,

Mawr, up the mountain to a vale called Cwm Brwynog, and proceeding along the ridge, ſouth weſt of, and immediately over the vale of Llanberis, he will come within ſight of a black, and almoſt perpendicular rock, with a ſmall lake at it's bottom, called Clogwyn Du'r Arddu. This he will leave about a quarter of a mile on his right, and then aſcending the ſteep called Llech-wedd y Rè, he muſt direct his courſe ſouth weſt to the Well (a place ſufficiently known by the guides) from whence he will find it about a mile to the higheſt peak of Snow-don, called Yr Wyddfa, *the conſpicuous*.

Having conducted the traveller to the ſummit of this celebrated mountain, I will now proceed to follow him myſelf.

I went from the caſtle to Cwm Brwy-nog, but inſtead of taking the route I have here preſcribed, I wandered to the foot of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, to ſearch for ſome plants, which are mentioned by Llwyd and Ray,

Ray, as growing on that rock. A clergyman of the neighbourhood, who was ſo obliging as to accompany me in this and ſeveral other rambles amongſt theſe mountains, formed the wild idea of attempting to climb apparently up the face of the precipice, and I, eager in my purſuit, did not object to the adventure. We began our laborious taſk without once reflecting on the many dangers that might attend it. For a ſhort time we got on without much difficulty, but we were ſoon obliged to have recourſe to our hands and knees, and clamber thus from one crag to another. Every ſtep now required the greateſt care, for even the mere laying hold of a looſe ſtone might have proved fatal. I had once taken hold of a piece of the rock, and was about to truſt my whole weight upon it, when it looſened from it's bed, and I ſhould have been ſent headlong to the bottom had I not inſtinctively ſnatched hold

of

of a tuft of graſs, which grew cloſe by it, and was ſo firm as to ſave me. When we had aſcended a little more than half-way, I was much afraid we ſhould have been doomed to return, on account of the maſſes of rock over which we had to climb, beginning to increaſe in ſize; we knew, however, that a deſcent would have been attended with infinite danger, and being urged on partly by eagerneſs in our purſuit, but more from a deſire to be at the top, we determined to brave every difficulty. This we did, for in about an hour and a quarter from the time of our beginning the aſcent, we found ourſelves on the top of this dreadful precipice, and in poſſeſſion of ſome very uncommon plants which we had picked up during our walk.

I can ſcarcely deſcribe what my ſenſations were, when upon arriving here my companion pointed out to me the ſummit of Snowdon, at the diſtance of only about a

mile

mile and a half from us, and from it's great elevation appearing but little more than half a mile diſtant. I was ſo much cheered with the ſight, that I proceeded from hence with a degree of ſpirit and alacrity that I certainly ſhould not have enjoyed, had it not been from the remembrance of the dangers we had paſſed, and the knowledge that theſe were at an end. This circumſtance reminded me, very forcibly, of the ſtory of the Pedlar, who in order to have ſome relief from the conſtant and wearieſome burthen of his pack, hit upon the odd expedient of tying a large ſtone upon it. This, when he became much fatigued, he threw off, and found then the lightneſs of his burthen, when compared to the double weight before, anſwered every purpoſe he wanted. It was exactly thus with me, for after all the fagging work, I had juſt had to get up Clogwyn du'r Arddu, I found aſcending to the ſummit of Snowdon

quite

quite light and eaſy; but had I gone along the regular track, I have no doubt that I ſhould have *fancied* myſelf much more wearied than I now really felt.

The perpendicular height of Snowdon, is, according to the late admeaſurements, one thouſand one hundred and ninety yards (not quite three quarters of a mile) from the level of the ſea. It riſes to a mere point, it's ſummit being not more than three or four yards in diameter. Round this, a circular wall has been built by ſome well-diſpoſed perſon, probably ſome one of the ſhepherds, who ſend their flocks in theſe mountains, which is found of the greateſt uſe to travellers, to ſit upon and enjoy the grand proſpects around.

This mountain was by the Saxons firſt called Snowdon, as this word is evidently derived from their language, and ſignifies *a ſnowy hill*, or *a hill covered with ſnow*. The Welſh call all this cluſter of mountains,

by

by the general name of Creigiau yr Eryrii, the *ſnowy cliffs*, from the Britiſh words *Craig* a rock, and *Eira* ſnow. The higheſt point is Yr Wyddfa, *the conſpicuous*. All the mountains that go under the above denomination, lie in the county of Caernarvon, for Leland,* who went over this country in the reign of Henry VIII. under the royal commiſſion, ſays, " no part of " Merionethſhire lyeth in Crege Ery; ſo " that though that ſhire be mountainous, " yet is all Cregery in Caernarvonſhire."

Mr. Pennant's † deſcription of this mountain is ſo extremely accurate and expreſſive, that inſtead of my own obſervations, I will give that in his words. " The " mountain from the ſummit," ſays this gentleman, " ſeems propped by four but- " treſſes; between which, are four deep

* Itin. V. 40. † Tour in Wales II. 171. 172. 173.

" *Cwms*

" *Cwms* or hollows; each, excepting one,
" had one or more lakes lodged in it's dif-
" tant bottom. The neareſt was Ffyn-
" non Llâs, or *the Green well*, lying imme-
" diately below us. One of the company
" had the curioſity to deſcend a very bad
" way to a jutting rock, that impended
" over the monſtrous precipice; and he
" ſeemed like Mercury ready to take his
" flight from the ſummit of Atlas. The
" waters of Ffynon Llâs, from this height,
" appeared black and unfathomable, and
" the edges quite green. From thence is
" a ſucceſſion of bottoms, ſurrounded by
" the moſt lofty and rugged hills, the
" greateſt part of whoſe ſides are quite
" mural, and form the moſt magnificent
" amphitheatre in nature. The *Wyddfa*
" is on one ſide; *Crib y Piſtill*,* with it's
" ſerrated

* This rock is called alſo Crib y Ddiſcil. The hollow betwixt this and Crib Coch is called Bwlch y Saethau,

" ſerrated tops, on another; *Crib Coch*, a
" ridge of fiery redneſs, appears beneath
" the preceding; and oppoſite to it, is the
" boundary called the Llechwedd. Ano-
" ther very ſingular ſupport to this moun-
" tain is *y Clawdd Coch*, riſing into a ſharp
" ridge, ſo narrow as not to afford even
" breadth for a path.†"

" The view from this exalted ſituation
" is unbounded. I ſaw from it, the county
" of Cheſter, the high hills of Yorkſhire,
" part of the North of England, Scotland,
" and Ireland; a plain view of the Iſle of
" Man, and that of Angleſea, lay extended
" like a map beneath us, with every rill

y Saethau, *the Gap of the arrows*, where tradition relates, that the hunters uſed formerly to conceal themſelves, in order to ſhoot ſtags, or any other wild animals that paſſed by.

† There is a foot path along this narrow ridge, over which the guide from Beddgelert always conducts perſons who aſcend the mountain from that place.

viſible.

" viſible. I took much pains to ſee this
" proſpect to advantage; ſat up at a farm
" on the weſt, till about twelve, and
" walked up the whole way. The night
" was remarkably fine and ſtarry; to-
" wards morn the ſtars faded away,* and
" left a ſhort interval of darkneſs, which
" ſoon diſperſed by the dawn of day.
" The body of the ſun appearing moſt diſ-
" tinct, with the rotundity of the moon
" before it, aroſe high enough to render
" it's beams too brilliant for our ſight.
" The ſea, which bounded the weſtern
" part, was gilt by it's beams, at firſt in
" ſlender ſtreaks, but at length it glowed
" with redneſs. The proſpect was diſcloſed
" to us, like the gradual drawing up of
" a curtain in a theatre. We ſaw more

* By this expreſſion, I preſume Mr. P. means, that they were hidden from the ſight by intervening clouds.

" and more till the heat became ſo power-
" ful, as to attract the miſts from the vari-
" ous lakes, which in a ſlight degree, ob-
" ſcured the proſpect. The ſhadow of the
" mountain was flung many miles, and
" ſhewed it's bicapitated form; the Wyddfa
" making one, Crib y Diſtill the other
" head. I counted this time between
" twenty and thirty lakes, either in this
" county or Merionethſhire. The day
" proved ſo exceſſively hot, that the jour-
" ney coſt me the ſkin of the lower part
" of my face, before I reached the reſting
" place, after the fatigue of the morning."

At another time, when this gentleman was on Snowdon, he ſays, " A vaſt miſt
" enveloped the whole circuit of the
" mountain. The proſpect down was
" horrible. It gave an idea of numbers
" of abyſſes, concealed by a thick ſmoke
" furiouſly circulating around us; very
" often a guſt of wind formed an opening

" in

" in the clouds, which gave a fine and dif-
" tinct viſto of lake and valley. Some-
" times they opened only in one place; at
" others in many, at once exhibiting a
" moſt ſtrange and perplexing ſight of
" water, fields, rocks, or chaſms, in fifty
" different places. They then cloſed in
" at once, and left us involved in dark-
" neſs; in a ſmall ſpace they would ſepa-
" rate again, and flie in wild eddies round
" the middle of the mountains, and expoſe
" in parts, both tops and baſes, clear to
" our view. We deſcended from this
" various ſcene with great reluctance; but
" before we reached our horſes, a thunder
" ſtorm overtook us; its rolling among
" the mountains was inexpreſſibly awful;
" the rain uncommonly heavy; we re-
" mounted our horſes, and gained the bot-
" tom with great hazard. The little rills,
" which on our aſcent, trickled along the

" gullies on the ſides of the mountains, " were now ſwelled into torrents; and we " and our ſteeds paſſed with the utmoſt " riſque of being ſwept away by theſe ſud- " den waters. At length we arrived ſafe, " yet ſufficiently wet, and weary, to our " former quarters."

" The ſtone that compoſes this, and in- " deed the greateſt part of *Snowdonia*, is " exceſſively hard. Large coarſe cryſtals " are often found in the fiſſures, and very " frequently cubic *piritæ*, the uſual atten- " dants on alpine tracts. Theſe are alſo " frequented by the rock ouzel, a moun- " tainous bird, and ſome of the lakes are " ſtocked with char and gwyniads, alpine " fiſh." The chief wild animals of theſe regions are foxes.

The following lines, from the Gentleman's Magazine, * on this mountain, are ſo

* Written by Miſs Locke.

energetic

energetic and full of beauty, that I could not reſiſt the temptation of tranſcribing them in this place.

Snowdon, I wiſh not thou ſhould'ſt ſtand array'd
In the full blaze of ſummer's gaudy noon;
In gloomineſs thy grandeur is diſplay'd,
And congregated clouds thy brow adorn.

Thy genius thron'd on his aerial ſeat,
While fierce conflicting elements engage,
Hears the loud thunder burſt beneath his feet,
And ſcouls defiance on their feeble rage.

Snowdon, on thee with ſavage pleaſure fraught,
Whilſt fancy rul'd with wonder have I gaz'd,
Travers'd thy dangers in excurſive thought,
And ſhrunk from terrors I myſelf had rais'd.

How oft I've fancied on the craggy ſteep,
Striving in vain to heights like theſe to riſe,
Contending with misfortune, oft I weep,
Though fix'd on earth, aſpiring to the ſkies.

The principal lakes viſible from the ſummit of Snowdon, are, on the eaſt,

Ffynon Lâs, the green well; and *Llyn Llwydaw*, the duſky pool. At ſome diſtance beyond theſe are the *Capel Curig pools*; on the weſt, *Llyn Coch*, the red pool; *Llyn y Nadrodd*, the adder's pool; *Llyn Glâs*, the blue pool; and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs*, the ſervant's pool; and beyond theſe again, are *Llyn Cwellyn*; *Llyn Cader*, *Llyn y Dywarchen*, and *Llynian Nantlle*.

The parts of Snowdon, on which the uncommon alpine plants are chiefly to be found, are the eaſt and north-eaſt ſides, which form a range of rocks, called *Clogwyn y Garnedd*. Theſe abound in ſteeps, which render them, at all times, rather dangerous to ſearch, but in particular, after rain, more than at other times, as the rocks become then ſo ſlippery, that the footing is rendered very unſafe.

It is a ſingular fact, that near the top of Snowdon, is a ſpring of fine clear and well-taſted water, which I underſtand is ſeldom increaſed

increaſed or diminiſhed in quantity, either in winter or ſummer. From it's very elevated ſituation, it is the coldeſt I ever recollect to have taſted.

Moſt of the old writers, who have had occaſion to mention this mountain, aſſert that it is covered with ſnow all the year round; but this is by no means true, for this, as well as all the other mountains of Wales, are generally entirely deſtitute of ſnow from the beginning of June till about the latter end of October, at which time it commonly begins to fall.

Giraldus Cambrenſis,* moſt incredibly relates, that an eagle uſed to frequent this mountain, at certain periods, in expectation of war, that he might glut his appetite on bodies of the ſlain, and that in ſharpening his beak he made a large hole in one particular ſtone on which he always perched.

* Itin. Camb. Syl. Gir. Camb. Lib. II. c. 9.

The ſummit of Snowdon is ſo frequently enveloped in clouds and miſt, that except when the weather is perfectly fine and ſettled, the traveller through this country will find it rather rare to get a day ſufficiently clear to permit him to aſcend the hill. When the wind blows from the weſt, it is almoſt always completely covered. And at other times, even when the day ſeems very favourable, it will, from it's great height and it's attraction of the clouds, ſometimes become envelóped on a ſudden, and remain in that ſtate for ſeveral hours: For my own part, I think it much more intereſting when the clouds juſt cover the ſummit, for at theſe times, from their ſuddenly breaking and cloſing, the moſt ſublime and pleaſing ideas are excited.

It has been ſaid, and very generally believed, that from the top of this mountain the ſun is ſeen to riſe from the ſea. Many travellers have gone up in the even-

ings,

ings, but owing to the atmoſphere being generally clouded about that time, I never heard but of one or two, beſides Mr. Pennant, who had been ſo lucky as to ſee it riſe at all; and thoſe who have ſeen it, have found, that they had been miſled in ſuppoſing it to emerge from the water. The mere inſpection of the map of England, is quite ſufficient to ſatisfy any perſon of the folly of ſuch a ſuppoſition; for if the ſun is ſeen to riſe from the ſea, from the top of Snowdon, it muſt either riſe from a point more weſterly than the weſt coaſt of England, or otherwiſe, ſome part of the German ocean muſt be viſible from hence, which I believe no one will contend to be poſſible.

Snowdon was formerly a royal foreſt, and warrants were iſſued for the killing of the deer, but theſe were all extirpated before the year 1626.*

* Pennant's Tour II. 175. who quotes Gwydir MSS.

This

This mountain, held as ſacred by the antient Britons, was their *Parnaſſus*. They have a proverb extant at this day, that "*whoever ſleeps on Snowdon, will awake* "*either a poet or a madman*;" probably ariſing from their conceiving, that upon a perſon's awaking in this elevated region, the ſtupendous objects around, which ſo ſuddenly preſent themſelves to him, muſt either inſpire him with the *furor poeticus* or *Awen*, as the Welſh term it, or otherwiſe muſt deprive him of his ſenſes.

Many touriſts have put themſelves to great trouble, in repreſenting the almoſt innumerable difficulties, which they pretend to have encountered in their journeys up this mountain. To provide againſt theſe pretended difficulties, one recommends a ſtrong ſtick with a ſpike in the end, as a thing abſolutely neceſſary. Another adviſes, that the ſoles of the ſhoes ſhould be ſet round with large nails; and a third

a third inveighs againſt attempting ſo arduous and ſo difficult an undertaking in boots. I can only ſay, that I think to have nails in the ſhoes, and to take a ſtick may be both uſeful in their way, but if a perſon is in good health and ſpirits, he will find that he can do very well without either. I ſhould recommend to the traveller, to take ſufficient time; to be upon the journey by five or ſix o'clock in the morning, when the ſun has not yet got much power, and when the air is cool and refreſhing. The chief thing required, is a little labour, which by going gently along will be rendered very eaſy. There is alſo another advantage in having plenty of time, by frequently ſtopping to reſt himſelf he will be enabled to enjoy the different diſtant proſpects, as they riſe above the mountains, and to obſerve how the objects around him gradually change

in

in their appearance as he riſes higher and higher.

It will be always neceſſary to take a guide, and ſome kind of proviſions for refreſhment; for the traveller up this mountain will certainly find the want of ſuch, before he returns. A ſmall quantity of ſpirits will alſo be found uſeful, as ſpirits are not only much more pleaſant in theſe cold alpine regions, but as there is always plenty of water to be had, they are more portable than any kind of liquor which will not bear dilution.

A late touriſt,* without any real foundation for the aſſertion, remarks, that a very ſmall quantity of any powerful liquor, in theſe etherial regions, is ſufficient to intoxicate:—that the guide who attended him,

* The Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath, who publiſhed about two years ago, a Walk through Wales.

men-

mentioned his having nearly fallen from one of the precipices himſelf, in conſequence of drinking a glaſs of brandy; and that, during the ſummer preceding that in which he was in Wales, one of a party of gentlemen, from London, had been ſo affected, by the ſame quantity taken on the ſummit of Snowdon, that he actually got a ſevere tumble, which though not fatal, produced ſome painful bruiſes.

Leſt any of the readers of this preſent work, from having read this account, may be induced from the dread of accidents, ſimilar to theſe, to neglect taking along with them that kind of refreſhment, which, in my opinion, is neceſſary towards rendering themſelves comfortable in theſe cold regions, it is incumbent on me, to inform them, that the writer of the account has very much miſtaken the fact. By the advice of the clergyman, who attended me in this and my other mountain excurſions,

we

we always took along with us a pint of brandy, the whole of which we uſed to drink, without experiencing even the ſlighteſt degree of intoxication. And he has frequently remarked to me, that ſtrong liquors would, by no means, intoxicate a perſon ſo ſoon upon the mountains, as they would below.

After I had ſeen Mr. Warner's account, I was at Beddgelert, and enquired of William Lloyd, the ſchoolmaſter there, who had attended him as guide, and from whom he ſaid he received the information, as to the truth of it. The man told me, that he certainly recollected having informed Mr. Warner, that it was a very dangerous thing for a perſon to be intoxicated upon the mountains, the truth of which is ſufficiently evident. But ſo far was this man from thinking, that a ſingle glaſs of ſpirits would produce any ill effects, that I was ſometime afterwards one in a party of five,

when

when he adviſed a bottle of rum to be taken along with us, which we finiſhed without any one being in the leaſt the worſe for it.

The track I have laid down for the Traveller, at the beginning of this chapter, from Dolbadarn Caſtle to the ſummit of Snowdon, is upon the whole, very good, lying in general, over ground covered with turf, and not having a fourth part of the rocks that any of the other roads have. Having ſince I went this journey been no leſs than ſeven different ways, to and from the top of Snowdon, I am enabled to ſay, that this is by far the moſt eaſy and agreeable, being neither ſo ſteep, rocky, or dangerous as any of the others. I do not ſuppoſe it poſſible, that from any other place a perſon can ride to the top, on account of the great number of pointed rocks which intercept the road. Mr. Warner, in his Walk through Wales, ſeems to have entertained a different opinion: for ſpeaking of a Farm in Gwynant,

beyond

beyond Beddgelert, he ſays, that the father of the preſent tenant, who attended conſtantly the market at Caernarvon, in order to avoid a route, rather circuitous by the turnpike road, conſtantly croſſed the mountain by the track, *which he had purſued.* Thus the poor fellow, in order *to avoid* a circuitous route, uſed to croſs over the higheſt peak of the mountain, and go by Dolbadarn Caſtle (the way he went) to Caernarvon; by this means going near twenty miles inſtead of fourteen, by the regular road; certainly not an Engliſh method of avoiding a circuitous route. The fact was, that he went up a hollow, near which his houſe ſtood, called Cwm Llân, croſſed over *the foot* of Snowdon, and came into the turnpike road, leading from Caernarvon to Beddgelert, not far from Llyn Gwellyn, that he might ſave a more circuitous track down Gwynant and round by Beddgelert. It would have been utterly impracticable

for

for him, on account of the huge maſſes of rock, which are in different places ſcattered up and down, if he had deſired ever ſo to croſs from Cwm Llân immediately over Snowdon to Dolbadarn.

I ſhould think Mr. Aſhton Smith, who is, I underſtand, the owner of much land about Llanberis, might find it a profitable, certainly an uſeful ſpeculation, to build a ſmall comfortable Inn ſomewhere near Dolbadarn caſtle. Perhaps, to repair the caſtle itſelf for this purpoſe, and place ſome out-houſes near it, would be found the leaſt expenſive mode of doing it. The advantages would be very great. Being ſituated in the heart of the mountains, the botanical traveller, the mineralogiſt, and the artiſt, would be all induced to reſort to it as a ſituation exactly ſuited to each of their occupations. Nor would the traveller on pleaſure, find leſs inducements than they. From hence Glyder, and the mountains around it, on one ſide of the vale, and

Snowdon * and his companions, on the other, can certainly be viſited, with greater eaſe and advantage than from any place whatever. The Vale of Llanberis, the village, and the romantic paſs where the rocks riſe, almoſt perpendicularly, from each ſide of the road, for betwixt three and four miles beyond it, the cataract, the caſtle, and the lakes have each a ſeparate claim upon the Traveller's attention. The only ſerious objection that can be made againſt it, is, that as part of the preſent road from Caernarvon is ſo wretchedly bad, the expence of repairing that, to make it a tolerably good carriage road, would be very great. This is certainly true; but when all the advantages of building a houſe in this very eligible ſituation are counterbalanced with that, I am confident that every objection will be completely done away.

* The diſtance of Dolbadarn from the ſummit of Snowdon is not quite four miles and a half; from Beddgelert it is ſix miles.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

EXCURSION TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON FROM LLANBERIS.——FFYNNON FRECH—LLYN LLWYDAW—LLYN GLÂS—ROMANTIC SCENERY—ANOTHER EXCURSION FROM BETTWS—BWLCH CWM BRWYNOG—LLYN FYNNON Y GWÂS.

IN this excurſion to the ſummit of Snowdon, I proceeded about a mile beyond Llanberis, and croſſing the brook that runs into the pool, aſcended the ſteep high mountains on the right. After ſome fatigue, for the ſun ſhone bright, and the reflection from the rocks was very powerful, we arrived at the top of the firſt range of rocks which overlook the vale I had left. In a hollow on theſe mountains I came to a pool called Ffynnon Frech, *the ſpotted well.* This pool is inferior in ſize even to Llyn y Cwm near Glyder, but the botaniſt will find that

it contains as many rare plants as that. Here I found *Subularia aquatica*, *Iſoetes Lacuſtris*, and *Lobelia dortmanna*, growing in ſuch abundance as almoſt to cover the whole of the bottom.

From hence I continued my journey up another ſteep, and from it's top ſaw two other pools in a vale a great depth below me on the other ſide of it, one of theſe was called Llyn Llwydaw, *the duſky pool*, and the other, much ſmaller, Llyn y Cwm Glâs, *the blue pool in the hollow*. Llyn Llwydaw has in it a ſmall iſland, the haunt of black-backed gulls during their breeding ſeaſon, for on this iſland, it is ſaid, that they annually lay their eggs and hatch their young. I did not deſcend to either of theſe, as there ſeemed nothing about them at the time I was here likely to repay me for the trouble, I contented myſelf merely with the ſight of them from above, and proceeded onward for about a mile

a mile and a half along the ſloping ſides of the mountains, till I came to a hollow, called Bwlch Glâs; from whence I once again aſcended to the ſummit of this, the moſt celebrated mountain in Great Britain.

From the top of the firſt mountains, after I left Llanberis, the ſcenery all the way, till I came within ſight of Llyn Llwydaw, was awfully rude. It was one continued ſeries of rocks, infinitely varied in their form. The nimble footed ſheep that brouzed on their dark ſides, and ſkipped along their tremendous precipices, looked down upon us with the utmoſt compoſure, fearleſs of any danger from their ſeemingly precarious ſituations. In ſome places the rock, overhanging the path, ſeemed ready to ſtart from their beds, threatening deſtruction to the traveller who had dared their gloomy ſhade.

I was much pleaſed with this part of my ramble, for I love

> ——theſe lonely regions, where, retired
> From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
> In awful ſolitude.

The latter part of the excurſion, along the ſides of the mountains, was rather unpleaſant. The ſtones I had to traverſe for above a mile were ſo ſmall and looſe, as at every ſtep to give way, rendering the walking not only tireſome but ſometimes very dangerous. The ſcenery was wild, but little intereſting. The hollow beneath, hemmed in by the gloomy mountains around, was from ſome points of view rather grand, but this fell far ſhort of what I had paſſed. Wandering along this dreary ſcene I ſometimes heard, ſweetly mellowed by the diſtance,

> ——The wildly winding brook
> Fall hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep.

The

The light clouds ſwept briſkly over the mountains, ſometimes entirely obſcuring them, and at others ſhewing their ſerrated tops viſible through the thinneſs of the miſt. Amongſt the higher rocks I obſerved the Black Ouzel, *Turdus torquatus*, of Linnæus: it is not an unuſual inhabitant of theſe alpine regions.

I deſcended from Snowdon this time along what may with great propriety be denominated a mountain ſtaircaſe, which lies down the rocks immediately over the village of Llanberis. This road was altogether ſo very ſteep and tireſome, that I ſhould at any time prefer going a few miles round to venturing down it again.

The day after I made this journey, I aſcended Snowdon once again from Bettws, a ſmall place about five miles from Caernarvon, in the road leading from thence to Beddgelert. After I had paſſed the village a little way, I turned to the left, and went

along the meadows, which here extend up the mountain's ſides for about half a mile. Leaving theſe, I after ſome time, came to Bwlch Cwm Brwynog, *the hollow of the vale of Brwynog*, a kind of gap betwixt two mountains which overlook that vale. This hollow is reckoned about half way from Bettws to the top, and perſons who come on horſeback uſually ride thus far, leaving their horſes here to the care of their ſervants till they return. I paſſed by Llyn fynnon y Gwâs, *the ſervants' pool*, ſo called, it is ſaid, from the ſervant of a farmer in the neighbourhood having ſome years ago been drowned there as he was waſhing ſome ſheep. The road then lay along a pretty ſteep ridge, one of thoſe that Mr. Pennant has not improperly denominated the buttreſſes of Snowdon, for at a diſtance they certainly have the appearance of ſupporting that vaſt mountain.

This

This road was much more rocky and tireſome than that from Dolbadarn. In one part I paſſed for near a quarter of a mile over immenſe maſſes of rock, laying upon each other in almoſt every different direction, and entirely deſtitute of vegetation.



CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

FROM CAERNARVON BY HOLYHEAD TO AMLWCH.——FERRY INTO ANGLESEA—NAMES OF THE ISLAND—GENERAL CHARACTER—ONCE JOINED TO CAERNARVONSHIRE—POOL CERIS—LLANEDWEN—INSCRIPTION ON ROWLANDS—SUETONIUS' INVASION—BATTLE AT MOEL Y DON—PLÂS NEWYDD—CROMLECHE—ANTIENT MODE OF ERECTING STONE MONUMENTS—LLANGEFNI—GWYNDY—HOLYHEAD—CHURCH YARD—CHURCH—AMLWCH—PORT.

I Croſſed from Caernarvon into Angleſea* by the ferry boat, which every day takes paſſengers acroſs the Menai to and from the Iſland, a diſtance of ſomewhat

* This Iſland, which forms one of the counties of North Wales, is about 20 miles long, 17 broad, and 70 in circumference. It contains about 200,000 acres of land, and 20,000 inhabitants. It is divided into ſeven hundreds, and has 74 pariſhes, and four market towns.

more

more than a mile. The boat goes always at high water, and when ready to ſet out, one of the men goes about the town blowing a horn, in order to collect together the paſſengers.

I intended to have gone quite round the Iſland by Newborough, Aberffraw, and Holyhead; but being informed that the ſea had burſt a bank near Aberffraw, and that at high-water it covered upwards of a thouſand acres of ground, I was obliged to give up this point as not eaſily practicable. I therefore, inſtead, botanized along the Angleſea coaſt as far as Moel-y-Don ferry, and then took the road leading to Holyhead by Gwyndy, an Inn about half way betwixt Bangor and that place.

From this coaſt the town of Caernarvon, with the ſtraights of Menai in front, and the high grand mountains in the back-ground, were ſtrikingly beautiful; and the ſcenery altogether, if poſſible, exceeded in

elegance

elegance and majeſty what I had before ſo much admired betwixt Bangor and Caernarvon. Snowdon was perfectly unclouded, and his red ſides brightened by the ſun, were ſeen gradually ſloping till they ended in a point far above the tops of the adjoining mountains, each of which had it's beauty in the diſpoſition of it's lights and ſhades, it's prominences and hollows.

This iſland was, prior to the invaſion of the Romans, called Môn, which ſignified *what is inſulated* or *detached*, and this they latinized into Mona. The Britons called it alſo Ynys Dowyll, *the ſhady Iſland*; Ynys Fôn from it's ſituation, and Ynys y Cedeirn from it's heroes, or it's powerful and celebrated Prieſts and Druids.* When reduced by the Saxons, it then, for the firſt time, received the appellation of Angleſea.

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua, p. 97.

It is by Giraldus Cambrenſis denominated the "Mother of Wales,"* ſince, according to him, when all the other parts failed in their corn, this alone, from it's fertile ſoil and high ſtate of cultivation, was able to ſupply them. However true this may have been at the time when Giraldus wrote, it ſeems to me that it could by no means be ſo now, for the interior of the Iſland appeared but very little cultivated. Much of the land lies either undrained and full of turfy bogs, or is full of low pointed rocks. There are indeed ſome farms in the interior, but it is about the coaſt that it is in the richeſt ſtate, and in particular about that part of it which is oppoſite to Caernarvonſhire.

The general face of the country is low, flat, and diſagreeable, being in want of

* "*Mon Mam Cymbry*," Itin. Camb. Auctore Syl. Gir. Cambr. Lib. II. c. 7. p. 867.

that

that variety which is always found where there are woods and mountains: for though, in the time of the Druids, this Iſland is repreſented as being almoſt covered with wood, which formed one continued grove, it has at preſent, very little. There are a few plantations on the ſouth-eaſt coaſt, but excepting theſe I recollect no others in the whole Iſland.

It is a conjecture of Paulus Jovius, an Italian writer of the ſixteenth century,* that Angleſea was once joined to the continent of Wales, but from the continual working of the ocean, was, in the courſe of time, ſevered from it; and that, for ſome while afterwards, the inhabitants of Wales and Angleſea had a communication by a bridge, till the breach became too wide for ſuch a paſſage to be any longer maintained. If this has ever been the caſe,

* Deſcriptio Britanniæ, 10.

and

and it is by no means improbable, the laſt place of ſeparation ſeems to have been at that part near Bangor ferry, for there the channel is at preſent much the narroweſt, and at this place is ſtill to be ſeen a trace of ſmall rocks jutting out in a line acroſs the channel. Beſides theſe there are alſo other great ſplinters of rocks tumbled down, and really appearing as if the ſea had conſumed the ſoil in which they had originally been bedded, leaving the rocks bare and rugged, and the ſtones and broken ſhivers in the bottom of the channel, heaped upon one another.

In the hollows and cavernous interſtices of theſe fallen and broken rocks, for an hour or two at the beginning of the flood, from the tides flowing in at each end of the ſtraights, and meeting here, the ſea violently boils and fluctuates, making it for that time a dangerous whirlpool. This part of the channel is called Pool Ceris,

and

and is a place extremely dangerous in the navigation of large veſſels, which muſt conſult the critical ſeaſon, and be conducted by a ſkilful pilot.

In this Iſland the princes of North Wales reſided, from the time of Roderic Mawr, in the ninth century, for near four centuries, till the reign of Llewelyn the laſt prince.* Their palace was at Aberffraw. I have been told that ſome of it yet remains, forming part of the walls of a barn. It was in this palace that the celebrated code of Laws, founded by Howel Dda, *Howell the good*, about the year 940, was conſtantly kept.

About three miles from the place at which I landed, I paſſed Llanedwen, the village where Henry Rowlands, the learned author of Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata, was interred. He was inſtituted to the vicar-

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua, p. 172.

age

age of this place in October 1696, and died in the year 1723. He lies under a black marble ſlab which contains this inſcription, his own compoſition:

M. S.
Depoſitum
HENRICI ROWLANDS
de Plâs Gwyn, Clerici,
Hugies Eccleſiæ Vicarii;
Qui hinc cum hiſce Exuviis
Per ſpiritum Jeſu,
Animam interea refocillantem
in ultimo die
Se fore reſuſcitatum
Pia fide ſperabat;
ac inde,
TRIUMPHANTE MISERICORDIA
In eternum cum Chriſto gaudium
Fore ſuſceptum,
Quod maxime anhelabat;
id eſt
Eſſe ſemper cum Domino.
Obiit 21. die Novembris
Anno Salutis 1723
Ætatis ſuæ 68.

Spiritus ubi vult ſpirat.
LAUS TOTA TRI-UNI
Omnia pro nihilo niſi quæ tribuebat egenis
Iſta valent cum artes pereant et ſcripta fatiſcant.

Not far from Llanedwen is the place where Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman General, firſt landed when he invaded this Iſland, and put an end to the power of the Druids. About a ſtone's caſt from the ſhore is a field, now called Maes Mawr Gâd, or Maes hîr Gâd, *the field of the great or long army*, and a little to the eaſt of it, juſt on the ſhore, is a place called the Rhiedd, or *the chief men's poſt*. The foot ſoldiers paſſed over in flat-bottomed boats, and the horſemen by fording and ſwimming, which appears to have been ſufficiently eaſy, as the ſtream is here rather narrow, and at low ebb the water is even now ſeldom above a fathom or two in the deepeſt part.

Tacitus

Tacitus has given us a moſt animated deſcription of the actions of the Druids in defence of their temples and ſacred groves, and of the horror with which the Roman ſoldiers were ſtruck on obſerving their myſterious rites. " Stat pro littore diverſa " acies, denſa armis viriſque, intercurſan- " tibus fœminis in modum furiarum, veſte " ferali, crinibus dejectis, faces prefere- " bant; Druidæque circum, preces diras " ſublatis ad cœlum manibus fundentes. " Novitate aſpectus percutere militem, ut " quaſi hærentibus membris, immobile " corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein co- " hortationibus ducis, et ſe ipſe ſtimu- " lantes, ne muliebre et fanaticum ag- " men paveſcerent, inferunt ſigna, ſter- " nuntque obvios et igni ſuo involvunt. " Præſidium poſthac impoſitum vicis, ex- " ciſque luci, ſævis ſuperſtitionibus ſacri. " Nam crurore captivo adolere aras, et

" hominum fibris conſulere Deos fas ha-
" bebant."*

Moel y Don is celebrated as being the place where part of the army of Edward I. experienced from the Welſh a ſevere defeat, attended with great ſlaughter. This happened in the year 1282. Edward had led his men againſt the Welſh, who had retired

* Tacite Annales, Lib. XIV. c. 30.

" On the ſhore ſtood a mixed army in cloſe ar-
" ray and well armed. Women were running
" about with frantic geſtures, clad in black, their
" hair diſhevelled, and brandiſhing like furies their
" torches. All around were Druids, with their
" hands uplifted towards heaven, pouring out the
" moſt direful imprecations. The novelty of the
" ſpectacle ſtruck the aſtoniſhed ſoldier with hor-
" ror, and his motionleſs limbs, affixed to the
" ſpot, were reſigned to every wound. At length
" animated by their commander, and rouzing one
" another that they ſhould not be intimidated by a
" womanly and fanatic band, they brought for-
" ward

retired amongſt the mountains about Snowdon for ſafety, and he not daring to attack them in their faſtneſſes, ſent over a party of men into Angleſea, and encamped on the bank of the Menai, near this place. Here he ordered a bridge of boats of breadth ſufficient to permit ſixty men to paſs abreaſt, to be built acroſs. Whilſt he was at Conwy Caſtle, and before this was quite boarded over, ſeveral of the Engliſh nobility, and about three hundred armed men, at the ebb of the tide, raſhly croſſed over it. The Welſh from the mountains perceived this, and when the tide had re-

" ward their enſigns, overthrew all who oppoſed
" them, and involved *the Britons* in their own
" fires. When the battle was ended, they placed
" garriſons in the towns, and cut down the groves
" dedicated to the moſt horrid ſuperſtitions, for
" there they ſacrificed on their altars with the blood
" of their captives, and conſulted the gods by the
" inſpection of human entrails."

turned and cut off acceſs to the neareſt part, they ſuddenly ruſhed upon them, and aſſailed them ſo furiouſly that they were all, except Sir William Latimer, who, from the goodneſs of his horſe, got back again, either put to the ſword, or driven into the water and drowned. There periſhed in this encounter thirteen knights, ſeventeen young gentlemen, probably officers commanding in the army, and above two hundred ſoldiers.*

I left the Holyhead road at Moel y Don, and went about a mile to ſee the grounds of Lord Uxbridge at Plâs Newydd, in which I had been told there were ſome Druidical remains. Theſe I found, they are two Cromleche behind the houſe. The largeſt is about thirteen feet long, twelve broad, and the upper ſtone, which is in

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 372. Matt. Weſt. p. 370. who has miſtaken the Menai for the Conwy. Holinſhead's Chronicle, II. p. 281.

ſome

ſome parts about four feet in thickneſs, reſts upon five upright ſupporters.

The cromlech * ſeems to have been intended for nothing more than a ſepulchral monument, for under ſeveral of them in Cornwall and other parts of England, bones have been found buried. They appear to have been the originals of our preſent altar tombs, which are but a more diminutive and regular kind of cromlech.

That they ſhould ever have been uſed as altars in the Druidical ſacrifices, as moſt perſons have ſuppoſed, is impoſſible, for the upper ſtones were generally too ſmall,

* The word *Cromlech* is Britiſh, and ſignifies a ſtone that is of a flat or concave form, or that inclines or bends downwards. Mr. Rowlands, without any other apparent reaſon than to ſupport his hypotheſis of the cromlech being conſtructed for the Druidical ſacrifices, derives it from the Hebrew *Cærem luach*, a devoted ſtone or altar. See *Mona Antiqua Reſt.* p. 207.

and too lofty for a fire to be kindled on them ſufficient to conſume the victim without burning the officiating prieſt, not to mention the horrid rites with which the Druid ſacrifice was attended, and which there would not be room to perform in ſo perilous a ſtation. The upper ſtones of ſeveral of them were ſo thin that the intenſeneſs of the ſacrifical fire would have cracked and broken them.

Some have aſſerted that they were intended as places of worſhip; but there is juſt as little reaſon for this ſuppoſition as the former, for in many the ſpace beneath is ſo ſmall as ſcarcely to admit even a man to creep into them: and beſides this, many of them were erected on barrows or heaps of looſe ſtones—a very uneaſy ſituation for devotional offices.*

* See Borlaſe's Antiquities, p. 210, &c. where this ſubject, as well as every other part of Druidical antiquity, is treated at great length.

It

It has been attempted, and I think with ſome degree of ſucceſs, to prove, that by the application of the lever and inclined plane alone, without any other powers whatever, it is poſſible to raiſe and erect ſome of the largeſt ſtone monuments we have in this iſland. In order to do this, we may imagine that they choſe places where they found, or made where ſuch were not ready to their hands, ſmall mounts of firm and ſolid earth for an inclined plane, flatted and levelled at the top. Up the ſloping ſides of theſe they might, with great wooden levers upon fixed fulcrums, and with balances at the ends of them to receive into them proportionable weights, and with hands ſufficient to guide and manage the engine, by little and little, heave and roll up to the top the ſtones they intended to erect. Laying theſe down there, they might dig holes in that earth at the end of every ſtone intended for a column

or

or ſupporter, the depth of which holes was to be equal to the length of the ſtones; and then, which with their levers could eaſily be done, the ſtones might be raiſed on end and let ſlip into theſe holes. Theſe being now well cloſed about with earth, and their tops being made level with the top of the mount, the other, flat ſtones to place upon them, might now be rolled up in the ſame manner as the others, and it was only placing theſe incumbent flat ſtones on the tops of the ſupporters, properly poiſed and faſtened, and cutting away the earth from between them, almoſt to the bottom, and there would then appear what are called ſtonehenge, rolbrick, and the Britiſh cromlech; and where there was no incumbent ſtones, the upright columns and pillars, which we now ſee remaining in many parts of the kingdom. This is the eaſieſt and moſt natural method that can be imagined for the erection of

thoſe

thoſe ſtupendous monuments of antiquity, and it appears very probable that this was the method uſed by the Britiſh mechanics, who from their early communication with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, probably obtained their mechanical knowledge from theſe great maſters of ſcience.*

Beſides the two cromleche I have mentioned, I found nothing deſerving of particular notice either in the houſe or grounds at Plâs Newydd, except the ſituation, which is indeed beautiful. The houſe, an elegant building, ſtands upon the bank of the Menai, almoſt ſurrounded by woods, and commands an elegant pictureſque and extenſive proſpect of thoſe Britiſh alps, the mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

I left this place, and purſued my route along the great Iriſh road towards Holy-

* Rowland's Mona Antiq. Reſt. p. 95, 96.

head.

head. About five miles from Gwyndy I paſſed through a pretty little village, called Llangefui, romantically ſeated in a vale, with much wood about it.

I ſlept at Gwyndy, *the wine houſe*, an Inn ſtanding by itſelf at equal diſtances from Bangor and Holyhead. At this houſe I believe the beſt of accommodations may be had, but being frequented by all perſons going to or from Ireland, it is frequently ſo full of company as to be found unpleaſant to all parties. When I was here I was unlucky enough to be only juſt in time to ſecure the laſt ſpare bed, but being pretty well tired I was glad to be in poſſeſſion even of that, bad as it was. I can ſcarcely give an opinion, except on the authority of others, reſpecting this houſe, for when all were ſo extremely buſied I, a lone traveller, received, as I could have expected, but little attention.

In

In the morning I proceeded towards Holyhead,* diſtant about thirteen miles. This place, beſides Holyhead, is called Caer Gybi, *the fort of Gybi*, from it's having been the reſidence of Gybi, ſon of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall, and pupil of Hilarius, Biſhop of Poitiers. Being conſecrated a biſhop for his diſtinguiſhed zeal againſt the Arians, he ſettled here about the year 380, where he is ſaid to have founded a ſmall monaſtry.†

This town is ſituated in an iſland at the extreme point of Angleſea, but the dividing channel, except when the tide is in, is generally paſſable without boats. It has lately been rendered more populous from it's having been, for ſome years paſt, the place of chief reſort for paſſengers to and

* So called, ſays Holinſhed, from the number of holy men that were interred there. *See his Chronicle.*

† Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica.

from

from Ireland. The diſtance from hence to Dublin is about twenty leagues, which the packets generally make in twelve hours. They have been known to perform it in ſix, and in ſtormy weather they have on the contrary been kept at ſea for two or three days. The paſſage from Holyhead is much ſhorter, and always looked upon as far leſs dangerous than from either Liverpool or Parkgate.

The church yard is on a rock cloſe above the ſea; it is a quadrangle of about two hundred and ſeventy feet by a hundred and thirty. Three ſides are incloſed by ſtrong high walls, and the fourth nearly open to the ſea, having only a parapet, which is defended by ſteep rocks. It is aſſerted by ſome writers, that this church-yard was a place fortified about the year 450, by Caſwallon, law hîr, *Caſwallon the long handed*, ſon of Eneon Urdd, King of Cumberland, and Prince of North Wales. This prince had

had been ſent by his father to rid the country of Sirigi, a chieftain of the Iriſh Picts, who having a ſhort time before landed in Angleſea, and routed the inhabitants, was about to ſettle there. He was attacked at this place, near which he had ſecured his fleet, and the young and heroic prince ſlew him with his own hand, and routing his forces, drove them entirely out of the iſland.* Mr. Pennant † is of opinion, from the maſonry of the walls, that it claims a far higher antiquity than the above: he thinks it has been a Roman fort.

The church, which is dedicated to St. Gybi, is a handſome embattled edifice, built in the form of a croſs, and is ſuppoſed to have been once a college, but the name

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua Reſt. p. 147. Carte's Hiſtory of England, I. 187.

† Tour in Wales, II. 277.

of

of it's founder is not known.* It was founded before 1291, becauſe it is rated in the Lincoln taxation. The number of prebendaries is not known; there were at leaſt twelve, that number being mentioned in the Penſion Liſt in 1533. The revenues at the diſſolution were valued at twenty-four pounds.† This college was granted in the 7th of James I. to Francis Morris and Francis Phillips. It afterwards became the property of Rice Gwynne, Eſq. who, in 1648, beſtowed on Jeſus College, Oxford, the great tythes for the maintenance of two fellows and two ſcholars,‡ and ſince that time the pariſh has been ſerved by a curate nominated by the college.

* Mr. Pennant from the Hiſtory of Angleſea, p. 29. ſays "Maelgwyn Gwynedd, who began his "reign in 580, is ſaid to have founded a college "here."

† Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica.

‡ Tanner's Notitia.

Holinſhed

Holinſhed relates a circumſtance reſpecting Holyhead, which I have been able to find in no other author. His words are: "Herein I marvel not a little, wherein "*women* had offended that they might not "come thither, or at leaſt wiſe return "from thence, without ſome notable re-"proach or ſhame unto their bodies."* This was in the reign of William Rufus, when the Iriſh and Welſh had joined their forces againſt the Engliſh; but from whence Holinſhed had his authority, or what could be the reaſon why the women were ſo abuſed, I am equally ignorant.

Though Holyhead is much reſorted to by company to and from Ireland, it poſſeſſes very few attractions for the traveller on pleaſure. The iſland on which it ſtands, is ſeven or eight miles long, and in it's ſides ſtrangely indented. It is in general

* Holinſhed's Chronicle, I. 36.

mountainous and rocky, and inhabited by various ſpecies of ſea fowl that breed upon the ſteeps, which, towards the ſea, are in many places very high.

A number of croſs-roads, ſufficiently diſagreeable, brought me from Holyhead to Amlwch, *near the lake*,* a ſmall market town, about a mile from which is Mynydd Parys, *the Parys Mountain*, that inexhauſtible mine of copper, a mine of wealth to all concerned in it. It was on Saturday, the market day, when I got to Amlwch, and the inn was crowded with miners, who were come to receive their pay and purchaſe victuals for the week, ſo that it was with ſome difficulty I could get any thing to eat. This was not owing to any incivility of the perſons at the inn, but

* This loch or lake, from which the town takes it's name, was ſituated betwixt the church and the port; but being drained, it was converted into a corn field, in which capacity it yet remains.

merely

merely to their being ſo buſied; for I afterwards found the houſe much better than I expected in what I had ſuppoſed, but without foundation, ſo obſcure a place.

Amlwch is on the ſea coaſt, and is a ſmall place, where much buſineſs is done. It is chiefly ſupported by the copper mines, and is, I underſtand, in a great meaſure, inhabited by miners and other perſons, who have ſome concern in them. The church, dedicated to Elaeth, a ſaint of the Britiſh calendar, is a neat modern ſtructure. Not far from this place is the port, from whence the ore brought from the mines is tranſported to Liverpool and Swanſea. This, though ſmall, is extremely well adapted to the buſineſs of exportation. It is a chaſm between two rocks, running far into the land, and ſufficiently large to receive thirty veſſels of two hundred tons burthen each. This was firſt made at the expence of the copper companies, for the convenience of their ſhipping.

CHAP. XII.

FROM AMLWCH BY BEAUMARIS TO CAERNARVON.——COPPER MINES—LLANELIAN—SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOM—BEAUMARIS—CASTLE—BAY—LAVAN SANDS—LLANVAES—BATTLE—PENMON—WELL AND CROSS—PRIESTHOLME—PUFFINS—YNYS LIGOD.

THE diſtance from Amlwch to the Angleſea coppermines, is very little more than a mile, and I prevailed upon one of the miners, an intelligent man, who could ſpeak Engliſh, to walk with me there. Having aſcended to the ſummit of the mountain, I found myſelf ſtanding on the verge of a vaſt tremendous chaſm, which the miners call an *open caſt*. This I entered, and when at the bottom, the ſhagged arches and overhanging rocks, which ſeemed to threaten annihilation to any one who was daring enough to approach them,

fixed

fixed me almoſt motionleſs to the ſpot. The roofs of the work having in many parts fallen in, have left ſome of the rudeſt ſcenes imagination can paint, and the ſulphureous ſmell ariſing from the kilns in which the ore is roaſted, made it ſeem to me like the veſtibule to Tartarus.

Hac inter Elyſium nobis; at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartarus mittit.

Virg. Æn.

'Tis here in different paths the way divides,
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.

The mountain, owing to the ſulphureous fumes from the works, is ſo entirely deſtitute of every kind of vegetable production for above half a mile on every ſide, that there is not in that ſpace ſo much as

even a lichen to be found.* I was almoſt ſuffocated the whole time I was in the mines, and a day or two afterwards, when on my way to Beaumaris, the wind blowing over the mountain, I found the fumes extremely diſagreeable at the diſtance of at leaſt a mile from the works, ſo powerful is this poiſonous vapour. I was much ſurprized to ſee the miners appear ſo healthful as they do. Their complexions are in general ſomewhat ſallow, but certainly leſs ſo than I could have ſuppoſed it poſſible, conſidering the kind of employment they are engaged in for near twelve hours every day.

* Since this account was written, I have been informed, that the proprietors and agents of the mines have made vaſt and expenſive improvements in agriculture in this neighbourhood, and that they entertain hopes that they can ſtill cultivate the mountain.

Here

Here are two mines which join upon each other. Of theſe Lord Uxbridge is poſſeſſed of one half, and the other is betwixt the Reverend Edward Hughes of Kinmael, near St. Aſaph, and Thomas Williams, Eſq. of Llanedan, the member for Great Marlow in Buckinghamſhire. The latter proprietor holds his ſhare upon leaſe from Lord Uxbridge, which expiring ſoon, Mr. Hughes and his Lordſhip will then become the ſole proprietors.

There have been various conjectures as to the etymology of Mynydd Parys, *the Parys mountain.* Some ſay that it was antiently called Mynydd Pres, the braſs mountain, others Mynydd Parhous, *the durable or inexhauſtible mountain*; and again, others that it had it's name from Judge Paris, who married a female of the family of Penrhyn in Caernarvonſhire. An intelligent friend of mine, an inhabitant of the neighbourhood, ſeems to think, that

as it is yet called Mynydd Tryſglwyn, *the woody mountain*, the word *Parys*, ſynonymous with *Trysglwyn*, may have been alſo uſed, and that it received it's name from the circumſtance of it's being formerly covered with furze and underwood. In confirmation of this opinion, he informs me that there are perſons now living who can remember it's being thus covered: they ſay, the wood was firſt deſtroyed by being cut down to roaſt the ore with, and that from the fumes, it has, ſince that time, never been able to get up again.

It is generally believed that the Romans got copper ore from this mountain; for there are yet left what are thought to be veſtiges of their operations, and very antient ſtone utenſils have at different times been found here.

From the time of the Romans till the year 1764, theſe mines ſeem to have been entirely neglected. Copper had about two

years

years before this period been found here, and Meſſrs. Roe and Co. of Macclesfield, had, with a mine in Caernarvonſhire, a leaſe of part of the Parys mountain from Sir Nicholas Bayley, the father of the preſent Lord Uxbridge, which expired about nine years ago. They for a long time ſpent much money in making levels to drain off the water, and were about to give up any further attempts, but their agent was determined to make one final experiment in another part of the mountain. This ſucceeded, for in leſs than two days, ore of almoſt pure copper was met with not two yards from the ſurface, which proved to be that vaſt bed which has ſince been worked to ſuch advantage. The day that this diſcovery was made was the 2d of March, 1768; it has been ever ſince obſerved as a feſtival by the miners. The Rev. Edward Hughes, who was the owner of another part, in conſequence of this ſucceſs,

ceſs, began a like adventure, which has alſo ſucceeded beyond the moſt ſanguine expectations of the time.

The bed of ore, which is of unknown extent, is in ſome places twenty-four yards in thickneſs, and the proprietors are ſaid to raiſe annually from ſix to ſeven thouſand tons of merchantable ore. This is worth from three to ſix pounds a ton, and an idea of the wealth of theſe mines may be formed, when it is known, that the Macclesfield Company have had fourteen thouſand, and Mr. Hughes thirty thouſand tons upon the bank at the ſame time.* The number of hands employed are upwards of a thouſand.

The ore is got from the mine partly by picking and partly by blaſting, after which it is broken with hammers into ſmall pieces by women and children armed with iron

* Pennant's Tour, II. 266, 267, 268.

gloves.

gloves. It is then piled in kilns of great length, and about ſix feet high, and ſet on fire in different places to undergo the proceſs of roaſting; for as the ore in it's natural ſtate contains a great quantity of ſulphur, it is neceſſary that this ſhould be ſeparated from it by roaſting, before it can be fluxed into copper. The ſulphur ſublimes to the top of the kiln, from whence it is conveyed by a flue connected with it to the ſulphur chamber, a place built to receive it, where it condenſes, and becomes the flowers of ſulphur of the ſhops. It is afterwards taken from hence, melted in large copper pans, and caſt in moulds for ſale.

After the ore has been thus roaſted, which is rather a tedious operation, taking from three to ten months, according to the quantity in the furnaces, which is generally from three hundred to a thouſand tons, it is taken to the ſlacking pits, places conſtructed of ſtone, about ſix yards long,

five

five wide, and two feet deep, to be waſhed, and made merchantable. The pooreſt of this, that is, ſuch as contains from 1½ to 2 per cent. of metal, is then conveyed to the ſmelting houſes at Amlwch-Port; the reſt is ſent to the company's furnaces at Swanſea and Stanley, near Liverpool. By the proceſſes of roaſting and waſhing, though the ore is much reduced in quantity, it is conſiderably improved in quality; and the water is ſo richly impregnated with copper, which is diſſolved by the acid quality of the ſulphur, that by means of old iron immerſed in it, according to the German method, it produces ſuch great quantities of fine copper, that the proprietors have obtained in one year upwards of a hundred tons of the copper precipitated from the water. Were this water afterwards evaporated, it would yield green vitriol at nearly the rate of two hundred tons of vitriol for each hundred tons of iron, which,

at

at three pounds per ton, might produce very good profit to the undertakers, if any ſhould ſettle ſuch a manufacture there.*

Beſides this, the proprietors have another artificial method of producing copper, this is by placing great quantities of iron of any kind whatever, either new or old, though for the ſake of convenience they generally procure new plates, caſt for the purpoſe, in rectangular pits, ſimilar to thoſe uſed in the above proceſs; they are about thirty feet long, twelve broad, and two deep, through which they turn the water that is drawn from the beds of copper, which is highly impregnated with the metal. The

* Mr. Aikin, in his Journal of a tour through North Wales, p. 140, which I have lately ſeen, ſays, that there are here works for making green vitriol and alum in ſmall quantities, the property of a ſeparate company, but to theſe ſtrangers are not admitted. Before this work came into my hands I had not heard of them.

iron

iron becomes diſſolved by the acid, and is ſuſpended in the water whilſt the copper is precipitated; care is taken to turn the iron every day in order to ſhake off the incruſtation of copper formed upon it, and this is continued till the iron is perfectly diſſolved. The workmen then drain off the water, and rake together the ore in the form of mud, which, when it is become, by drying, of the conſiſtency of a ſoftiſh paſte, they bake in ovens conſtructed for the purpoſe, and export it, with the other ore, to Liverpool or Swanſea. One ton of iron immerſed in this manner, produces near two tons of copper mud, each of which, when melted, will produce ſixteen hundred weight of copper; this ſells at a conſiderably higher price than the copper which is fluxed from the ore.

This method of obtaining copper by means of iron, has been long practiſed in Germany, but has only been known amongſt

us

us of late years; and the firſt finding of it out was owing entirely to accident. From the copper mines at Arklow, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, a great quantity of water iſſues, which is ſtrongly ſaturated with the vitriol of copper. One of the workmen having accidently left an iron ſhovel in this water, he found it ſome weeks after, but ſo incruſted that it was thought to be changed into copper. The proprietors of the mines in purſuance of this hint, made proper pits and receptacles for the water, and have obtained, by means of iron bars put into them, ſuch quantities of copper, that theſe ſtreams are now become of as much conſequence as the mines themſelves.

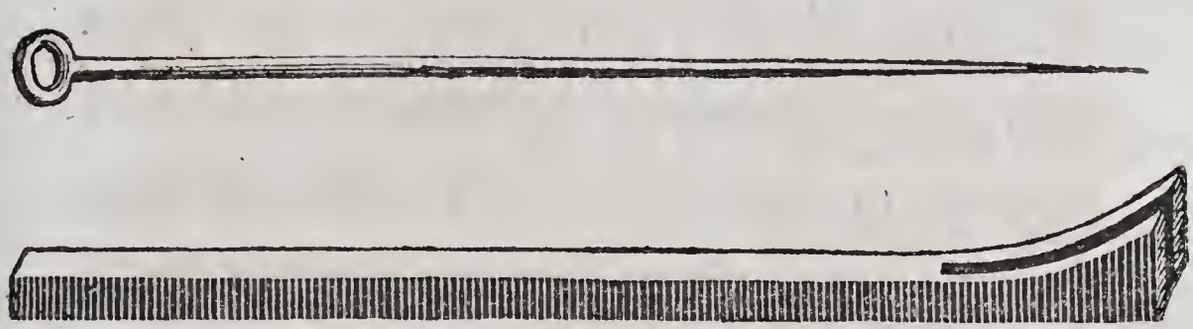
The ſides of the dreadful hollow from whence the ore is taken, are nearly all perpendicular, but in one place was ſufficiently ſloping to permit my walking to the bottom, a depth of about fifty yards. Along the

the edges, and in general hung by ropes over the precipices, are ſtages with windlaſſes or *whimſies*, as they here term them, from which the men who work upon the ſides, are lowered by cords. Here, ſuſpended in mid air, they pick a ſmall place for a footing, cut out the ore in vaſt maſſes, and tumble it with a thundering craſh to the bottom. In theſe ſeemingly precarious ſituations, they make caverns in which they work for a certain time, till the rope is lowered to take them up again. Much of the ore is blaſted by gunpowder, eight tons of which, Mr. Pennant ſays, are annually uſed for that purpoſe.

This proceſs of blaſting muſt frequently be attended with danger, as the men have been known to be ſo careleſs as not to be ſufficiently diſtant when the exploſion has taken place. The manner in which it was done was quite novel to me. They bore a hole in that part of the rock they wiſh to

blaſt,

blaſt, about the width of a very wide gun barrel, and of depth in proportion to the quantity to be thrown up. At the bottom of this they lodge their gunpowder, and then taking an iron rod, made about two feet in length, and tapered quite to a point, they place it in the hole, and fill it up on all ſides with ſtones, clay, &c. ramming it hard down with an iron, projecting at the bottom, as thus:



in which is made a nick, that it may paſs freely round the rod. When it is filled up, and well hammered down, the rod is taken out, and a ſtraw filled with gunpowder, ſubſtituted in it's place. A match is then lighted and put to it with, as they expreſs it, as much time in it as to permit

them to get away, that is, of length ſufficient before it burns through and lights the powder, to ſuffer them to eſcape out of the danger attendant upon the exploſion.

Several of the ſhafts which have been formed for taking off the water, are driven very deep: one that I ſaw, was upwards of a hundred and ſixty feet below the open bottom of the mine. I got the miner who attended me to fix a candle on the edge of one of the buckets by which they draw the water up, and it was really curious to watch it in it's dark and confined deſcent, till it became a mere ſpeck of light, and then immerſing in the water was loſt.

Since the firſt forming of theſe mines, they have been the graves of many unfortunate perſons, either from the roofs falling in, the ſtages giving way, or the ropes breaking. But a few weeks before I was there,

there, three men were all killed at once by the breaking of a rope.

I was informed that thoſe miners who worked by the day, received upon an average no more than fourteen pence. Others, who work, by what they term the *bargain*, are paid a certain ſum per ton for getting the ore. The mine companies ſeem to take great care in providing for all that have any concern whatever in the works, for beſides ſupporting the poor by their own voluntary donations, which are now betwixt ſeven and eight hundred pounds a year, they prevent a great number of the infants, of the aged and infirm, from applying for relief, by giving them light and eaſy employment, and this is an average expence of three hundred pounds a year at leaſt, beſides ſurgeons and apothecaries bills, which are ſeldom leſs than ſeven or eight hundred a year.

The mines have increaſed the value of lands of the pariſh from about £1400. to £5000. a year and upwards; the number of houſes from two hundred to a thouſand and upwards, and the population from about nine hundred to ſeven or eight thouſand.*

About two miles eaſt of Amlwch, and not far from the coaſt, is the village of Llanelian. The church is of very antient foundation, being originally founded about the year 540 by Elian Cannaid, the Britiſh Hilary, to whom Caſwallon law-hîr had given many lands and franchiſes about this place, which I underſtand are held in his name by the freeholders of them to this day.† It is rather a handſome building, and contains portraits of St. Elian

* Letter to the Biſhop of Bangor, Appendix, p. 57.

† Rowland's Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata, p. 156, 183.

and

and the Apoſtles. Adjoining to the church is a chapel, in one of whoſe walls is a polygonal cloſet of wood, having at the back of it another which could be entered from another part. From this the villagers relate, that, in the times of Popiſh ſuperſtition, the prieſts returned oracular anſwers to thoſe enquiring. The front cloſet, which is called St. Elian's cheſt, uſed to contain the offerings that were made to him, but is now employed for other purpoſes by the ſuperſtitious of the country. Perſons of both ſexes, of all ages, and ſizes, are to enter the ſmall door way, and if they can ſucceed in turning themſelves round within the narrow limits of the place, which meaſures only betwixt three and four feet in height, about four feet acroſs the back, and eighteen inches wide, they believe that they ſhall live for at leaſt twelve months afterwards; but if they do not ſucceed in this difficult undertaking, they give themſelves

up as loſt: for it is, they ſay, a certain omen that they muſt die within the year. I have been told, that it is curious to ſee a ſtout luſty fellow, weighing ſixteen or eighteen ſtone, ſtriving to get into theſe narrow confines, with as much confidence of ſucceeding as a ſtripling a yard high. And when he fails in his attempt, to ſee him, contrary to all reaſon, fretting becauſe his body, which contains in ſolid bulk more than the place could hold, were it crammed into all corners, cannot be got in. But when we conſider, that ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm have generally ſo little to do with reaſon, we muſt not wonder that this ſhould add to the heap of incongruities that have already been given to us.

Llan Elian was formerly a ſanctuary or place of refuge, confirmed by a charter from Caſwallon law-hîr. Of this charter there are copies yet in exiſtence.*

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua, p. 147.

In

In digging a grave in the church-yard, about four or five years ago, in a part which had not for ſome ages been uſed for interment, a deep trench was diſcovered, running for about twenty yards tranſverſely acroſs, which was found filled with human bones. It is ſuppoſed to have been the place of interment after ſome ſevere battle.

The diſtance betwixt Amlwch and Beaumaris is ſaid to be ſixteen miles; of this, from experience, I can ſay nothing; for I was under the neceſſity of going ſome miles round, as it happened to be high water, and the road acroſs the ſands at Dulas Bay was quite overflowed.

The entrance into Beaumaris is very pretty; the bay and the caſtle, with Penmaen mawr and the Orme's head at a diſtance, cloſe up the end of the road, which lies down a ſteep hill, and is pleaſingly ſhaded on each ſide with trees.

The town is finely ſituated on the weſtern Bank of the Menai, juſt where it opens into an extenſive bay. It is in general neat and well built, but one ſtreet is very good. Near it is Baron Hill, the charming ſeat of Lord Bulkeley.

The caſtle, which ſtands in the grounds of Lord Bulkeley, is quite cloſe to the town, and covers a conſiderable ſpace of ground, but from it's lowneſs, it fails in exciting particular attention. It has conſiſted of an outer ballcuin or envelope, ſurrounded with a broad ditch, flanked by ſeveral round towers, and had, on the eaſt ſide, an advanced work, called the Gunner's walk. Within theſe was the body of the caſtle, which is nearly ſquare, having a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. The area is an irregular octagon, about fifty-ſeven yards from north to ſouth, and ſixty from eaſt to weſt, and in the middle of the north

ſide

ſide is the hall, twenty yards long and twelve broad. The porter's lodge is a Bridewell.*

There has been a communication round the buildings of the inner court by a gallery two yards broad, which is yet in a great meaſure entire. In receſſes in different parts of the ſides of this are ſquare holes, which ſeem to have had trap doors opening into a kind of dungeon beneath. The uſe of which, unleſs for ſecuring priſoners, I have not been able to learn. They muſt have been deſcended by ladders, as there are no remains of ſteps in any of them. The two eaſtern towers ſerved alſo as dungeons, and the deſcent to them was dark and narrow, as were the galleries around them.

On the eaſt ſide of the building are the remains of a very ſmall chapel, arched and ribbed with pointing and interſecting arches.

* Groſe's Antiquities of England and Wales.

Between

Between each of the Gothic pilaſters is a narrow window, and behind ſome of them are ſmall cloſets gained out of the thickneſs of the wall.

The caſtle was built by Edward I. about the year 1295, ſometime after he had founded thoſe of Caernarvon and Conwy, in order to ſecure more firmly his poſſeſſions in this iſland. He at the ſame time changed the name of the town from Bonover, as it was then called, to Beaumaris, a name derived from the French, indicative of it's pleaſant ſituation in a low ground.* From this, and it's being near the bay, he had an opportunity of forming a great foſs round it, and of filling it with water from the ſea. He alſo cut a canal in order to permit veſſels to diſcharge their lading beneath the walls; and even ſo lately as within this century, iron rings

* Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 294. Stow's Annals, p. 110.

remained

remained affixed to them, which had been made for the purpoſe of mooring ſhips or boats.*

Sir William Pickmore, a Gaſcon knight, was appointed by Edward I. the firſt governor.†

It was given by Henry IV. very ſoon after he had obtained the crown, to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, for life, in reward no doubt for the ſervices he had done him in the reign of his predeceſſor, Richard II.‡

A manuſcript in the Harleian collection,§ records that Richard III. in the firſt year of his reign, granted to Sir Richard Huddleſtone, Knight, the conſtableſhip and captainſhip of the caſtle and town of

* Pennant's Tour, II. 243. † Ibid. 244.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, I. 278.

§ Marked N°. 433; it is quoted in Groſe's Antiquities.

Beaumaris. According to another manuſcript which deſcribes it, the ſalary of the conſtable was forty pounds. Twenty-four ſoldiers were allowed for the defence of it and the town, at fourpence a day each. They were commanded by a captain, whoſe annual pay was £12. 13s. 4d. and the porter was paid £9. 2s. 6d. per annum.

This caſtle was extremely burthenſome to the country, on account of the frequent quarrels which took place betwixt the garriſon and the people of the country.

From the time of Sir Rowland Villeville, alias Brittayne, the reputed baſe ſon of Henry VII. and conſtable of the caſtle, the garriſon was withdrawn till 1642, when Thomas Cheadle, deputy to the Earl of Dorſet, then conſtable, put into it men and ammunition. In 1643 Thomas Bulkeley, Eſq. ſoon afterwards created Lord Bulkeley, ſucceeded: his ſon, Colonel Richard Bulkeley, and ſeveral gentlemen, held

held it for the king till 1646, when it was ſurrendered to General Mytton, who was immediately made governor, upon honourable terms. It is now the property of the crown.*

In 1653 the annual expence of the garriſon was ſeven hundred and three pounds, and in 1696 the garriſon conſiſted of a governor, who, beſides his pay as captain, had 2*s*. a day: a gunner, who had 1*s*. 8*d*. a mattroſs (a ſoldier who aſſiſted the gunner) who had 10*d*. a company of foot, conſiſting of a captain, at 8*s*. a lieutenant at 4*s*. two ſerjeants at 1*s*. 6*d*. each; two corporals at 1*s*. each, and one drummer and eighty ſoldiers at 8*d*. each per day, with an allowance of a ſhilling a day for fire and candle for the guard.†

* Whitelock's Memorials, p. 213. Pennant's Tour, II. 244.

† Groſe's Antiquities.

When

When Edward I. built the town, he ſurrounded it with walls, and made it a corporation, endowing it with great privileges, and lands to a conſiderable value. It ſends one member to Parliament.*

The bay of Beaumaris forms a fine opening before the town, and ſhips, it is ſaid, lie ſecure in it, even in ſtormy weather. The water is, under the town, ſix or ſeven fathom deep when the tide is out; but this deep channel ſcarcely extends more than a quarter of a mile in width; the other three miles, to the village of Aber, being one continued bed of ſand, called the Lavan Sands. Theſe, the Welſh people ſuppoſe, were antiently quite free from water, and formed a habitable part of Caernarvonſhire; which ſeems by no means improbable, ſince Mr. Pennant † has brought ſuch decided proof of the incroachment of the ſea at Aber-

* Pennant, II. 245. † Ibid. 335.

geley,

geley, a village near the coaſt, on the other ſide of Orme's Head, about eighteen miles diſtant. He gives us an epitaph in the church-yard, of which this is a tranſlation: "In this church-yard lies a man who "lived three miles to the north of it." But as a more certain evidence, he had obſerved, at low water, far from the clayey banks, a long tract of hard loam, filled with the bodies of oak trees tolerably entire, but ſo ſoft as to be cut with a knife as eaſily as wax.

About a mile from Beaumaris, near the ſeat of Sir Robert Williams, Bart. and not far from the ſhore, ſtands the poor remains of the houſe of Franciſcan Friars, founded by Llewelyn ap Jorweth, Prince of North Wales, ſometime before 1240, called Llanvaes, or the Friars. There is now ſo little of it left, that it forms only part of the walls of a barn. The church was dedicated to St. Francis. Here were interred

terred Joan, a natural daughter of King John, the wife of Llewelyn, a ſon of one of the kings of Denmark, Lord Clifford, and many barons and knights who were ſlain in the Welſh wars.*

The church, and other buildings, were deſtroyed ſoon after the death of Llewelyn, in an inſurrection, headed by his relation, Madoc. It was afterwards reſtored, and again almoſt ruined by Henry IV. on account of the Friars having eſpouſed the cauſe of Owen Glyndwr, who had riſen againſt him. His ſon, Henry V. relieved it, and eſtabliſhed a proviſion for eight

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 293. Stow's Annals, p. 167. Leland's Collectanea de Rebus Britannicus, I. 53. An inſtrument in Rymer's Fœdera, vol. IV. part. II. p. 83. has the following:

" Pro fratribus minorum de Llanvayſii in inſula " noſtra de Angleſye——Conſiderantes quod in " eadem domo corpus tam *filiæ regis Johannis pro-* " *genitoris noſtri* quam *filii regis Daciæ necnon corpora* " *domini de Clyfort*, &c. *ſepulta exiſtunt*."

Friars,

Friars, but on the condition that only two of them ſhould be Welſhmen.*

At the diſſolution, Henry VIII. ſold the convent and it's poſſeſſions to one of his courtiers. They afterwards became the property of a family of the name of White, (now extinct) who built here a good Manſion. It is at preſent the property of Lord Bulkeley. The ſtone coffin of the Princeſs Joan now ſerves as a watering trough for horſes.†

Near this place, in the year 819, a ſevere battle was fought betwixt the Welſh and the Saxons under their leader Egbert, who had invaded the iſland, and given it then, for the firſt time, the name of Angleſea. The Saxons ſeem to have proved victorious; but they were ſoon afterwards diſpoſſeſſed of it by Merfyn Frych, the

* Tanner's Notitia. Pennant, II. 248, who quotes the Sebright MSS.

† Pennant, II. 247.

Welſh prince, who after ſome bloody contentions entirely cleared his country of thoſe invaders.*

Two miles north of Friars is the priory of Penmon, which conſiſts at preſent of very little more than the ruinous refectory and part of the church. This was a priory of Benedictine monks, dedicated to St. Mary, and endowed, if not founded, by Prince Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, before the year 1221. In the 26th of Henry VIII. the revenues were valued at £47. 15*s.* 3*d.* in the whole, and £40. 17*s.* 9*d.* clear.†

Near Penmon is a well, ſurrounded with a wall, and ſtone ſeats, having two doors

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua, p. 172.

† Tanner's Notitia. It was beſides Penmon, called Glannach, St. Syriol, Præſtol, and Prieſtholme; in the latter names it ſeems to have been confounded with the neighbouring iſland, called Prieſtholme, where the priory is ſuppoſed to have had poſſeſſions. The Welſh now frequently call Penmon, *Llenach.*

or

or entrances. On the wall are initials, ſuppoſed to be thoſe of ſome one of the Bulkeley family and his lady, who either built or repaired it. And in the park of Sir Robert Williams, about a quarter of a mile diſtant, is an antient croſs about ſix feet in height, the ſhaft of which is curiouſly ornamented with checquered work, very neatly executed. The upper part of it has been broken off. Theſe, no doubt, belonged formerly to the monaſtry.

Not quite a mile from the ſhore is Ynys Seiriol, *Seiriol's Iſland*,* called now Prieſtholme. It is ſuppoſed to have been once an appurtenant to the monaſtry, and there are yet left in it the remains of a ſquare tower. The Welſh have yet a tradition extant, that when the Lavan Sands was

* Seiriol was the ſon of Owen Danwyn, the ſon of Eneon Urdd, who choſe this place as a religious retreat. He is ſuppoſed to have built a chapel here about the year 630. See *Rowland*'s Mona Antiqua, p. 183.

habitable, and formed part of Caernarvonſhire, they had a bridge acroſs the channel, by which they had a communication with that country. And they yet pretend to ſhew the remains of an antient cauſeway, which, they ſay, was made from this iſland to the foot of Penmaen bach, near Conwy, for the convenience of perſons who uſed to viſit this place, held in former times in moſt ſuperſtitious veneration.*

Prieſtholme, from the beginning of April to the beginning of Auguſt, is inhabited by immenſe numbers of different kinds of ſea fowl, but in particular by that rare ſpecies, called Puffin Auk, the *Alca Arctica* of Linnæus. Theſe are birds of paſſage, and annually reſort hither to breed, and one part of the iſland appears at times to be almoſt covered with them. They form burrows in the ground, and lay in them one white egg, which is generally hatched in the beginning of July. They are ſo

* Gough's Camden, III. 697.

affectionate

affectionate to their young, that if they are laid hold of by the wings they will give themſelves the moſt cruel bites on any part of their body that they can reach, as if actuated by deſpair; and when releaſed, inſtead of flying away, they will often hurry again into their burrows. The noiſe they make when caught is horrible, and not unlike the efforts of a dumb man to ſpeak. The time of their remigration is about the eleventh of Auguſt. Their food is ſprats or ſea weeds, which makes them exceſſively rank, but the young, when pickled and preſerved by ſpices, are by ſome people much admired. They do not breed till their third year, and they are ſaid to change their bills annually. The channel betwixt Prieſtholme and Angleſea is celebrated for producing ſeveral very uncommon ſpecies of fiſh.*

There

* This account of the Puffin I have extracted from Mr. Pennant: his knowledge of Britiſh zoo-

There are to the weſt of Prieſtholme three iſlands, each called Ynys Lygod, *the Mouſe Iſland*; and it appears to me that Giraldus Cambrenſis * has miſtaken the name of this, when in calling it Ynys Lygod, and ſaying, that in antient times when poſſeſſed by Recluſes, who had left the world to enjoy here religious ſolitude, whenever the inhabitants quarrelled with each other, they were immediately plagued with ſwarms of mice, which always quitted them as ſoon as they had laid aſide their animoſities.

logy is well known, and the authenticity of his information from the Rev. Mr. Davies of Aber, who formerly reſided at Beaumaris, no one can doubt. I thought it too curious and intereſting a ſubject to be paſſed over in ſilence, and my information could not have been drawn from a more authentic ſource.

* Itin. Camb. Auct. Sylv. Gir. Cambr. Lib. II, c. 6. p. 868.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

FROM CAERNARVON BY CAPEL CURIG TO LLANRWST.—LLANDDINIOLEN—ANTIENT FORT—LORD PENRHYN's SLATE QUARRIES—NANT FRANGON—RUDE LANDSCAPE—FALLING OF A ROCK—Y TRIVAEN—LLYN OGWEN—CAPEL CURIG—VALE—NEW INN—DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE—FEUDS—VILLAGE—PONT Y PAIR—WATERFALL ON THE LLUGWY—VALE OF LLANRWST—GWYDIR WOODS—NEW ROAD.

THE Gentleman who had accompanied me in moſt of my rambles amongſt the mountains of Caernarvonſhire, went with me in my excurſion to Llanrwſt, a town in Denbighſhire, by the neareſt way, about thirty miles from Caernarvon. He propoſed that we ſhould go on a track that lies through the mountains, rather than take the uſual road by Bangor and Conwy, which would have been much

more circuitous. We therefore proceeded to the village of Llanddiniolen; about half a mile ſouth-eaſt of which, my companion pointed out to me, upon a conſiderable eminence, the remains of an antient encampment, called Dinas Dinorddwig. Here is a large area, which has been ſurrounded by a double ditch and ramparts, but the other remains are very inconſiderable.

We paſſed ſome very extenſive ſlate quarries in the mountains, belonging to Lord Penrhyn, and entered the romantic vale of Nant Frangon,* or the beaver's hollow. This tremendous glen is deſtitute of wood, and even of cultivation, except the narrow ſlip of meadow which lays along it's bottom. The ſides, which are truly,

Huge hills, that heap'd in crowded order ſtand,

* Properly Nant yr Afangcwn. Beaver's have been ſeen here within the memory of man. See *Owen's Dictionary*. For the account of their having been formerly common in this country, ſee Llyn yr Afange near Llanydloes, in vol. II.

ſuf-

ſufficiently repay their want of verdure, by the pleaſing and fantaſtic appearance of the rocks which compoſe them. Theſe riſe abruptly from their baſe, and ſtretch their barren points into the clouds, unvaried with ſhrubs, and uncheered by the cottager's hut.

In the year 1685, part of a rock of one of the impending cliffs became ſo undermined by ſtorms and rain, that looſing it's hold, it fell down in ſeveral pieces, and in it's paſſage down a ſteep and craggy cliff, diſlodged ſome thouſands of other ſtones, of which many were intercepted in their progreſs into the valley; but as much forced it's way as entirely ruined a ſmall piece of meadow ground at the bottom, and ſeveral pieces were thrown at leaſt two hundred yards aſunder. In this accident, one great ſtone, the biggeſt remaining piece of the broken rock, made a trench in it's deſcent as large as the mountain ſtreams uſually run in,

and

and when it came down to the plain, it continued it's paſſage through a ſmall meadow and acroſs the river Ogwen, which runs down the vale, and lodged itſelf on the other ſide of it. It appears very probable, that moſt of thoſe vaſt ſtones that are found lying in the mountainous vallies, have been thrown there by accidents, ſimilar to this.

The upper end of Nant Frangon is guarded on each ſide by a huge conical mountain. As I croſſed the top of the vale, I was delighted with a very beautiful and unexpected view for nearly the whole length of it, where the mountains down each ſide, appeared for a great diſtance falling off in fine perſpective.

Y Trivaen,* the mountain on the right, at the head of the vale, received it's name from three tall ſtones ſtanding in an up-

* Y Tri Vaen, the three ſtones or pillars.

right

right poſition on it's ſummit, which from below, had the exact reſemblance of three men. Of theſe there are only two at preſent, the third having ſometime ago tumbled down. Theſe ſtones were not viſible to us till we had paſſed the vale; but from the road near Llyn Ogwen, we could ſee them very plainly. The two remaining ones have certainly ſo much the appearance of human figures, that I am not at all ſurprized, that many travellers, who have not conſidered the vaſt height of the mountain, have been deceived in fancying them Welſh touriſts attended by a guide, who was pointing out to them the curioſities of the country around. I was credibly informed that one gentleman ſtopped his horſe near half an hour to watch their motions, but not perceiving them to move off, he at laſt rode on to Capel Curig, where he mentioned the circumſtance and was undeceived. The rock ſeemed to be altogether

gether compoſed of large, but apparently looſe ſtones, of all forms, and croſſing each other in all directions. We examined it from below with a pretty good glaſs, and fancied we could perceive the third fallen gentleman laying acroſs a deep chaſm, a little to the left of the other two.

The compoſition of this rock appears very much to reſemble that of it's neighbouring one, called Glyder bach.*

Near Llyn Ogwen, a pretty large pool, well ſtocked with trout, and ſeveral other kinds of fiſh, the country began to change it's rough aſpect, and to aſſume a character leſs mountainous, which it retained till within a mile or two of Capel Curig,† when

* See this mountain deſcribed in my excurſion to Llanberis, vol. I. p. 203, 204, &c.

† The chapel of Curig, a Britiſh ſaint. The following is a tranſlation from a little Welſh poem, and

when it reſumed it's former aſpect. This little village, which ſeemed to conſiſt of little more than the public houſe and church, did not come into ſight till we had got within about half a mile of the place.

The vale of Capel Curig, which is bounded by the Britiſh Alps, Snowdon and his ſurrounding mountains, affords one of the moſt pictureſque landſcapes in the whole country.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain;
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again:
Not chaos like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmonioufly confus'd.

In this vale there is that variety, both of wood and water, which moſt of the other

and is the only place in which I find him mentioned:

" A certain Friar to increaſe his ſtore,
" Beneath his cloak, *grey Curig's* image bore;
" And to protect good folks from nightly harm,
" Another ſells St. Seiriol as a charm."

A Letter of Lewis Morris, in Camb. Reg. II. 492.

Welſh

Welſh vales are ſo much in want of, to add to their pictureſque effect. Here are two pretty large pools, near one of which Lord Penrhyn is now building a ſmall, but comfortable inn, from a deſign of his agent, Mr. Wyatt: and I cannot ſufficiently admire the taſte of this gentleman, in drawing the traveller out of the road, that he may, the more at eaſe enjoy the many beauties of the vale; for it is ſituated in a part of the vale, ſomewhat out of the uſual road, but certainly where every thing around may be ſeen to the greateſt advantage. I know not how far he will have the thanks of travellers on buſineſs, whoſe feelings are frequently callous to all the beauties of nature, and whoſe ſouls very commonly dote only on their gains. How theſe will like to be taken a mile out of their way, in order to be forced to enjoy what they never can, I do not know? But I doubt not, that every man of taſte

will

will feel himſelf highly indebted to Lord Penrhyn for his truly patriotic exertions in this part of the country, and to Mr. Wyatt's good judgment for an undertaking ſo agreeable and ſo uſeful as the preſent.

The preſent public houſe is ſomewhat ſimilar, in point of accommodations, to thoſe at Llanberis. We got here ſome eggs, bacon, and dreadfully bad new ale. They told us they had ſome dried goat, but though the houſe was rather famous for this ſpecies of food, we declined having any. The kids are frequently killed young, when they are ſaid to eat ſomewhat like lamb; but I underſtand the fleſh of the old goats is not eatable, unleſs when ſalted and dried, and even then it is ſo ſtrong that it requires a ſtout ſtomach to digeſt it.

After we had ended our repaſt, we ſet out again on our journey, and having gone about two miles, we left the road, and

went

went to the right for near three miles further to ſee Dolwyddelan Caſtle, an old Britiſh place of defence. It's mountainous ſituation rendered it difficult to find, and it was not till after numerous enquiries that we were put into the track that led us immediately up to it.

This Caſtle ſtands on a rocky ſteep, nearly perpendicular on one ſide, and in a vale entirely cloſed in by mountains. The name ſeems to have been originally Dôl Gwydd Elen*, *the meadow of Helen's wood*; there having been an antient military way which paſſed through the country, not far from hence, towards the ſea-coaſt of Merionethſhire, called Sarn Helen, or Helen's way, ſuppoſed to have been originally made by Helen, the daughter of

* It may, though with leſs probability, have been Dôl Gwydd Elain, the meadow of the wood of the doe.

Octavius, Duke of Cornwall, and wife of the Emperor Maximus.*

The Caſtle has been but ſmall, occupying the entire ſummit of the mount on which it was built. It has conſiſted of two ſquare towers, each three ſtories high, having one room on a ſtory, and a court yard which was betwixt them. The largeſt of theſe towers is, in the inſide only, twenty-ſeven feet in length, and eighteen in width, and the walls are about ſix feet thick. The walls of the court are entirely deſtroyed, and of one of the other buildings only a very ſmall part is left.

Who was the founder of this Caſtle, or what purpoſe it was originally intended to anſwer, we have not at this time any documents left to inform us. Moſt proba-

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua, 165. Camden ſuppoſes this Helen to have been the mother of Conſtantine the Great. See Camden's Britannia.

bly, when the feudal ſyſtem prevailed in Wales, and petty chieftains were engaged in perpetual wars with each other, Dolwyddelan Caſtle, and others ſimilar to it, may have been built by ſome of them as places to which they might retreat, where they could reſide in ſecurity, attended by their vaſſals and adherents in caſe they ſhould be neceſſitated by ſuperior force to quit the plains and more cultivated parts. Theſe caſtles would alſo, at the ſame time, anſwer the purpoſe of guarding the paſſes and defiles amongſt the mountains.

Mr. Rowlands ſuppoſes * that this, as well as Dolbadarn Caſtle in the vale of Llanberis, was built ſo early as the time of Maelgwn Gwynedd, in the ſixth century. What the reaſons for his conjecture could be I cannot tell, as I have been able to meet with nothing upon the ſubject in

* Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata, 149.

any

any other author which has led me ſo far back.

Jorwerth Drwndwn, or *Edward with the broken noſe*, the eldeſt ſon of Owen Gwynedd, made this Caſtle the place of his reſidence for many years. On the death of his father this prince claimed the crown of Wales his hereditary right, but was unanimouſly rejected, and only on account of the blemiſh in his face, ſo whimſical and indeciſive was, at that time, the mode of ſucceſſion. Upon being thus repulſed from the throne, he retired to this ſequeſtered ſpot, where it is ſaid his ſon Llewelyn the Great, who began his reign in the time of Richard I. was born.*

If Dolinchalan Caſtle is, as I ſuppoſe, the ſame with this, Gryffydd ap Tudor, in the reign of Edward I. had, as conſtable,

* Warrington's Hiſtory of Wales, and Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir Family in Barrington's Miſcel. 359.

an annual ſalary of forty marks paid at the Exchequer of Caernarvon at two different payments.*

In the reign of the ſame monarch, it appears alſo to have been poſſeſſed by Gilbert, Count of Glouceſter; for in May 1283, whilſt at this place, he made an agreement with that prince for marriage with one of his daughters.†

Meredydd ap Jevan, an anceſtor of the Wynnes of Gwedir, in the reign of Henry VII. purchaſed the leaſe of this Caſtle and the incloſures belonging to it, from the executors of Sir Ralph Berkenet; it having been excepted among the places granted by Richard III. and reſumed by his ſucceſſor. Before that time Hoel, ap Evan, ap Rhys Gethin, a noted outlaw, reſided here. As ſoon as it came into poſſeſſion of Meredydd, he removed his habitation

* Pennant, II. 145. † Rymer's Fœdera, II. 244.

in

in Evionedd, a hundred in the county, to this Caſtle, giving this excellent reaſon: "I had rather fight with outlaws and "thieves, than with my own blood and "kindred: if I live in my own houſe in "Evionedd, I muſt either kill mine own "kinſmen, or be killed by them!"

This gentleman ſoon reformed the country; he eſtabliſhed colonies of the *moſt tall and able men* he could procure, till at laſt they amounted to ſeven ſcore tall bowmen, every one arrayed in a "Jacket or armolet "coate, a good ſteele cap, a ſhort ſword "and dagger, together with his bow and "arrows; many of them alſoe had horſes "and chaſing ſlaves, which were ready to "anſwer the crie on all occaſions, whereby "he grew ſoe ſtrong that he began to "put back and to curb the ſanctuary of "thieves and robbers, which, at times, "were wont to be above a hundred, well

" horſed and well appointed."* And ſuch were the feuds which prevailed around him, that he never dared to quit his houſe without leaving in it a powerful guard. He removed the church of Dolwyddelan, which before lay in a thicket to a more open place by way of ſecurity, and whenever he went to it he was attended by twenty tall archers, and a watchman was ſtationed on a neighbouring rock, called Carreg y Big, to give notice of the approach to banditti. He ended his uſeful life in the year 1525, and left behind him twenty-three legitimate, and three natural children.†

The village of Dolwyddelan, which is about a mile from the Caſtle, ſeems, from it's mountainous ſituation, to be quite ſecluded from the world. It's inhabitants are extremely ſimple, and in their manners

* Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwedir family, p. 429.
† Pennant, II. 146.

rather

rather reſerved and timid, probably from the unaccuſtomed ſight of ſtrangers amongſt them. None of them know any other language than that of their country; and hemmed in as they are, with mountain barriers, I ſhould ſuppoſe, that three-fourths of them were never half a dozen miles from home. The village itſelf is compoſed of little elſe than ſmall cottages, there being only one houſe of a tolerable ſize that I could obſerve in the place.

We left this place, and came into the road we had left near Pont-y-Pair, a ſingular bridge of five arches, not far from Bettws y Coed, *the ſtation in the wood.* This bridge, whoſe arches are very lofty, is built over the river Llugwy, and both above and below it the bed is covered with ſuch ſtrange maſſes of rock, that when there is much water in the river it muſt exhibit a moſt pleaſing ſcene.

From Pont-y-Pair we went about a mile on the road towards Capel Cerig, and about three hundred yards from it we came to a deep narrow glen, down which the river Llugwy foamed, and a little higher up we were ſhewn the celebrated cataract, called Rhaiadr y Wenol,* *the Cataract of the Swallow*. The fall and the ſcenery around it are altogether grand. At the upper part the water is thrown in a ſheet down a rock almoſt perpendicular; but below, it's courſe is varied by it's direction over a ſmooth and ſlanting bed. The high and wooded banks were enlivened by the different tints of oak, birch, and hazel, hanging from the rocks, which rendered the landſcape very fine. Had there been more water we ſhould have ſeen this cataract to greater advantage, but the dry weather for ſome weeks had, at this time, di-

* This waterfall is about five miles from Llanrwſt.

miniſhed

miniſhed all the mountain ſtreams to mere rills. The ſtation on the ſide of the ſtream, oppoſite to that on which we ſtood, appeared as if it would take in more of the fall, but though I made an attempt to croſs it, I found that ſtill the rapidity of the current rendered that impoſſible. When the river, after a heavy fall of rain, aſſumes a more impetuous form, the cataract muſt certainly be very grand, as the bed of the ſtream is at leaſt twenty yards over, and the innumerable maſſes of rock which have, at different times, been carried along with it, and lodged here, oppoſing it's fury, muſt throw it foaming into all directions.

A little below the bridge Pont-y-Pair, the Llugwy unites with the Conwy. The latter river riſes from Llyn Conwy, a large pool about three miles beyond the village of Penmachno, and though both of them are, before their junction, moſt furious and broken torrents, they here aſſume a placid

placid form, and glide, in one tranquil current, ſilently along.

We ſtopped a while at Bettws to ſee an antient monument in the church, in memory of Gryffydd, the ſon of David Goch, natural ſon of Davyd, brother to Llewelyn, the laſt Prince of Wales. It is a large armed recumbent figure in a receſs in the north wall, and has this inſcription on one ſide of it:

"*Hic jacet Gruffyd ap Davyd Goch,*
"*agnus Dei miſere me.*"

The road now brought us into the luxuriant vale of Llanrwſt, where the gay tints of cultivation once more beautified the landſcape, for the fields were coloured with the richeſt hues that ripened corn and green meadows could impart. A number of gentlemen's ſeats interſperſed around gave an air of civilization to this valley. We had not enjoyed the beauties of this

proſpect

proſpect long, before we entered the gloomy woods of Gwydir, which afforded a fine contraſt to the luxuriance of the vale. The Conwy runs at a little diſtance from the road, and the ſilvery reflection of it's water ſhooting through the dark foliage of the trees, gave an additional intereſt to the ſcene. Upon emerging from hence, we had again the ſame open vale, in which the town of Llanrwſt, now before us, formed a conſpicuous feature, and the extenſive landſcape thus completed, heightened by the dreary rocks bounding it on each ſide, has been juſtly admired by all the lovers of nature, as one of the fineſt ſcenes her pencil ever traced.

About a quarter of a mile from Llanrwſt, we paſſed by Gwidir, the old family reſidence of the Wynnes; but as we were anxious to reach Llanrwſt, we deferred the examination of this place till the next day.

The

The road through Nant Frangon, by Capel Curig to Llanrwſt, was, till very lately, nothing more than a horſe path, and I underſtand, one of the worſt in the country; but Lord Penrhyn, who, for his liberality and public ſpirit, is certainly entitled to the warmeſt thanks of his country, a little time ago began, (as I have been informed) at his own expence, to form this into a tolerably good carriage road from Bangor, by his ſlate quarries, and through Nant Frangon to Capel Curig, from whence Lord Gwydir means to continue it to meet the Shrewſbury road, betwixt Llanrwſt and Capel Voelas, leaving Llanrwſt a mile or two on the north. The regular ſtages, when this is finiſhed, will be Corwen, Cyrniogen, Capel Curig, an inn which Lord Penrhyn intends to build near his ſlate quarries, and Bangor ferry.

It is ſomewhat ſingular, that this road will lie entirely along the valleys, except betwixt

betwixt Llyn Ogwen and Nant Frangon, where it paſſes over a rock ſo ſmall, that it might, without any very great expence, be cut through.

By this road the diſtance betwixt Shrewſbury and Bangor Ferry will be ſhortened near twenty miles, and a coach would be able to run it in almoſt five hours leſs time than it does at preſent by Conwy. The mail, inſtead of arriving at Holyhead at ſix o'clock in the evening, would be there by one o'clock at noon, and about every ſecond week by ſaving a tide, would arrive in Dublin twelve hours ſooner than it does now.

Beſides theſe great advantages ariſing from this new road, the touriſt will be able to traverſe theſe, the moſt mountainous and romantic parts of North Wales, even lolling at eaſe in his carriage. And by this road the provoking delays and intolerable exactions at Conwy ferry, will be entirely avoided.

When

When I was here Lord Gwydir had but juſt begun his part, and we had only the old horſe path from Capel Curig to Llanrwſt. This, however, was tolerable good, but the ſtupid guides, that they may ſave about half a mile, ſeldom direct ſtrangers along it, but moſt unwiſely take them over a very narrow, ſteep, and rocky path, amongſt the mountains.

CHAP. XIV.

FROM LLANRWST BY FFESTINIOG TO CAERNARVON.——GWYDIR—DESCRIPTION OF LLANRWST—BRIDGE—CHAPEL—INN—WATERFALL ON THE CONWY—ANOTHER—GRAY'S BARD—PENMACHNO—FFESTINIOG—INN—FALLS OF THE CYNFAEL—PULPIT HUGH LLOYD CYNFAEL—ANECDOTE OF HUGH LLOYD—VALE OF FFESTINIOG.

THE antient manſion of Gwydir is an extenſive building, but without much regularity. It was built about the year 1558,

1558, by John Wynne ap Meredydd.* It took it's name from Gwaed-dir, the bloody land, being ſituated near the place where a memorable battle was fought about 952, between the ſons of Howel Dda, and Jevaf and Jago, two ſons of Edwal Voel, who had, at their father's death, unjuſtly aſſumed the government of North Wales, which was the right of their elder brother Meyric. The ſons of Howel left their principality of South Wales to avenge the cauſe of Meyric; but the others proved too powerful for them, and ſtill retained the throne.†

At a little diſtance amongſt the woods, above this manſion, was Upper Gwydir, a houſe erected by Sir John Wynne in 1604, apparently for the ſake of enjoying

* This date, with the initials I. W. are over the gateway.

† Warrington's Hiſtory of Wales.

from

from thence the numerous beauties of the vale below, which is here ſeen in a broad and elegant expanſe, nearly as far as Conwy. The houſe was, not long ago, demoliſhed, but the family chapel is ſtill left. This is a ſmall building, in the Gothic ſtile, ſufficiently neat on the outſide, but the roof and ſome other parts within are decorated with paintings of ſcriptural figures, moſt miſerably executed.

Both theſe places are at preſent, the property of Lord Gwydir, in right of his Lady Priſcilla, Baroneſs Willoughby, eldeſt ſiſter of Robert, the late Duke of Ancaſter, into whoſe family they paſſed in the year 1678, by marriage of Mary, daughter and heireſs of Sir Richard Wynne, with Robert, Marquis of Lindſey.

Betwixt this place and Llanrwſt, is the bridge over the Conwy, conſtructed in 1636,

1636, by the well-known Inigo Jones.* It conſiſts of three large arches, the middle one of which is fifty-nine feet wide. One of the other two has been rebuilt ſince Jones's time, and the inferiority of the workmanſhip is very viſible. The inhabitants of Llanrwſt *boaſt* that this bridge is formed upon ſuch nice principles, that if a perſon thruſts againſt the ſtone over the middle arch, the whole fabric may be plainly perceived to vibrate: though by the way, I am by no means inclined to agree with them in this point, I ſhould fancy it

* The Honourable Daines Barrington ſays, "Mr. "Panton hath informed me, from the record from "the Quarter Seſſions for Denbighſhire, that this "bridge was directed to be rebuilt in the 9th of "Cha. I. by a letter from the Privy Council, Jones "being then ſurveyor of the works. The eſtimate "amounted to £1000. which was to be levied on "the two counties of Denbigh and Caernaryon." Barrington's Miſcellanies, 353.

much better if it was quite firm. So many have tried the experiment, that the ſtone is now become quite looſe. We, for frolic's ſake, attempted it, but, except that ſtone, we found the whole bridge as firm as a rock.

The town of Llanrwſt is finely ſituated on the eaſtern bank of the Conwy, but has in itſelf nothing to recommend it to notice. The ſtreets are narrow, and the houſes irregular. The church is dedicated to St. Ryſtyd, or Reſtitutus, who was a Biſhop of London about 360; and adjoining upon it, is a chapel, built in 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne, from a deſign of Inigo Jones. The church is a plain ill-looking ſtructure, but the chapel is neat and well built.

Againſt the wall, at the weſt end of the latter, are five braſſes, chiefly remarkable for the excellence of their execution, each, beſides an inſcription, containing a portrait

of

of the perſon to whoſe memory it was finiſhed. One of theſe, which is by far the beſt done, is a whole-length figure of Sarah Wynne, the wife of Sir Richard Wynne, who died in 1671. The engraver's name to this is William Vaughan, the perſon who did the others was Sylvanus Crew. Theſe are on Sir John Wynne, who died in 1626; Sydney Wynne, his wife, who died in 1632; Owen Wynne in 1660, and Mary, the wife of Sir Roger Moſtyn, in 1653.

To this chapel has been lately removed an antient monument of Hoel Coytmor, which uſed to lay in the church, amongſt the rubbiſh under the ſtairs leading into the gallery. It is an armed recumbent figure, with his feet reſting upon a lion. The inſcription upon it is:

"*Hic jacet Hoel Coytmor ap Gruff.*
"*Vychan ap Gruff. Ann.*"

This Hoel Coytmor was grandſon to the illuſtrious perſonage whoſe monument we ſaw at Bettws, and was the owner of Gwydir, which was ſold by one of his poſterity, to the family of the Wynnes.

Near this is placed a large ſtone coffin, ſuppoſed to have been that of the Prince Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, denominated from his great and valiant actions, Llewelyn the Great. He was interred in the abbey of Conwy, in the year 1240, but upon the diſſolution of abbeys in the 26th of Henry VIII. as appears from a braſs plate fixed upon it, it was removed from thence, and has remained here ever ſince.

Beſides theſe there are no other monuments in this chapel deſerving of notice, except one, which has on it the following ſingularly long and curious inſcription, containing a pedigree of the Wynne family, from Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales,

to

to Sir Richard Wynne, who died in the year 1649.

" This chappel was erected Anno Do-
" mini 1633, by Sr. Richard Wynne of
" Gwydir, in the county of Caernarvon,
" knight and baronet, treaſurer to the highe
" and mighty Princeſs Henrieta Maria,
" Queen of England, daughter to King
" Henery the Fourth, King of France,
" and wife to our Soveraign King Charles.
" Where lieth buried his father Sr. John
" Wynne of Gwydir, in the county of
" Caernarvon, knight and baronet, ſon
" and heyre to Maurice Wynne, ſon and
" heyre to John Wynne, ſon and heyre to
" Meredith; which three lieth buried in
" the church of Dolwyddelan with tombs
" over them. This Meredith was ſon
" and heyre to Evan, ſon and heyre to
" Robert, ſon and heyre to Griffith, ſon
" and heyre to Carradock, ſon and heyre
" to Thomas, ſon and heyre to Roderick,

" Lord of Angleasy, son to Owen Gwy-
" nedd, Prince of Wales, and younger
" brother to David, Prince of Wales;
" who married Eme Plantageinet, sister to
" King Henery the Second. There suc-
" ceeded this David three princes; his
" nephew Leolinus Magnus, who married
" Jone, daughter to King John; David
" his son, nephew to King Henery the
" Third; and Leoline, the last Prince of
" Wales of that house and line, who lived
" in King Edward the First's time. Sr.
" John Wynne married Sydney, who lieth
" buried here, the daughter of Sr. Wil-
" liam Gerrard, knight, Lord Chancellour
" of Ireland; by whom he had issue Sr.
" John Wnne, who died att Lucca in
" Italy; Sr. Richard Wynne, now liveing;
" Robert Wynne, who lieth here; Ro-
" ger Wynne, who lieth here; William
" Wynne, now liveing; Maurice Wynne,
" now liveing; Ellis Wynne, who lieth

" buried

" buried at Whittford, in the county of " Flint; Henery Wynne, now liveing; " Roger Wynne, who lieth here, and two " daughters; Mary, now liveing, mar- " ried to Sir Roger Moſtyn, in the county " of Flint, knight; and Elizabeth, now " liveing, married to Sr. John Bodvil, in " the county of Caernarvon, knight."

In the church is ſome curious carved work, ſaid to have been brought there after the diſſolution from the neighbouring abbey of Maynan. The river Conwy runs cloſe paſt the church yard, from whence there is a fine proſpect of the bridge and the high woods of Gwydir behind it. In this river Salmon are frequently taken, and in the months of February and March great numbers of ſmelts. The tide reaches no farther than Trefriew, about a mile and a half from Llanrwſt, to which place only the river is navigable for ſmall veſſels.

About three miles north of Llanrwſt ſtood the abbey of Maynan, to which, in the year 1283, the monks were removed by Edward the Firſt from Conwy. The revenues of this abbey at the diſſolution, were valued by Dugdale at £162. 15s. 0d. and by Speed at £177. 10s. 10d.* A large old houſe built out of the ruins, is all that is now to be ſeen.

The Eagles Inn, the only one in the place where poſt horſes are kept, is, when not full of company, a comfortable houſe; but during the ſummer ſeaſon it is frequently ſo crowded, as to render it very unpleaſant. From this houſe guides may be had to accompany the traveller to any of the curioſities of the neighbourhood.

About five miles from Llanrwſt we turned over ſome fields on the left of the road leading to Penmachno, to ſee a ſmall

* Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica.

water-

waterfall on the river Conwy. The height of this is not very conſiderable, being only twelve or fourteen yards. The ſcene was clad with wood, and the bed of the river extremely rugged.

A mile further on, we ſtopped at a fulling mill near a bridge, Pont y Pandy. Here is a cataract, called Rhaiadr y Craig Llwyd, truly romantic and pictureſque. It is not very lofty, and the river, from want of water, flowed in two ſtreams; but the black rock that parted them, being the moſt rugged imaginable, rendered it, though not quite ſo tremendous, yet infinitely more beautiful than if it had been hidden by the foaming water coming down it. The high banks on each ſide are ornamented with pendent ſhrubs, and a mill and rude wooden aqueduct (which conveys water to an old overſhot wheel) overgrown with moſſes and graſs, came in to complete this elegant land-ſcape. The deſcent to the bottom was

ſteep

ſteep and difficult, yet I thought my trouble well repaid by ſeeing the fall to much greater advantage than from above, for from hence it ſeemed increaſed in height, and many of the prominent and pointed rocks, before hidden, came into the view.

The river accompanies the road to ſome diſtance beyond this waterfall. Where they parted, we left the road for a while, and wandered along the banks of the ſtream for ſome time, till we came to a moſt wild ſcene of wooded and projecting rocks, overhanging the black and diſmal ſtream. A graſſy ledge, at ſome height above the water, on the other ſide, reminded me moſt forcibly of the ſcene where Gray has placed his Bard:

> High on a rock, whoſe haughty brow
> Frowns o'er old Conwy's foaming flood,
> Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
> With haggard eyes, the poet ſtood;

(Looſe

(Looſe his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.

From this ſcene, we returned to the road, and proceeded onwards over a mountainous, though not either very romantic, or entertaining country, till we reached Penmachno, *the head of the Machno*, an odd looking village, built almoſt in a circle round the church. From hence we continued our journey, over a ſtill mountainous, but dreary country, till we came to the village of Ffeſtiniog, *the place of haſtening*. This little place and the vale near it, have been juſtly celebrated by the elegant pen of Lord Lyttleton, who made a tour through Wales in the year 1756.

There happened to be a fair, when we were at this place, and as we choſe to put up with any inconvenience, rather than be peſtered with the vociferous curioſity

of

of a ſet of drunken fellows, we were taken from the inn into an adjoining building, and ſhewn up ſtairs into a bed-room, the moſt dirty and diſagreeable I ever was in. After we had ſatiated our thirſt, as well as we could, with what they called brandy and water, the beſt beverage they could produce us, but which, by the bye, I ſhould as ſoon have taken for Burgundy as brandy, we went by a foot-path, which leads from oppoſite the end of the houſe, to ſee the falls of the Cynfael. Theſe are, the one about three hundred yards above, and the other three hundred yards below, a ruſtic ſtone bridge over the river, to which the path led us.

The upper fall conſiſts of three ſteep rocks, over which the water foams into a deep black baſon, overſhadowed by the adjoining rocks. The other, which I think is nearly as beautiful, is formed by a broad ſheet of water, precipitated down a

ſlightly

ſlightly ſhelving rock, about forty feet high, and darkened by the foliage around it, which cloſes in almoſt to the edge of the ſtream. After the water has reached the bottom of the deep concavity, it ruſhes along a narrow rocky chaſm, where,

Raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts,
And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Betwixt this cataract and the bridge, is a tall columnar rock, which ſtands in the bed of the river, called *Pulpit Hugh Llwyd Cynfael*, or Hugh Lloyd's pulpit, the place from whence the peaſantry ſay, a magician of that name uſed to deliver his nightly incantations.

Of this bard, magician, and warrior, for he claimed all theſe titles, the following anecdote

anecdote is recorded. That when he was a young man, he made a ſtone bench to put at the door of his houſe, not far from hence; his wife's ſiſter was the firſt who ſat upon it. "Molly", ſaid he, "you "have ſat firſt upon this bench, and you "muſt pay me three kiſſes for it." The demand was ſatisfied. Sometime afterwards his wife died, on which he went to London; leaving his ſiſter-in-law, now married, and her huſband. He entered the parliament's army, where he obtained a commiſſion, and was in the army of General Monk at the reſtoration of Charles II. After having been from home many years, and grown old, he returned to his native country; and going to his own houſe, one fine ſummer's evening, he ſaw his ſiſter-in-law, her huſband and children (all grown up) ſitting on the ſtone bench, eating flummery and milk. He aſked them, in Engliſh,

liſh, if they would lodge him that night? but none of them knew a word of Engliſh; they however conjecturing what he wanted, ſhewed him a bed, the beſt in the houſe, and aſked him to partake of their fare, which he did, and being ſatisfied, he addreſſed them in Welſh in the following extempore ſtanza;

Yn *Efrainc* y mae gwîn yn ffraeth: yn *Llundain*
Mae llawnder cynnliaeth;
Yn *Holand* 'menyn helaeth;
Y' *Nghymru*, Llymry a Llaeth.

For wines delicious mighty France is prais'd,
And various dainties are in London rais'd;
With butter, Holland half the world ſupplies,
But milk and flummery more than all I prize.

"What, you are a Welſhman, my good "friend?" exclaimed his ſiſter. "Yes," ſaid he "I am; it is many years ſince I "had three kiſſes from the female who "firſt ſat on this bench!" He was immediately

mediately recognized, and all was joy. He then took out of his pocket a large purſe, filled with gold, and giving it to her, "Here," ſaid he, "take this, as a "reward for your hoſpitality to the old "Engliſh ſtranger, who is now more than "fourſcore years of age; he requires no "more for it, than a bed every night, "and flummery and milk every day while "he lives." From this time, I believe, he reſided with them till the day of his death, which was not till ſome years afterwards.

Near Ffeſtiniog ran the antient military way, paved with ſtones, even along theſe ſteep, and almoſt, inacceſſible mountains, called Sarn Helen, or Helen's Way, the work of Helen, the wife of the Emperor Maximus.*

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua, 165.

Ffeſtiniog

Ffeſtiniog is ſituated at the head of Cwm Maentwrog, *the vale of Maentwrog*, (improperly called the vale of Ffeſtiniog) down which we went leiſurely, enjoying all the way the moſt ſublime pleaſure, in contemplating the beauties of the ſcene before us. There are few vales in this country, that afford ſuch lovely proſpects as this. Many of the high mountains bounding it's ſides, are ſhaded with lofty oaks, and the ſilver Dwyryd ſerpentizes placidly and ſilently along the bottom, amidſt the richeſt cultivation. The ſea, at a diſtance, cloſes the view; and Traeth bach, a wide arm from it, is ſeen to receive the Dwyryd, a little below Tan-y-bwlch Hall, which is ſituated on a riſing ground, and embowered in woods, at the north-weſt extremity of the vale. The little village of Maentwrog, from whence it takes it's name, is ſeated nearly in the middle of it.

We dined at Tan-y-bwlch Inn, and from thence, proceeding through Beddgelert,* arrived once more at Caernarvon, the place from whence we began our route.

CHAP. XV.

FROM CAERNARVON TO BEDDGELERT.—BETTWS GARMON — CASCADE AT NANT MILL — LLYN CWELLYN — CASTELL CIDWM — LLYN Y DWARCHEN — LLYN CADER — BEDDGELERT — CHURCH—EPITAPH—ANECDOTE OF LLEWELYN THE GREAT—PRIORY—INN—GWYNANT—DINAS EMRYS—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES—LLYN Y DINAS —LLYN GWYNANT—CWM DYLI—WATERFALL.

HAVING remained at Caernarvon a length of time sufficient to enable me to examine, pretty carefully, every thing worth notice, within many miles of it each way, I proceeded now on my journey to

* These two places will be described in my journey from Caernarvon to Harlech.

the

the other parts of North Wales. In the promontory of Llyn, that diviſion of the County which juts into the Iriſh Sea, I was informed, that I ſhould meet with but few objects worthy of attention, except the antient church of Clynog and Criccieth Caſtle, I therefore determined to omit the former, and viſit Criccieth, during my reſidence at Beddgelert.

In the road to this place, I paſſed the romantic village of Bettws Garmon, ſo called from it's church being dedicated to St. Germanus, the Biſhop who led on the Britons to the famous "ALLELUIA" victory over the Saxons, at Maes Garmon, near Mold.*

About half a mile beyond it, is a beautiful little caſcade and bridge, at a place called Nant Mill. This waterfall would appear to much greater advantage in almoſt

* See an account of this battle in vol. II.

any other ſituation than the preſent, for here the majeſtic and black mountain of Mynydd Mawr, and the more ſmooth and regular, though ſtill, lofty Moel Eilir on the left, attract to themſelves ſo much of the attention, and tower ſo high above it, as to make it appear quite diminutive.

Beyond the mill, Snowdon is ſeen on the left, rearing his pointed ſummit into the ſky. His red and precipitous cliffs, and huge bulk, compared with the adjoining mountains, render it very eaſy here, to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt.

On the right of the road, Llyn Cwellyn extends itſelf for about a mile and a half. In this pool, during the winter ſeaſon, are ſometimes taken the Red Char,* a ſpecies of alpine fiſh, found in great quantities in Winander Mere and Coniſton Water, two lakes in the North of England.

* Salmo Alpinus Linnæi

On

On the farther edge of the lake, and juſt under Mynydd Mawr, is Caſtell Cidwm, *Cidwm's Fort*, a high and ſteep rock, on the ſummit of which, Mr. Rowlands * ſays, was formerly a fortification, one of the guards to the entrance of Snowdon, and founded by the Britons, ſometime prior to the ſixth century. Whether there are any remains of this fort now exiſting, I am not able to ſay: the difficulty of aſcending to it, and the ſmall importance of the object, deterred me from examining.

Higher up, amongſt the mountains on the right, I ſaw a ſmall pool, about the ſize of a good horſe-pond, called Llyn y dwarchen, *the lake of the ſod*, firſt celebrated by Giraldus Cambrenſis, in his Journey through Wales, in the year 1188, and afterwards, by Leland and Camden, as con-

* Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata, 149.

taining a floating iſland.* The iſland, eight or nine yards in length, and having a ſmall willow tree growing upon it, is yet in exiſtence. It ſometimes remains near the ſide of the pool, for a conſiderable while together, and is ſo firm as to bear cattle upon it, for when it has been diſlodged by the wind, a ſheep or two have been frequently ſurprized upon, and wafted with it to the other parts. Nennius † reckons this iſland, amongſt the *mirabilia* of Great Britain.

I paſſed Llyn y Cader, another pool not far from the road, and ſhortly afterwards, croſſing a bridge, deſcended through Nant Colwyn to Beddgelert, a village completely emboſomed in mountains, whoſe

* Itin. Cambriæ Syl. Gir. Cambrenſe Lib. II. cap. 90. Leland's Itin. V. p. 42. Camden's Britannia.

† Nennius's Hiſt. Brit.

rude

rude and dark ſides formed a fine contraſt with the meadows of the vale below.

The houſes were few and irregular, but the church one of the neateſt I had ſeen. In the church-yard, amongſt many Welſh epitaphs, I found the following Engliſh one, on the tomb of an Alice Griffith. It's ſingularity induced me to copy it.

" Thouſand fates on death attends,
" Which brings poor mortals to their ends."

I have introduced this, merely from it's ſingularity, and not that the Engliſh reader may form from it any judgment *whatever* of the ſtate of literature in Wales. Had this been my purpoſe, I ought, in juſtice, to have introduced a few againſt it, from my own country, where the language, in which they were written, was (contrary to the caſe in this inſtance) the language ſpoken. I fear we ſhould gain but little, from a compariſon, as the following, from

the church-yard of Scarborough, in Yorkſhire (by no means the worſt I have ſeen) may ſerve to ſhew.

" Liveſt thou Betſy? Yes, with God on high,
" Art thou not dead? Yes, and here I lie.
" I, who on earth with man did live to die,
" Dyed for to live with Chriſt eternally."

" She was a buty in her blowm,
" And ſhe was ſuddenly cut down."
&c. &c.

There is a tradition extant, that Llewelyn the Great, had a houſe at Beddgelert, and that being once from home, a wolf, during his abſence, had entered it. Upon returning, his grey-hound, called Killhart, came out to meet him, wagging his tail, but covered over with blood; the prince, alarmed at the ſight, ran into the nurſery, and found the cradle, in which his child had lain, overturned, and the ground

ground flowing with blood: imagining that the grey-hound had killed it, he immediately drew his ſword and ſlew him; but upon turning up the cradle, he found the child alive, and the wolf dead. This ſo affected the prince, that he erected a tomb over his faithful dog's grave, where afterwards the pariſh church was built, and called, from the incident, *Bedd Cilhart*, or the grave of Kill-hart. From this was alſo derived a very common Welſh proverb: "I repent as much as the man who "ſlew his greyhound."

This celebrated dog had been a preſent to Llewelyn from his father-in-law, King John, about the year 1205. And he was ſo noted for his excellence in hunting, that his fame was tranſmitted to poſterity in four Welſh lines, which have been thus tranſlated:

The

The remains of famed Kill-hart, ſo faithful and good,
The bounds of the cantred conceal,
Whenever the doe or the ſtag he purſued,
His maſter was ſure of a meal.*

Here was a priory of Auguſtine monks,† of very antient foundation, for it was ſaid by Anian, Biſhop of Bangor, who lived in the thirteenth century, to have been the oldeſt religious houſe in Wales, except Bardſey.‡ In 1283 this monaſtry was ſo much damaged by fire, that in order to encourage benefactors to come forward and contribute towards the rebuilding of it, Anian remitted to all ſuch, who ſincerely repented of their ſins, forty days of any penance inflicted on them. The value of the revenues at the diſſolution, was, ac-

* Jones's Muſical and Poetical Relics of the Welſh Bards, p. 75.

† It was called the Abbey de Valle, S. Mariæ Snawdonia. See Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica.

‡ Rymer's Fœdera, II. 317.

cording

cording to Dugdale £70. 3s. 8d. and according to Speed £69. 3s. 8d.* There is no relic whatever of this houſe at preſent exiſting.

The inn, or rather public houſe, for it is certainly deſerving of no better term, is one of the worſt I was at during the whole of my journey through Wales, and the charges were beyond meaſure extravagant. There is only one bed in the whole houſe, and that is wretchedly bad. The place I was put into for three nights, was a back room; but with the floor, ceiling and boarded partition, all ſo full of large holes, as to ſeem only an apology for ſeparation from the reſt of the houſe. I was alſo ſo intolerably peſtered by myriads of fleas, that if I had not every night been fairly wearied out with my rambles during the day, all the powers of Morpheus might have

* Tanner's Notitia.

been

been exerciſed in vain. I may too with propriety add, that the concatenation of ſmells ariſing from the fumes of the kitchen below, when joined with thoſe within the room, were ſuch as would not ſuit a perſon of nice olfactory nerves. I complained to the ſervant in the morning, that I had been almoſt devoured by fleas, and received in anſwer one of the moſt ſingular excuſes for filthineſs I ever heard, "Dear "me, ſir," ſaid the girl, "if we were to "kill one of them, ten would come to it's "burying."

There is, I think, nothing that could induce a perſon to come to this houſe but the exquiſite ſcenery around the place, and it is a great pity but ſome man, with a more liberal ſpirit than the preſent miſerable landlord, would erect a ſmall neat inn in oppoſition to this dirty and wretched place. Surely cleanlineſs and civility would not go unrewarded!

The

The day after I arrived at Beddgelert, I ſtrolled along a vale, called Gwynant, *the vale of the ſtream*, and I can entirely agree with Mr. Pennant in ſaying, that this is the moſt beautiful vale amongſt theſe mountains. It is about ſix miles long, and in it's whole length affords ſuch a variety of ſcenery of wood, lakes, and meadows, bounded on each ſide by lofty mountains, that it is almoſt impoſſible to be excelled. The vale of Llanberis is the only one that ſeemed to me to rival it; but the character of the two are ſo very different, and the beauty of each ſo excluſively it's own, that it is almoſt impoſſible to compare them together.

On the left, about half a mile up the vale, is a lofty wood-clad rock, called Dinas Emrys, *the fort of Ambroſius*, where once

> Prophetic Merlin ſate, when to the Britiſh king
> The changes long to come auſpiciouſly he told.

It

It was to this place that Vortigern,* when he found himſelf under the general odium of his ſubjects, and unable any longer to contend with the treacherous Saxons whom he had introduced into his kingdom, retired to hide his ſhame, and provide for his ſecurity. It is probable, that upon this inſular rock he erected a temporary reſidence of timber, with which the country at that time abounded, that laſted him till he went to his final retreat in Nant Gwrtheyrn, or *Vortigern's valley*, not far from Nefyn, in the promontory of Llyn.†

Many of the antient Britiſh and Monkiſh writers aſſert, that upon his coming to Dinas Emrys, he attempted to erect a place of defence, but what was built in the day time always diſappeared at night; he there-

* Vortigern was King of Britain from 449 to 466.

† I believe all the Welſh bards agree, that Vortigern reſided at this place at the time of his death.

fore

fore conſulted with his magicians or learned men, as to what manner he ought to proceed; " they adviſe that he muſt find out " a child which had no father, and with " his blood ſprinkle the ſtones and mortar, " and that then the caſtle would ſtand as " on a firm foundation. Search was made, " and in Caer Merdhin * was Merlin " Emrys, or Ambroſe† found; he being " hither

* The City of Myrddin or Merlin, ſtill called Caermarthen, in South Wales.

† Ambroſius ille ex Virgine nobili (patris nomine data opera ſuppreſſo) natus; ob mirabilem viri in mathematicis reliquiſque omnis generis diſciplinis cognitionem a rudi vulgo pro incubi filio habebatur. *Lhwyd Comment. Britan.* 65. Merlin Ambroſius, who was born at Caermarthen, was the ſon of a nun, the daughter of a king of South Wales. *Jones's Welſh Bards*, 23. According to Spencer, Merlin's father was a Roman conſul, and his mother a nun, the daughter of Pubidius, King of Mathraval, who, to ſave her life and honour, invented the ſtory of his

" hither brought to the king, ſlighted that
" pretended ſkill of his magicians as pal-
" liated ignorance; and with confidence
" of a more knowing ſpirit, undertakes to
" ſhew the true cauſe of that amazing
" ruin of the ſtone-work; tells them,
" that in the earth was a great water
" which could endure continuance of no
" heavy ſuperſtruction. The workmen
" digged to diſcover the truth, and found
" it ſo. He then beſeeched the king to
" cauſe further inquiſition to be made, and
" affirmed, that in the bottom of it were
" two ſleeping dragons, which proved ſo
" likewiſe, the one white and the other
" red; the white he interpreted for the
" Saxons whom he had brought over, and
" the red for the oppreſſed Britons; and

his being without a father, which was ſwallowed by the credulity of the times. *Faery Queen, lib.* II. *cant.* 3. Matt. Weſt. p. 161.

" upon

" upon this event in Dinas Emrys, he " began thoſe prophecies to Vortigern, " which are, to this day, common in the " Britiſh ſtorie."*

The more probable account is, that Myrddin Emrys, or Merlin Ambroſius, ſo called from his being afterwards patronized by Ambroſius, Vortigern's ſucceſſor to the Britiſh crown, was employed, by this prince, to ſearch out for him a ſecure retreat from the juſt revenge of his injured people; and that being a ſkilful architect and mechanic, he ſelected for him this place, where he ſuperintended the building of the fortreſs. There was another Merlin, frequently taken for this, a native of Caledonia, called Myrddin ap

* Selden's Notes on Drayton's Polyolbion. Matt. of Weſtminſter, p. 161—170, gives a long account of the latter part of Vortigern's life, and a full detail of all Merlin's prophecies.

Morvryn, and Myrddin Wyllt,* who, in the year 542, when fighting under the banner of King Arthur, accidentally ſlew his own nephew, and in conſequence of this, was ſeized with a madneſs which affected him every other hour. He fled again into Scotland, and in his lucid intervals compoſed ſome beautiful pieces of poetry. This Merlin afterwards returned to North Wales, and was buried in the Iſle of Bardſey, in Caernarvonſhire.†

Vortigern married his own child by Rowena, daughter of Hengiſt, the Saxon prince, and had by her one ſon;‡ and ſome writers have ſaid, that he was afterwards ſo much hurt at his crime, that with his own hands he ſet fire to his houſe,

* Called alſo Merlinus Sylveſtris.

† Evans's Diſſertatio de Bardis, p. 77. Jones's Welſh Bards, p. 23.

‡ Speed's Theatre of Great Britain, I. p. 313.

and

and in this manner deſtroyed both himſelf and his partner in guilt. Others ſay that his palace was conſumed by lightening,* and others again, that it was deſtroyed by Aurelius Ambroſius and Uter Pendragon,† two ſons of Conſtantine, who having ſought out the place of his retirement, ſet fire to it, and conſumed him and his family to aſhes.‡ We are not, however, certain that any of theſe were true, for Vortigern, being conſidered as the author of all the

* Ibid. Stow's Chronicle.

† So called from his having cauſed two golden dragons to be caſt, one of which he preſented to the cathedral of Wincheſter, and the other he carried along with him in his wars, moſt probably by way of creſt on his helmet. Jones's Welſh Bards, 40.

‡ Whitelock's Memorials from Brute, p. 13. Stow's Chronicle. According to Nennius, the palace that was deſtroyed muſt have been that in Nant Gwrtheyrn, for, c. 44. he ſays, that when Vortigern went to fortify himſelf at Caer Gwrtheyrn, he gave to Myrddin the caſtle he had built in Eryri.

calamities which his country ſuffered, became odious to the people, and the Britiſh writers load him with all manner of crimes, and repreſent him as ſuch a monſter of iniquity, that it was not fit for him to go out of the world like other mortals, therefore they invented thoſe various kinds of death, that he might appear to depart from hence under the ſevereſt marks of divine vengeance.

I have been informed, that there are ſome ſmall remains on the top of Dinas Emrys, but that they are very inconſiderable. I did not myſelf clamber up the rock to examine them.

A little farther in the vale is a pool, in a charming ſituation, called Llyn y Dinas, *the pool of the fort*, taking it's name from being near Dinas Emrys, and abounding in large and well-flavoured trout. Two miles beyond this is Cwm Llan, a romantic hollow, running into the mountains on

the

the right towards Snowdon, which, though the path is, in ſome places, ſteep and rugged, may, with a little difficulty, be aſcended from hence. Having paſſed the entrance into Cwm Llan a little way, I came to another pretty little pool, not quite ſo large as the one I had left, called Llyn Gwynant. Near this pool the vale changes it's name to Cwm Dyli, in which is a lofty cataract, called Rhaiadr Cwm Dyli. The rivulet that runs from the Alpine pool, Llyn Llwydaw, in the mountains above, here breaks in foam and ſpray down the rugged front of a high rock, from whence, ſoon afterwards, joined by other tributary ſtreams, it runs into Llyn Gwynant.

Some parts of Gwynant exhibit ſuch perfect ſpecimens of pictureſque ſcenery, that in them I could trace all the order and beauty of colouring, ſo well deſcribed by Maſon:

——Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opake the foreground bears
Conſpicuous; ſober olive coldly marks
The ſecond diſtance. Thence the third declines
In ſofter blue, or leſs'ning ſtill, is loſt
In fainteſt purple.

During my walk along the vale, I obſerved, in different places, ſeveral men buſily employed in cutting down the trees, and could not help ſilently lamenting that the practice of taking away the timber ſhould be ſo general, not only in this country, but, as I ſome years ago was ſorry to obſerve, even throughout all the North of England, and about the lakes. Avarice or diſſipation, and it's conſtant follower, poverty, have deſpoiled the Principality of nearly all it's leafy beauties. Depriving ſcenery of wood, is ruinous to pictureſque beauty; and if the owners of land do but go on in the manner they have done,

done, for a few years longer, there will ſcarcely be a tree remaining in all North Wales.

CHAP. XVI.

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELERT TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.—CLAWDD COCH—SCENERY—CWM LLAN.

AS I had, upon coming into Wales, made a determination to aſcend Snowdon by all the tracks that are uſually pointed out to travellers, I for the laſt time, undertook the taſk, along with a party of four others, from Beddgelert, William Lloyd, the village ſchoolmaſter, (his ſcholars being always, during the ſummer time, engaged in ruſtic employments) performing the office of guide.

The diſtance from Beddgelert to the ſummit being reckoned not leſs than ſix

miles, and a lady being one of the party, it was thought beſt for her to ride as far as ſhe could without danger, and for the reſt to walk. In this manner therefore we ſet out, beginning our *mountain* journey by turning to the right from the Caernarvon road, at the diſtance of about two miles and a half from the village. We left the horſe at a cottage about half way up, from whence taking a bottle of milk to mix with ſome rum we had brought with us, we continued our route over a ſeries of pointed and craggy rocks. Stopping at different times to reſt, we enjoyed to the utmoſt, the proſpects that by degrees were opening around us. Caernarvon and the Iſle of Angleſea, aided by the brightneſs of the morning, were ſeen to great advantage; and Llyn Cwellyn below us, ſhaded by the vaſt Mynydd Mawr, with Caſtell Cidwm at it's foot, appeared extremely beautiful. In aſcending, the mountains,

which

which from below appeared of an immenſe height, began now to ſeem beneath us; the lakes and vallies became more expoſed, and the little rills and mountain ſtreams by degrees became all viſible to us, like ſilver lines interſecting the hollows around.

We now approached a moſt tremendous ridge, over which we had to paſs, called Clawdd Coch, or *the red ridge*. This narrow paſs, not more than ten or twelve feet acroſs, and two or three hundred yards in length, was ſo ſteep that the eye reached on each ſide down the whole extent of the mountain. And I am firmly perſuaded that, in ſome parts of it, if a perſon held a large ſtone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each would roll above a quarter of a mile, and thus, when they ſtopped, be more than half a mile aſunder. The lady who was with us, to my great ſurprize,

prize, paſſed this horrid ridge without the ſmalleſt ſigns of fear or trepidation.

There is no danger whatever in croſſing Clawdd Coch in the day time, but I muſt confeſs, that though I am one of the laſt to be alarmed by paſſing amongſt precipices, I ſhould, by no means, like to venture, as many do who have never ſeen it, along this track in the night. If the moon ſhone very bright I ſhould not, to be ſure, mind it much, but a cloud coming ſuddenly over might even then render it dangerous. There have been ſeveral inſtances of perſons who having paſſed over it in the night, were ſo terrified at ſeeing it the next morning, that they have not dared to return the ſame way, but have gone a very circuitous round by Bettws. I was informed that one gentleman had been ſo much alarmed, that he crawled over it back again upon his hands and knees.

In

In the hollow on the left, are four ſmall pools, called *Llyn Coch*, the red pool; *Llyn y Nadroedd*, the adder's pool; *Llyn Gwâs*, the blue pool, and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs*, the ſervant's pool.

Soon after we had paſſed Clawdd Coch, we became immerſed in light clouds, till we arrived at the ſummit, when a ſingle gleam of ſunſhine, which laſted but for a moment, preſented us with the majeſtic ſcenery on the weſt of us. It, however, only ſerved to tantalize us, for a ſmart guſt of wind obſcured us again in clouds. We now ſheltered ourſelves from the cold under ſome of the projecting rocks near the top, and ate our dinners, watching with anxiety the dark ſhades in the clouds, in hopes that a ſeparation might take place, and we be once more delighted with a ſight of the grand objects around us. We did not watch in vain, for the clouds

clouds by degrees cleared away, and left us at full liberty to admire the numerous beauties in this vaſt expanſive ſcene. The ſteep rock of Clogwyn y Garnedd, whoſe dreadful precipices are, ſome of them, above two hundred yards in perpendicular height, and the whole rock, a ſeries of precipices, was an object which firſt ſtruck my companions with terror, and one of them burſt out in exclamation,

——How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles.

We now ſtood on a point which commanded the whole dome of the ſky. The proſpects below, each of which we had before conſidered ſeparately as a great ſcene, were now only miniature parts of the immenſe landſcape. We had around us ſuch a numerous variety of mountains, valleys, lakes,

lakes, and ſtreams, each receding behind the other, and bounded only by the far diſtant horizon, that the eye almoſt ſtrained itſelf with looking upon them. Theſe majeſtic proſpects were ſoon ſhut from our ſight by the gathering clouds, which now began to cloſe in much heavier than they had done before, and it was in vain that we waited near an hour for another opening; we were therefore at length obliged to deſcend, in deſpair of being gratified any more with theſe ſublime views.

We again paſſed Clawdd Coch, and ſoon afterwards, turning to the left, deſcended into the mountain vale, called Cwm Llân, and followed the courſe of a ſtream which runs from hence into Llyn y Dinas in Gwynant. This little rivulet entertained us much in it's deſcent, by being frequently thrown over low rocks, and forming ſmall, but ſometimes elegant caſcades.

After

After two hours walking, we came into Gwynant, the vale I had with ſo much pleaſure traverſed a day or two before, and paſſing Llyn y Dinas and Dinas Emrys, we ſoon reached Beddgelert, ſomewhat fatigued with our long mountain walk.

I obſerved near a cottage in Cwm Llan, ſeveral children employed in gathering the berries of *Sorbus aucuparia*, the mountain aſh. I was informed they were getting them to make a liquor, which the Welſh call *Diod-griafol*. This is ſaid to taſte ſomewhat like perry, and is made by merely cruſhing the berries, and putting water to them, which, after they have remained about a fortnight, is ſtrained off for uſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELERT TO CRICCIETH.—— DEVIL'S BRIDGE—ROCKS—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS—SALMON LEAP—ANTIENT TRIBUTE——MOONLIGHT SCENE——TRAETH MAWR AND TRAETH BACH—PENMORFA—ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN OWEN—FORD—CRICCIETH—STORY OF SIR HOWEL Y FWYALL AND HIS POLE-AX.

BEDDGELERT is the place to which travellers uſually reſort, who wiſh to viſit Pont Aberglâsllyn, *the bridge at the conflux of the blue pool*, or as it is generally called *the Devil's bridge*. It is about a mile and a half diſtant, but being in the road leading to Tan-y-bwlch, ſome content themſelves merely with ſtopping a little while, as they paſs it, in their journey.

I muſt, for my own part, confeſs, I was rather diſappointed in my expectations of this

this bridge. I had ſomewhere read of an arch thrown acroſs a narrow ſtream, each end ſupported by a perpendicular rock, one in Caernarvonſhire and the other in Merionethſhire;* and perhaps confounding it in ſome meaſure with what I had heard of the Devil's bridge, near Hafod, in Cardiganſhire, I had formed a fine high flown idea that I ſhould ſee an arch thrown acroſs a deep narrow valley, and hanging, as it were, in mid air: but how diſappointed, to find it a bridge but little out of the uſual form! The grand ſcenery around, made it at a diſtance appear quite an inſignificant object; but in this I had ſcope enough for admiration. The road winds along a narrow ſtony vale, where the dark perpendi-

* Merionethſhire is in length, from eaſt to weſt, 45 miles, and in breadth, from north to ſouth, 34. It's circumference is about 150 miles. It has about 20,000 inhabitants, and contains 34 pariſhes, and two market towns.

cular

cular cliffs on each ſide, ſo nearly approach, as only juſt to leave width ſufficient at the bottom, for the road, and the bed of the impetuous ſtream which rolls at the ſide of it. The lofty and rugged rocks, which oppoſe to us nothing but a broken ſeries of precipices, one above another, as high as the eye can reach, ſhadow the tranſlucent torrent which thunders over the vaſt fragments, torn from the precipices above.

It was moſt probably from this very ſcene, that Giraldus Cambrenſis † aſſerted of Merionethſhire, that it was "the roughe-"eſt and moſt dreary part of Wales, for "it's mountains were both high and nar-"row, and ſo equally grouped together, "that ſhepherds talking or quarrelling on "their tops could ſcarcely, in a whole "day's journey, come together." And

† Itin. Camb. Syl. Gir. Cambrenſe. Lib. II. c. 5. p. 865.

Drayton, * in his unpoliſhed lines, ſeems to have followed him in opinion:

Of all the Cambrian ſhires their heads that beare
ſo hie,
And farths't ſurvay their ſoyles with an ambitious
eye,
Mervinia for her hills, as for their matchleſſe
crowds,
The near'ſt that are ſaid to kiſſe the wand'ring
clouds,
Eſpeciall audience craves———

A few yards above the bridge, is a ſmall cataract, noted as being a ſalmon leap. It's height from the bed of the river is about thirteen feet, but when there is a tolerable quantity of water, it is not from the ſurface more than eight or nine. The ſalmon come up the rivers in order to depoſit their ſpawn on the ſandy ſhallows, and when ſtopped in their progreſs, by rocks or dams, acroſs the water, they have the

* Polyolbion.

power

power of leaping to a ſurpriſing height in order to get over them. This place being only a few miles from the ſea, is frequented by great numbers. In the courſe of an hour, I have ſometimes obſerved thirty or forty of them attempt to get up, but on account of a net which the renters of the fiſhery place for the purpoſe, they very ſeldom ſucceed. This extraordinary power of leaping ſo high, ſeems to be owing to a ſudden jerk which the fiſh gives to it's body, from a bent into a ſtraight poſition. At this place, when tired with making many vain attempts to ſurmount the barrier, they retire to reſt in the ſtill waters below, where they are either taken in nets, or killed by ſtriking them with an harpoon. By the latter method, though it ſeems extremely cruel, the men are always ſo certain in their aim, that I have ſeen five or ſix killed in leſs than an hour. The general weight of fiſh taken here, in the

months of Auguſt and September, is from one to eighteen pounds. In October, they become much larger, but the flavour of theſe are not eſteemed ſo fine as the ſmaller ones.

The fiſhery, I have been informed, is the property of a Mr. Wynne, who lets it to the fiſhermen, at the rent of twelve pounds a year. The fiſh are ſold on the ſpot generally at threepence or fourpence a pound.

In the reign of Henry IV. this was a royal wear, and was then rented by Robert ap Meredydd. It is not improbable, that in old times, it might belong to the princes of Wales, for ſalmon was the moſt uſeful and valuable fiſh the Welſh had. It was reckoned amongſt the game, and was perhaps the only ſpecies of fiſh that was preſerved by their laws.*

* Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir family, p. 387. Pennant's tour II. 192.

In

In my walk to the bridge, I was much amuſed by a flock of goats, conſiſting of about forty, that were chaſing each other in playful gambols, amongſt the rocks above. This was the firſt time I had ſeen ſo many together, ſince I came into Wales; for they are not now wild, all being private property, and regularly returning home to their folds in the evenings.

The mountains of Merionethſhire, were in former times, much infeſted with wolves. In the year 940, Athelſtan marched with an army into North Wales, where he overcame Idwal,* the Welſh Prince, but he afterwards reſtored him to his throne, on condition that he ſhould do homage to him

* This is generally written *Ludwal*; but Ed. Llwyd, in his notes to Camden, has remarked, that the Welſh never had a prince of that name, and ſuppoſes it muſt have been miſtaken for Idwal.

at Hertford, and covenant to pay him yearly a tribute of twenty pounds of gold, three hundred of ſilver, and twenty-five thouſand head of oxen, beſides a certain number of hawks and hunting dogs.* But inſtead of this tribute, when Edgar came to the throne, on account of the country being ſo much overrun with theſe rapacious animals, he demanded to be ſent to him every year the ſkins of three hundred wolves, by which means, without any expence to the ſubjects of the Engliſh prince, the whole land was, in the ſpace of little more than two years, entirely cleared of them, and Idwal releaſed from his tribute,

* Strutt's Chronicle, II. 56.——Thus Will. Malmſb.—The Chron. Wrivallen has it "*quinque millia beſtiarum.*—The ſame alſo has an old French M. S. in the Cotton Library, marked Galba, E. 3. it has it "*V. mille vaches.*"

at

at the end of the third, upon his declaring that they were all deſtroyed.*

Whilſt I was ſtaying at Beddgelert, I found myſelf one evening almoſt devoid of employment, and the moon ſhone ſo beautifully bright, that I was tempted to ramble alone as far as the bridge. There never was a more charming evening. The ſcene was not clad in it's late grand colours, but now more delicately ſhaded, and arrayed in ſofter charms. The darkening ſhadows of the rocks caſt a gloom around,

* Strutt's chronicle II. 67—Will. Malmſb.—Holinſhed's Chronicle, I. 225.—Whether they were *all* deſtroyed or not at this time, we are not certain; for after the battle of Coleſhill, in the reign of Henry II. Giraldus Cambrenſis, Lib. II. c. 10. p. 873, relates, that a young Welſhman, who had been ſlain, was diſcovered attended by his faithful dog, who remained by the corpſe the whole time, without food, and defended it from being the prey of birds and *wolves*.

and the faint rays in ſome places faintly reflected gave to the ſtraining eye, a very imperfect glimpſe of the ſurfaces it looked upon, whilſt in others, the moon ſhot her ſilver light through the hollows, and brightly illumined the oppoſite rocks. All was ſolitude, all ſerene and mild. The ſilence of the evening was only interrupted by the murmuring of the brook, which lulled to melancholy, and now and then by the ſhrill ſcream of the night-owl, flitting by me in ſearch of food.

> The river ruſhing o'er it's pebbled bed
> Impoſed ſilence, with a ſtilly ſound.

The bridge was deſerted, and I hung over it's battlements liſtening to the hoarſe fall of the water down the wear, and watching as the moon got higher, the decreaſing ſhadows of the mountains. I at length returned, after a moſt delightful ramble of near two hours.

I went

I went the next morning by Pont Aberglâsllyn, over one of the moſt tireſome foot-paths, that even this country can boaſt, to the village of Penmorfa. This path lay over the rocks, which run cloſe by an arm of the ſea, called Traeth Mawr, *the great ſands*. This walk, though rather painful, was however highly intereſting: the lofty mountains ranged in rugged order along the oppoſite ſide of the ſands, ſeemed an invincible barrier to the interior of the country—

> The mountains huge appear
> Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
> Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky.

In the year 1625, Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir, conceived the vaſt deſign of recovering the two arms of the ſea, called Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach, for cultivation, by embanking out the water; and for this purpoſe he applied for aſſiſtance to Sir Hugh Middleton, who, in the Iſle of Wight,

Wight, had not long before gained upwards of two thouſand acres of land from the ſea: the affair, however, pobably from want of money, was never carried into execution.*

Penmorfa, *the head of the Marſh*, is a ſmall wood-clad village, romantically ſituated on the weſtern bank of Traeth Mawr, and lies ſo far out of the uſual route, as to have been hitherto but ſeldom viſited by touriſts. The church is dedicated to St. Beuno, and within it there is a ſmall monument, in memory of Sir John Owen, a general in the army, and a ſtaunch ſupporter of Charles I. This valiant commander, after the execution of his royal maſter, was, with ſeveral of the nobles, condemned by the Parliament, to loſe his head,

* Sir John Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir family in Barrington's Miſcellanies, p. 351. Pennant's Tour 184—187.

and

and in his trial ſhewed a ſpirit worthy of ſo great a man. After his condemnation, with a humorous intrepidity, he made the court a low reverence, and gave them his humble thanks. One of thoſe ſtanding by, aſked him what he meant; he replied aloud that "it was a great honor for a poor "gentleman of Wales, to loſe his head "with ſuch noble lords; for by G—, he "was afraid they would have hanged "him." He however, by good fortune, and the intereſt of Ireton, who proved his advocate after a few months impriſonment, was ſet at liberty, and reſtored to his friends.*

There is a ford from Penmorfa, acroſs Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach, to the roads leading to Tan-y-Bwlch and Harlech, which ſaves a very circuitous road by Beddgelert. Croſſing theſe is ſometimes at-

* Pennant I. 279.

tended

tended with danger, owing to the tides not always leaving the ſame level, but frequently waſhing deep holes in the ſand: and it is not by any means ſafe to attempt this ford without the attendance of a guide.

Criccieth is a little Borough town, contributory to Caernarvon, about three miles diſtant from Penmorfa, and ſituated on the north end of Cardigan Bay, and except the few remains of its caſtle, affords nothing which can claim the attention of the Traveller.* This is ſituated upon a riſing ground, at the end of a long neck of land jutting into the ſea. The entrance into it is betwixt two rounders, which are ſquare within, and appear to have been the only circular towers it has had, the others being all ſquare. There have been here two

* Leland ſays of it in his time, "At Crikith be a "two or three poor houſes, and there is a ſmaulle "ryle. There hath beene a franchiſed now clene "decayed." Itin. V. 49.

courts,

courts but neither of them very large. The caſtle has been but a ſmall building, and it is at preſent in a very ruinous condition. From the eminence, on which it ſtands, is an elegant view acroſs the bay, towards Harlech, where that fine old caſtle is ſeen, backed by the high and diſtant mountains of Merionethſhire.

From the architecture, this caſtle has the undoubted appearance of Britiſh origin, and it's reputed founder, Edward I. ſeems to have done no more than caſe the two towers at the entrance, whoſe exterior workmanſhip is certainly very different from that of their interior. Mr. Rowlands has placed this amongſt thoſe caſtles, which he conjectured were founded before the ſixth century.*

After the conqueſt of Wales, Edward I. appointed William de Leybourn, the con-

* Rowland's Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata, 149.

ſtable,

ſtable, with a ſalary of a hundred pounds, out of which he was to maintain a garriſon of thirty ſtout men, a chaplain, ſurgeon, carpenter, and maſon.*

Sir Howel y Fwyall, a deſcendant of Colwyn ap Tangno, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, was conſtable of this caſtle.† This valiant officer attended the Black Prince in the battle of Poictiers, where, with only a pole-ax, he performed ſuch brave and heroic acts ‡ that the prince beſtowed

* Sebright MSS. quoted by Mr. Pennant, II. 192.

† He was alſo conſtable of Cheſter Caſtle.

‡ It is very generally believed in Wales, that Sir Howel y Fwyall, though only on foot himſelf, took the French King priſoner, who was mounted on horſeback. This circumſtance is fully accounted for in a MS. given to the Lord Treaſurer Oxford, by Mr. Hugh Thomas, and now depoſited in the Britiſh Muſeum.

——" Sir

beſtowed on him the honour of knighthood, and allowed him to take for his arms a *pole-ax argent, between three flower-de-luces*, and to add to his name *y Fwyall*, or the Ax. And further to perpetuate the memory of his great ſervices, the prince ordered, at the expence of the crown, that a meſs of meat ſhould be every day ſerved up before the ax, with which he had performed theſe wonderful feats. This, after it had appeared before the knight, was

——"Sir Howell ap Fwyall, ap Griffith, ap "Howel, ap Meredith, ap Einion, ap Gwgan, "ap Meredith Goch, ap Collwyn, ap Tangno, "called Sir Howel y Fwyall, or Sir *Howel Pole-Axe*, from his conſtant fighting with that war-"like inſtrument. It is ſaid he diſmounted the "French king, *cutting off his horſe's head* at one "blow with his battle-axe, and took the French "king priſoner; as a trophy of which victory, it is "ſaid, that he bore the arms of France with a "battle-axe in bend ſiniſter, argent." Harl. MSS. No. 2298. p. 348. Wynne's Memoirs, 425.

taken

taken down and diſtributed amongſt the poor people. Even after his death the meſs continued to be ſerved up as uſual, and for the ſake of his ſoul given to the poor, till ſo lately as the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. There were eight yeoman attendants, called Yeomen of the Crown, appointed to guard this meſs, who had each eight-pence a day conſtant wages.*

CHAP. XVIII.

FROM BEDDGELERT TO HARLECH.——MOUNTAIN ROAD TO TAN-Y-BWLCH—NEW ROAD—TAN-Y-BWLCH INN—MAENTWROG—TOMMEN Y MUR—WATERFALL—IMPENDING SCENERY—LLYN TECWYN UCHA—LLANTECWYN—FINE VALE—HARLECH—TOWN-HALL—CASTLE—MEPHITIC VAPOUR—INN.

FROM Beddgelert I went along, what is generally called, the *mountain* road to Tan-y-bwlch. The other, *low* road, lays

* See the hiſtory of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, in Camb. Reg. I. 148. See alſo Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir Family, p. 375.

partly

partly over the ſands of Traeth Mawr, and cannot be paſſed but at low water. The former, from Pont Aberglâsllyn, for near ſeven miles, is the moſt rude and mountainous way imaginable. The continuation of rocky ſteeps has been found ſo exceſſively unpleaſant in carriages, that moſt people prefer getting out, and being on foot the whole way.

There was, when I was here, a new road forming lower down towards the ſands, which from every appearance will, conſidering the country through which it has to paſs, be a tolerably level one. This new road is to be brought from near the bridge, and to join that from Caernarvon to Dolgelle, not far from Tan-y-bwlch. I have been informed that when this is completed, there are ſome deſigns of running a coach, during the ſummer time, from Caernarvon to Dolgelle. An undertaking of this kind is likely not only to prove

uſeful to travellers, but very much ſo to the country at large.

The preſent romantic, though uncouth road, for about two miles, commands ſeveral beautiful and extended proſpects. From one very elevated ſituation I had a moſt delightful view of all the fine and mountainous country about me; Harlech and Criccieth Caſtles were both in ſight, and the long extent of ground, forming the promontory of Llyn, was viſible even to it's extremity.

At Tan-y-bwlch, *below the paſs*, there is only an elegant hall, embowered in woods, the manſion of —— Oakley, Eſq. and the comfortable little inn, both of which are on a conſiderable eminence on the north-weſt ſide of the vale of Maentwrog. This vale, watered by the little river Dwyryd, which meanders along it's bottom, contraſted with the bleak and dreary mountains of it's ſides, from hence affords

affords a moſt pleaſing proſpect. A former touriſt * was ſo much gratified with this ſcene as to obſerve "That if a perſon could "live upon a landſcape, he would ſcarcely "deſire a more eligible ſpot than this."

The Inn is a ſmall, but good houſe, and the inhabitants very civil and attentive. Poſt chaiſes are not at preſent kept here, but the inn-keeper informed me, that as ſoon as the new road was completed, he probably might attempt a ſingle carriage, if there ſhould be any proſpect of ſucceſs; and this there muſt be, ſince Tan-y-bwlch is ſituated nearly in the centre, betwixt the three market towns of Caernarvon, Bala, and Dolgelle.

On the oppoſite ſide of the vale ſtands the church of Maentwrog, which takes it's

* Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, Eſq. who made a tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales in the ſummer of 1774 and 1777.

name from a large ſtone in the church-yard, called *Maentwrog*, the ſtone of Turog, a Britiſh ſaint, who lived about the year 610, and was the writer of Tiboeth, a romantic record belonging to St. Beuno, and formerly kept in the church of Clynog, in Caernarvonſhire.* Dr. Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merioneth, who was of ſome celebrity as a Welſh poet, was rector of this place, and is buried here.

In this pariſh are the ſmall remains of Mûr Caſtell, now called Tommen y Mur, where the kings of England uſed to encamp when they came againſt North Wales.†

I left Maentwrog, and enquiring the road to Harlech, proceeded on my journey. At the diſtance of about half a mile,

* Jones's Welſh Bards, p. 14.

† Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merionethſhire, by Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, in the Cambrian Regiſter, I. 191.

I croſſed

I croſſed a ſmall bridge, when leaving the road, I wandered along a foot path up a wooded valley on the right, for about a mile and a half, in ſearch of a waterfall that had been before deſcribed to me, called Rhaiadr dû, *the black cataract*; but it was not without ſome difficulty, and after much aſcending and deſcending, that I found it. In this cataract, which is ſurrounded with dark and impending ſcenery, the water is thrown with vaſt impetuoſity over three black and ſmooth rocks, each in a different direction. Of it's height I could form no idea, as the top of the upper fall, by the winding of the rocks, was not viſible from below. The rock that hangs immediately over the fall, was, from it's great height and rude form, a fine object in the landſcape, and the whole of the hollow, for ſome diſtance below the cataract, extremely grand. I attempted to climb to the upper part, but the rocks

were too perpendicular and ſlippery to attempt it without danger; therefore contenting myſelf with ſeeing as much as I could from below, I croſſed the water, and crept along the ſhelving rocks by the ſide of the ſtream, for near half a mile. Here the banks cloſed in over my head, leaving but a narrow chaſm, from which the light was excluded by the dark foliage from each ſide, and I found myſelf entering to appearance into the mouth of a deep and horrid cavern. The ſides were too ſteep for me to think of clambering up, and except going quite back again to the cataract, I had no alternative but to penetrate this diſmal place. This I ſoon did, for it continued but a ſmall way; and now finding it's banks ſufficiently ſlanting for me to aſcend to the meadows above, I was not a little pleaſed to eſcape from this abode of damp and horror.

Regaining

Regaining the road I had left, it led me along the ſide of Llyntecwyn ucha, *the upper pool of Tecwyn*, where I found ſome pleaſant, though leſs mountainous ſcenery than what I had juſt paſſed. This pool is larger than many of thoſe in Wales, and it's waters are beautifully clear. On one ſide of it is a range of low rocks, compoſed of a ſhivery kind of ſlate, which has mouldered in many places to the bottom in ſmall ſharp pieces, almoſt reſembling needles.

Afterwards paſſing the village of Llantecwyn, and Llyntecwyn iſa, *the lower Tecwyn pool*, I came to a moſt lovely little meadowy vale, about three miles diſtant from Harlech, called (as I underſtood, the Guide) Dol Orcal. After the late uncouth ſcenery, I here enjoyed to the utmoſt, the pleaſing effect of the green woods and meads in the vale, and the purple heath which concealed and ſoftened

the harſh colouring of the neighbouring rocks.

The whole of this walk from Beddgelert to Harlech, was exceedingly pleaſant; and from the continual varying of the ſcenery, kept the attention alive during every part of the journey.

This road from Tan-y-bwlch is ſcarcely paſſable for carriages, but there is another from Beddgelert, along the ſands, which may be gone at low water; but guides muſt be taken who are acquainted with the track, as it is very unſafe to venture without them.

Harlech, once the principal town in Merionethſhire, is now dwindled into a ſmall and inſignificant village, containing not more than four or five hundred inhabitants. It is in the pariſh of Llanfair, and is, with it's caſtle, built on a cliff which overhangs the marſh, on the ſea coaſt, near Cardigan Bay. Not far from the caſtle,

caſtle, is an old roofleſs building, once the town hall; in which, I was informed, the Members of Parliament for Merionethſhire continue to be elected.

The caſtle is yet very entire. It is a ſquare building, each ſide meaſuring about ſeventy yards; and has, at every corner, a round tower. From each of theſe iſſued formerly a round turret; all now, except one or two, deſtroyed. The entrance is betwixt two great rounders, and the chief apartments appear to have been over the gateway, in a building which projected into the court; and at each corner of this building is alſo a large round tower. The caſtle was defended, on the eaſt ſide, by a deep foſs; and it's ſituation, on the verge of an almoſt perpendicular rock, rendered it impregnable in almoſt every other part. I have been told, that from the marſh, this fortreſs, except in it's ſize, has much the

appearance

appearance of the caſtle of Belgrade, in Turkey.

The evening that I arrived here, the atmoſphere was perfectly clear, and I could ſee very plainly the peaked ſummit of Snowdon elevated high above all the other mountains. The promontory of Llŷn was viſible in almoſt every part; Criccieth Caſtle ſeemed ſcarcely a mile diſtant; and the fine, though dangerous Bay of Cardigan, lay entirely before me.

The antient name of this fortreſs was Twr Bronwen, *Bronwen's Tower*; ſo called from Bronwen,* or *the white-necked* ſiſter to Bren, (or Brânus) ap Llŷn, Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards King of Great Britain, who lived about the year 290. It is ſuppoſed by ſome that ſhe reſided here,

* She died in Angleſea, and was interred on the bank of the river Alaw, in that iſland. Mr. Rowlands ſays, her monument was in exiſtence ſo lately as in his time. See Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata.

and

and the higheſt turret, though for what reaſon I know not, ſince the preſent building was founded many centuries after her time, goes yet by the name of Bronwen's Tower.*

It was afterwards called Caer Collwyn,† or *Collwyn*'s fort, from Collwyn ap Tangon, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who repaired it in the eleventh century, and reſided for ſome time in a *ſquare tower, then* called Bronwen's Tower.‡ The preſent name, Harlech, is probably derived from the Britiſh Hardd, beautiful; and Llech, a rock, indicative of it's ſituation.

According to ſome of the antient Britiſh Hiſtorians, this caſtle was built by Maelgwn

* Perhaps this tower may have ſtood upon the ſite of the antient one of that name, and ſo have ſtill retained the former appellation.

† It is ſometimes, though improperly, called Caer Colun.

‡ See the hiſtory of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, in the Camb. Regiſter, I. 148.

Gwynedd,

Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, ſometime about 530;* and it is generally ſuppoſed, that Edward I. founded the preſent fortreſs, upon the ruins of the old caſtle; ſome parts of which are yet diſtinguiſhable from the more modern work of that monarch.

It is evident there muſt have been a caſtle here before Edward's time, for in the year 1160, during the reign of Henry II. I find that one John Charlton, being protected by the king, impriſoned here three of his wife's uncles, Llewelin, David, and John.†

Hugh de Wlonkeſlow was, in 1283, appointed by Edward the firſt, conſtable, with a ſalary of a hundred pounds; but this ſalary appears to have been afterwards re-

* Vaughan's ſketch of the hiſtory of Merionethſhire in Camb. Reg. I. 191.

† Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 215.

duced;

duced; for in ſome accounts, it was only twenty-ſix pounds thirteen ſhillings and fourpence, and in others fifty pounds; which was ſuppoſed to be both for the Conſtable and the Captain of the Town. The whole garriſon conſiſted of twenty ſoldiers, whoſe annual pay amounted to a hundred and forty pounds.*

In the year 1404, this caſtle, along with that of Aberyſtwyth, in Cardiganſhire, was ſeized by the great, but ambitious Owen Glyndwr, during his rebellion againſt Henry IV. They were both retaken about four years afterwards, by an army which the king had diſpatched into Wales, againſt that ſturdy chieftain.†

Margaret of Anjou, the ſpirited queen of Henry VI. after the king's defeat at North-

* Ayloffe's Welſh Calender, p. 92. and Dodderidge, p. 98, quoted in Pennant's Tour, II. 130.

† Carte's Hiſtory of England II. 661 and 669.

ampton,

ampton, in 1456, fled from Coventry, and found in this fortreſs an aſylum from her enemies; after narrowly eſcaping the hands of Lord Stanley, who found and ſeized her jewels and baggage. From hence, after a ſhort time, ſhe proceeded into Scotland; where, collecting her friends, ſhe marched to Wakefield; near which place ſhe once more attacked her enemy, the Duke of York, who was there defeated and ſlain.*

Edward IV. ſoon after he came to the crown, found means to obtain the affections of the whole realm, and make himſelf maſter of every part of the kingdom, except this caſtle and a few others in Northumberland. Theſe he did not think it neceſſary immediately to attack, perhaps from the expectation, that ſeeing the whole country continue in quiet poſſeſſion, they might ſoon of their own accords ſub-

* Carte's England, p. 757.

mit,

mit. The idea, however, proved groundleſs, for Dafydd ap Ifan ap Einion, a ſtaunch and valiant friend to the houſe of Lancaſter, held out in this caſtle till 1468, near nine years after the coronation of Edward, who, at laſt, ſeeing his reſolution not to yield till he was abſolutely forced to it, found it neceſſary to ſend into Wales a large army againſt him, under the command of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who, with incredible difficulty, marched his men over the heart of the Britiſh Alps to attack him. The Earl beſieged the caſtle, and it was ſurrendered at diſcretion on the 14th of April, 1468, when Sir Richard Tunſtal, Sir Henry Bellingham, Sir William Stoke, with about fifty other gentlemen, were taken priſoners and committed to the Tower of London.*

Sir

* MS. Chronicle in the Library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Stow's Annals, p. 421.

Camden's

Sir Richard Herbert, brother to the Earl, who had commanded the Engliſh army during the ſiege, interceded with the king for the life of the Britiſh hero Dafydd ap Ifan ap Einion. The king at firſt refuſed, but Sir Richard told him plainly, "That his highneſs might take his life "inſtead

Camden's Britannia, II. 538. Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 775. Wynne's Memoirs of the Gwydir Family, 398. Vaughan's Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merionethſhire, Camb. Reg. I. 191. Camden ſays, the road over which the Engliſh ſoldiers marched, is to this day called *Lle Herbert*. The names of the valiant defenders of this fortreſs were as follows:

Dafydd, ap Jevan, ap Einion.
Gruff. Vychan, ap Jevan ap Einion.
Siankyn, ap Jorwerth ap Einion.
Gr. ap Jevan ap Einion.
Tho. ap Jevan ap Einion.
John Hanmer.
Dafydd ap Jevan ap Owen o Bowis.

Rhinalt,

" inſtead of that of the Welſh captain; or " that he would aſſuredly replace Dafydd " in his caſtle, and the king might ſend " whom he pleaſed to take him out again." This prevailed, but Sir Richard received no other reward whatever for his ſervice.*

In the civil wars of Charles I. Harlech Caſtle was the laſt in North Wales that held out for the king, being ſurrendered on the 30th March, 1647, on honourable terms, to Lieutenant General Mytton, when Mr. William Owen was governor,

Rhinallt, ap Gryff. ap Bleddyn *of* Tower *near* Mold.
Mawris ap Dafydd ap Jeffre.
Dafydd, ap Einion, ap Jevan Rymus.
Howel ap Morgan ap Jorth Goch.
Ednyved ap Morgan.
Thomas ap Morgan.
John Tudur Clerck.
Gr. ap Jevan ap Jorwerth, *ſenior*.

See Pennant's Tour, II. 131.

* Pennant's Tour, II. 131.

and the whole garriſon conſiſted but of twenty-eight men.*

Edward I. made the town into a free borough, and confirmed to it ſeveral grants of lands and other emoluments. The aſſizes for Merionethſhire, which uſed formerly to be held here, are now holden at Bala and Dolgelle alternately.

In the winter of 1694, this neighbourhood was much alarmed by a kind of kindled exhalation, which came from a ſandy marſhy tract of land, called Morfa Bychan, acroſs the channel, eight miles towards Harlech, and injured much of the country, by poiſoning the graſs in ſuch a manner as to kill the cattle, and firing hay and corn ricks for near a mile from the coaſt. It is repreſented to have had the appearance of a weak blue flame, which, by any great noiſe, ſuch as the firing of

* Whitelock's Memorials, p. 243.

guns,

guns, or the ſounding of horns, was eaſily extinguiſhed. All the damage was done invariably in the night, and in the courſe of the winter not leſs than ſixteen hay ricks and two barns, one filled with corn, and the other with hay, were burnt by it, It did not ſeem to affect any thing elſe, and men could go into it without receiving the leaſt injury. It is ſaid, that though it was ſeen oftener during the firſt three weeks than it was afterwards, yet it was obſerved at different intervals of time for at leaſt eight months.* The occaſion of this ſingular phenomenon is not exactly known. It appears moſt probably to have ariſen from ſome collections of putrid ſubſtances, the vapour coming from which might have been directed towards this place by the

* Letter from Mr. Maurice Jones, inſerted in the Philoſophical Tranſactions. See Lowthorp's Abridgement, II. 183.

wind. Biſhop Gibſon has conjectured, that it might have proceeded from the corrupted bodies of a quantity of locuſts, which came into this kingdom about that time, but from the coldneſs of the climate were deſtroyed. He ſays, that a conſiderable quantity of them were ſeen lying dead about the ſhores of Aberdaron, in Caernarvonſhire.*

The public houſe at Harlech, for ſuch it can only be denominated, is kept by a civil man, called Amoyl. The proviſions were indeed plain, but the beds, (only two, and thoſe in the ſame room) conſidering the ſmallneſs of the houſe and the obſcurity of it's ſituation, clean and comfortable. A guide may be had from this place, who will conduct the traveller either amongſt the mountains, or over the ſands to Beddgelert.

* Gibſon's Additions to Camden's Britannia, (in which Jones's Letter is copied,) p. 659.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

EXCURSION FROM HARLECH TO CWM BYCHAN.—DRUIDICAL CIRCLES—CWM BYCHAN—WELSH PEDIGREE—BWLCH TYDYAD—DRWS ARDUDWY—CROMLECH—DISTANT WATERFALL—SARN-BADRWYG—OVERFLOWED HUNDRED.

I WENT (conducted by the guide) to explore an obscure vale, about four miles from Harlech, called Cwm Bychan, *the little hollow*. A mile from the town, on a large elevated moor, he pointed out to me, a circle of small stones, about thirty yards in diameter, with another at some distance, surrounding it. From it's form and appearance, I am inclined to suppose, that this must have been one of those Druidical circles, in which were holden their *Gorseddau*, or Bardic meetings; for these meetings were always in a place set apart in the open air, in some conspicuous

ſituation, and ſurrounded by a circle of ſtones, having in the centre, a large one, by which the preſiding bard, or Druid ſtood. There was no relic whatever left of the middle ſtone. This kind of circle was called *Cylch Cyngrair*, or the circle of congreſs. At theſe meetings, candidates were admitted to the different degrees of Bardiſm, and on theſe occaſions, it was, that all the oral Bardic poems and traditions were recited, and their laws ſettled. During theſe ceremonies, all the Bards ſtood within the circle, their heads and feet bare, and clad in their uni-coloured robes.

Cwm Bychan is a graſſy dell, about half a mile in length, ſurrounded with the moſt black and dreary ſcenery imaginable. On the right of the entrance into it, is a ſmall pool, called Llyn y Cwm Bychan, from whoſe edge Carreg y Saeth, *the rock*

of

of the arrow,* towers, the blackeſt of the vale. I reſted myſelf for a while on a rock, above the pool, from whence I could at eaſe obſerve, and enjoy the rugged beauties of this romantic hollow. From hence the landſcape extended in all it's magnificence: the vale was ſeen embo-ſomed in ſtupendous rocks, black and bar-ren, and enlivened only by the patches of meagre vegetation, lodged on their ſhelving precipices.

We deſcended into the hollow, and wandered along the bottom, till we came to the manſion (a true ſpecimen of an an-tient ſeat of a Welſh gentleman) lately occupied by Mr. Evan Lloyd, a perſon mentioned with much reſpect in Mr. Pen-nant's Tour.† He was able to trace his

* Probably the antient ſportſmen took here their ſtation to watch the paſſing deer, which formerly abounded in theſe parts.

† Vol. II. p. 125.

deſcent from Blyddyn ap Cynvyn, one of the princes of North Wales. The pedigree, as a curioſity, I have thought worth tranſcribing; it is as follows:

Evan ap Edward, ap Richard, ap Edward, ap Humphrey, ap Edward, ap Dafydd, ap Robert, ap Howel, ap Dafydd, ap Meirig Llwyd o Nannau, ap Meirig Vychan, ap Ynyr Vychan, ap Ynyr, ap Meuric, ap Madog, ap Cadwgan, ap Blyddyn, ap Cynvyn, Prince of North Wales and Powys.

Having paſſed this manſion, we aſcended on the other ſide, till we came to a deep mountain hollow, called Bwlch Tyddyad. Here the rocks cloſe, and oppoſe a collection of ſhattered precipices, forming a ſcene of deſolation and barrenneſs throughout. A few graſſes, liverwort, and heath, conſtitute all the vegetation of this place. We wandered on this rocky cleft, for ſuch it only ſeemed, till we

we got beyond the higher mountains, when on a ſudden, a fine open proſpect of all the country eaſtward was extended before us. Here we were treated with a paſtoral landſcape, bounded by high diſtant mountains, which formed a majeſtic barrier around: amongſt theſe, Cader Idris, and the two Arrennigs were particularly conſpicuous.

From hence we made a ſharp turn to the right, ſtill continuing our journey over a wretched horſe-path, and ſoon afterwards, turning again to the right, we entered another deep glen, called Drws Ardudwy, *the paſs of the overflowed land*, a place well calculated to inſpire the timid mind with horror. The ſides and bottom were almoſt covered over with looſe fragments of ſtone, once detached by the force of froſt, or the irreſiſtible ruſhing of torrents, after ſtorms and heavy rain, from the heights above. The fear for perſonal ſafety muſt ſometimes, in places ſimilar to this,

this, be accompanied with a tremor, for the mind is not always able to diveſt itſelf of prejudices and diſagreeable aſſociations of ideas, and in ſpite of every effort of reaſon and judgment, the unpleaſing ſenſations of terror will ſometimes affect us.

After this dreary ſcene, we entered a more wide and fertile valley, called Cwm Nancoll, *the hollow of the ſunken brook*, from whence the guide took me, though ſomewhat out of the uſual track, to ſee a Cromlech, in a farm, called Gwern Einion, *Einion's alder-grove.* This is about two miles ſouth of Harlech; it is at preſent made to form the corner of a wall, and is built upon two ſides, with modern ſtones, to prevent the ſheep from getting through it. There are ſix ſupporters, three about ſix feet, and the other three about four feet in height. The ſtone which reſts upon theſe, is large, flat, and ſlanting.

A little

A little while before we came to this cromlech, I heard, from the ſide of the hill, on which we were walking, the falling of water, in a wood, on the other ſide of the valley, and apparently about half a mile from us; and I could, though the diſtance was ſo great, plainly perceive a ſilver line amongſt the trees, formed by the waters ruſhing down a precipice. I enquired of the guide reſpecting it, and he informed me, that it was a fall of no great height, or beauty, and he was not acquainted with it's name, if it had any. My walk of this day had been very long and laborious, and I was almoſt fainting from want of refreſhment, ſo that I was under the neceſſity of taking his word for it, otherwiſe I ſhould have croſſed the vale to examine it, for I am much inclined to ſuppoſe, that it muſt have been a cataract of very conſiderable height.

Betwixt

Betwixt the cromlech and the town of Harlech, I paſſed another Druidical circle, ſomewhat ſmaller than the one I have before mentioned, but ſurrounded, like that, with another diſtant circle.

It being the ebb of the tide, as we returned, the guide pointed out to me part of a long ſtone wall, which runs out from Mochras, a point of land a few miles ſouth of Harlech, in a direction weſt-ſouth-weſt, for above twelve miles. This is called Sarn Bad-rwyg, *the ſhip-breaking cauſeway*. Weſt of Harlech there was formerly another habitable hundred belonging to Merionethſhire, called Cantre'r Gwaelod, *the lowland hundred*, on the edge of which, this great ſtone-wall was built, as a fence againſt the ſea. But about the year 500, when Gwyddno Garan Hîr was lord of it, one of the perſons who looked after the dams, was ſo careleſs as to let the ſea break through them, and ever ſince that time,

time, it has been always completely flooded.* Thus Cardigan Bay, though to appearance very ſafe for a ſhip to ride in, is for many miles ſo full of ſhoals, that it is extremely dangerous for a veſſel of any burthen to venture at all near the coaſt.

CHAP. XX.

FROM HARLECH, BY BARMOUTH, TO DOLGELLE. ——MEINI GWYR—CROMLECHS CORS-Y-GEDOL BARMOUTH—INN—RIVER MAWDDACH—FRIAR'S ISLAND—DINAS GORTIN—BEACH—FINE SCENERY—LLANELLTYD—DOLGELLE—DR. FULLER'S ENIGMATICAL DESCRIPTION—MANUFACTORIES —INN—BATTLE IN THE CIVIL WARS.

THE road from Harlech to Barmouth is even and good, but, by it's lying over a flat and diſagreeable country, is,

* Vaughan's Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merioneth-ſhire, in Camb. Reg. I. 188.

beyond

beyond meaſure, dull and unintereſting. At a diſtance, towards the ſea, I had nothing but turfy bogs and ſalt marſhes; and on the other ſide, the mountains were low and ſtony, and completely barren in pictureſque beauty.

In a field by the road ſide, near Llanbedir, I obſerved two upright ſtones ſtanding near each other, the one about ten, and the other ſix feet in height. They were without inſcriptions, and were probably what the Britiſh called *Meini Gwyr*, the ſtones of the heroes, having been erected as funeral monuments to ſome of their antient defiled warriors who were ſlain in battle.

A few hundred yards beyond the fifth mile ſtone, and at a little diſtance on the left of the road, were two cromlechs very near each other, placed on barrows, or heaps

heaps of looſe ſtones,* the ſuppoſed interments of ſome men of antient note, the largeſt twelve feet long, nine broad, and the quoit or upper ſtone, about twenty inches thick. I was told that this part of Merionethſhire abounded in different ſpecies of Druidical antiquity.

I paſſed

* Though theſe barrows, on account of the cromlechs erected on them, have every appearance of high antiquity, yet I am inclined to ſuppoſe, with Mr. Wyndham, a judicious traveller through this country in 1774, that many of the heaps of ſtones, uſually taken for barrows or cairns, "were originally piled together for no other reaſon than that "the reſt of the field might afford the clearer paſ-"ture." See Tour through Monmouthſhire and Wales, by Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, Eſq. The mode of forming theſe antient barrows or *Carneddau*, as they are called by the Welſh, was ſomewhat curious. When the carnedd was conſidered as the honourable tomb of a warrior, every paſſer by threw an additional ſtone out of reverence

to

I paſſed Cors-y-gedol, the antient family ſeat of the Vaughan's, but now the property of Sir Thomas Moſtyn, Bart. and continuing my journey by Llanaber, the pariſh church to Barmouth, I ſoon afterwards arrived at that place.

Barmouth is placed in one of the moſt diſagreeable ſituations that could poſſibly have been choſen for it, near the conflux of the river Maw, or Mawddach, whence it is called by the Welſh, Aber Maw, and from this Berthaw, or, corruptedly, Barmouth. Some of the houſes are built amongſt the ſand at the bottom, and others at different heights, up the ſide of a huge rock, which entirely protects the town on the eaſt. Their ſituations are ſo ſingular,

to his memory; but when this heap came to be diſgraced by being the mark where the guilty was laid, the cuſtom of every one who paſſed by, to fling his ſtone, was ſtill continued; but now only as a token of deteſtation.

that

that it is really curious for a ſtranger to wind up along the narrow paths amongſt the houſes, where, on one ſide, he may, if he pleaſe, enter the door of a dwelling, or on the other, look down the chimney of the neighbourhood in front. The lower part of the town is almoſt choaked up with ſand, which fills every paſſage, and in wet weather, it is extremely dirty and unpleaſant. The houſes are the moſt irregular poſſible—in ſhort, it appears to be ſuch a place as nothing but the pleaſures of ſociety can render at all comfortable.

It is frequented during the ſummer ſeaſon by many genteel families from Wales, and the weſt of England, as a ſea bathing place. Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, in his Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merionethſhire,* ſeems to aſcribe it's origin to perſons frequenting the banks of the Mawd-

* Camb. Regiſter, I. 190.

dach, "by reaſon of the herb ſcurvy-graſs, "which grows there in great abundance."

The company muſt find it an uncomfortable place, for the inn (the Cors-y-gedol Arms) is at times, almoſt buried in ſand, and a perſon cannot walk many yards from the door without being up to the ankles in it. Added to this, a ſtrong weſterly wind blowing it againſt the windows and into all the rooms, muſt render it horridly unpleaſant, and were it not for the civility of the hoſpitable Mrs. Lewis, the place would fail in one of it's chief attractions.

I was beyond meaſure ſurprized upon being introduced into the dining room, to find upwards of thirty perſons, moſt of them of fortune and faſhion, in ſo ſecluded a corner of the kingdom. I found too upon enquiry, that this was by no means all the company at that time in the town, for another large and good building, which

Mrs.

Mrs. Lewis had in her own hands as a lodging houſe, was alſo quite full. To be again introduced, as it were into the world, after my ſolitary rambles amongſt the wilds of this country, made a moſt pleaſing variety in my tour; and I enjoyed very much the cheerfulneſs and affability of every one preſent.

The lodging houſes in the town, are many of them dirty and miſerable places. There are at Barmouth, three bathing machines, but theſe are entirely appropriated to the uſe of the ladies, the gentlemen bathing on the open coaſt. The amuſements ſeem to conſiſt in going out in parties on the water, or in lounging on the ſands or beach. The latter is one of the moſt delightful walks I ever beheld. The wide river Mawddach winds amongſt the mountains, forming many and elegant promontories; theſe riſe to great heights on each ſide, ſome clad with wood, and

others exhibiting their naked rocks ſcantly covered with the purple heath. The ſummit of the lofty Cader Idris is ſeen to riſe high above the other mountains in the back ground. Had the town been built here, ſcarcely half a mile from it's preſent ſituation, inſtead of one of the moſt unpleaſant, it might have been made one of the moſt agreeable retirements in the kingdom.

Within the laſt three years, the number of viſitors to this place has been much increaſed, which I can attribute to no other cauſe but the civility of the good hoſteſs. She makes it her ſtudy to pleaſe every one, and ſhe is ſo fortunate as ſeldom to fail.

Barmouth is the port of Merionethſhire; but Mr. Pennant * ſays, it is not ſo much frequented as it ought to be, on account of the inhabitants (who do not attempt

* Tour in Wales, II. 114.

commerce

commerce on a large ſcale) vending their manufactures through the means of factors, who run away with many of the advantages which the natives might enjoy; yet this gentleman was informed, that a few years prior to the publication of his tour,* forty thouſand pounds-worth of flannels, and ten thouſand pounds-worth of ſtockings, had been exported from hence in the courſe of a year. The number of ſhips at preſent belonging to this port, is about a hundred. The population of the place is eſtimated at ſixteen hundred.

Not far from Barmouth, the river Mawddach divides into two arms, and forms a ſmall iſland, called Ynys y Brawd, or *the Friar's Iſland.* On the top of the rock, called Dinas Gortin, was formerly a military trench or fence.†

* In the year 1781.

† Vaughan's Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merioneth-ſhire, Camb. Reg. I. 190.

I left Barmouth, and proceeded along the bank of the Mawddach, uſually called Avon Vawr, *the great river*, towards Dolgelle. It was now high water, and the whole bed of the river being filled, made the different landſcapes the ſcene afforded truly pictureſque. The firſt two miles, which lay along what the inhabitants of Barmouth call the beach, formed by much the moſt intereſting part of the journey. In the compoſition of the views, ſcarcely any thing appeared wanting: here was every requiſite of mountain and vale, wood, water, meadows, and rocks, arranged in beautiful order. The numerous heaps of peat ſpread along the green bottom, were certainly unpleaſant objects in the ſcene, but theſe were eaſily overlooked, when every thing elſe was ſo beautiful. Beyond the beach the road winds at a little diſtance from the river, amongſt the low mountains, from different places in which I frequently

got

got a view of the river, partly hidden by intervening mountains, which made it aſſume the appearance of elegant and pictureſque lakes. And in this manner, for eight or nine miles, was I alternately entertained with ſcenes of dreary and pictureſque landſcape.

About two miles from Dolgelle is Llanelltyd, a neat and clean looking village, from whence there is a road which winds along a dark and gloomy vale, towards Tan-y-bwlch. From the bridge, this vale had indeed a grand appearance. Not far from hence a foot-path leads over the meadows to an antient monaſtic ruin, called Y Vaner Abbey, which I viſited in my next ramble from Dolgelle to the waterfalls.

Many prefer making the journey from Barmouth to Dolgelle by water, which muſt form a moſt charming excurſion. To ſit at eaſe and enjoy the pleaſures afforded by the pictureſque ſcenes, along the Mawd-

dach, muſt be extremely gratifying to an admirer of nature. The river, however, is diminiſhed ſo much in width and depth within the laſt mile, as not to admit even of a pleaſure boat coming up to Dolgelle, and the company are on that account, obliged to land about three quarters of a mile from the place, and walk up to the town.

Dolgelle, *the holme of the groves*, is a market town of ſome conſequence, ſeated in a wide and fertile vale, between the rivers Arran and Mawddach, and ſurrounded on all ſides with high, and in many parts wooded mountains. The ſtreets are irregular, and the houſes in general ill built. The church is a neat ſtructure, having in it an antient monument of Meiric Vychan ap Ynyr Vychan, an anceſtor of the preſent family of the Vaughans of Nanney, near Dolgelle.

Dr.

Dr. Fuller,* in his Worthies of Merionethſhire, publiſhed rather more than a century ago, ſpeaking of Dolgelle, has given us the following ſingular and enigmatical account of the place:

1. "The walls thereof are three miles high.	1. The mountains which ſurround it.
2. Men go into it *over the water*; but,	2. On a fair bridge.
3. Go out of it *under the water*.	3. Falling from a rock, and conveyed in a wooden trough, (under which travellers muſt make ſhift to paſs) to turn an overſhot mill.
4. The ſteeple thereof doth grow therein.	4. The bells (if plural) hang in a yew tree.
5. There are more alehouſes than houſes.	5. Tenements are divided into two or more *tipling houſes*: and chimney-leſs barns are uſed for that purpoſe."

* Fuller's Worthies of Wales, p. 43.

The

The three laſt of theſe remarks will not hold good in the preſent day, as the alterations that have taken place in this town ſince the Doctor's time, are very conſiderable.

Here are conſiderable manufactories of Welſh flannels, which, from the number of hands neceſſarily employed, makes the town very populous.* The market for their goods is chiefly at Shrewſbury; but of late years ſo much has been bought upon the ſpot, that they have had occaſion to ſend very little to a market at ſo great a diſtance.

The Golden Lion, called Plas iſa, *the lower houſe*, is the beſt inn the town affords, but I cannot ſay much in favour of it. The proviſions were not much amiſs, except the wine, which was bad, and the beds were intolerable.

* The population is eſtimated at about 2000.

In

In the civil wars of the laſt century, about a hundred of the king's troops were attempting to raiſe a fortification about this place, to defend it againſt the Parliament's forces, when Mr. Edward Vaughan, at the head of a ſmall party, attacked and routed them, taking their captain and eighteen others priſoners.*

The celebrated Merionethſhire mountain, Cader Idris, riſes at a little diſtance, ſouth-weſt of Dolgelle, and it's ſummit is about ſix miles from thence. As guides can be at times procured here, moſt perſons chooſe to aſcend it from this place. Such was my intention, but I was completely prevented by wet and unpleaſant weather.

* Whitelock's Memorials, p. 190.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

EXCURSION FROM DOLGELLE TO THE WATER-FALLS.——Y VANER, OR KEMMER ABBEY—CASTELL CYMMER—RHAIDR DÛ—DISTANT FALL—RHAIDR Y MAWDDACH—PISTYLL Y CAIN.

THE three cataracts, on account of which Dolgelle is chiefly viſited by the touriſt, are Rhaiadr dû, *the black cataract*; Rhaiadr y Mawddach, *the fall of the river Mawddach*; and Piſtyll y Cain, *the fall of the Cain*. The former of theſe is about five, and the other two about eight miles from Dolgelle, and all of them near the high road leading towards Tan-y-bwlch.

I ſet out on this expedition, but left the road, and went along a foot path to the right, a few hundred yards before I reached the bridge at Llanelltid. I wandered about a quarter of a mile acroſs the meadows,

meadows, when I came to an avenue of aged ſycamores, which led me to the remains of an abbey, not viſible from the road, called by the Welſh, Y Vaner, and by Tanner, Kemmer Abbey,*

Where pious beadſmen, from the world retir'd,
In bliſsful viſions wing'd their ſouls to heav'n,
While future joys their nobler tranſports fir'd,
They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

Part of the church of this monaſtry is yet left, and the refectory and abbot's lodgings are built into the adjoining farm houſe. The other parts are much ſhattered, and the walls in many places patched with modern work to render it of uſe to the farmer, in whoſe ground it ſtands. The length is very diſproportionate for the width, being betwixt thirty and forty

* It is called beſides by different authors, Cymmer, Cymner, Cwmner, Kinner, Kinmer, and Kymmer.

yards

yards long, and not above eight broad. The eaſt end is the moſt perfect, and through it's thick covering of ivy, I could obſerve three ſmall lancet windows. Againſt the ſouth wall are a few ſmall Gothic pillars and arches, and an aperture in the wall in which was probably kept the holy water; in this part of the building there has alſo been a ſemi-circular door oppoſite to two ſmall arches, and near them a mutilated ſtone repreſenting the head of a human figure. The ſpace of ground which theſe walls incloſe is very inconſiderable, and from the great plainneſs of the building altogether, it will not form a picture from any point of view whatever. From a large ſycamore, which I obſerved growing amongſt the ruins at the weſt end, I ſhould judge that the building had long been in a moſt ruinous ſtate. Though it is but little more than a mile diſtant, it is, from the obſcurity of it's ſituation, ſcarcely known

known in Dolgelle. I enquired for it in vain as Kemmer Abbey, for the only name it has there is Y Vaner.

It was founded, according to Mr. Robert Vaughan,* in the year 1198, by Meredith and Griffith, Lords of Merioneth, and ſons of Conan ap Owen Gwynedd, Prince

* Sketch of the hiſtory of Merionethſhire, Camb. Reg. I. 190. Tanner, the authority of Speed ſays, that it was founded about 1200, by Llewelyn, ſon of Gervaſe (Jorwerth); but a note adds, that "though he ſeems to have been a benefactor, and as "Prince of North Wales, to have confirmed the "donations of others as well as his own, there "doth not appear any great reaſon to think him "founder, nor is the time of the foundation clear; "but it ſeems to have been in a flouriſhing condi- "tion in 1231, when in the wars of Henry III. "with the Welſh, the Engliſh would have burnt "it, but the latter gave them three hundred marks "to ſpare it. This Llewelyn became Prince of "North Wales 1195, and died in 1240." Not. Monaſt.

of

of North Wales. The monks were of the Ciſtertian order, and the abbey was dedicated to St. Mary. Mr. Lewis Morris, a man well acquainted with the hiſtory and antiquities of his country, ſays "it was "firſt founded by ſome monks, who ſo-"journed there (as Mr. Robert Vaughan "of Hengwrt expreſſes it in his Remarks "on Sir William Dugdale's Monaſticon) "from Cwm hir Abbey, in Radnorſhire. "It ſeems," continueth he, "it was a "colony of monks they ſent away, as "bees do when the hive is too full."*

* Letter of Mr. Lewis Morris to his brother Mr. William Morris, of the Cuſtom Houſe, Holyhead, Angleſea, in Camb. Reg. II. 493. This ſeems in ſome meaſure, to account for Dugdale's miſtake in confounding this abbey with that of Combehire, or Cwm hir, in Radnorſhire, to which indeed the Parcolude Annals make it a daughter abbey. See Tanner's Not. Monaſtica, and Dugdale's Monaſticon Angl.

In

In 1231 when Henry III. was marching againſt the Welſh, who juſt before, headed by their Prince Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, had riſen and attacked the caſtle of Montgomery, one of the monks of this houſe happened to be near, and was queſtioned as to the ſituation and force of the Welſh army. He determined to befriend his country rather than aſſiſt an enemy, and therefore deceived them ſo much in the account he gave, as to induce them to make an immediate attack. The Welſh feigned a retreat to a neighbouring marſh, into which the Engliſh, who with the incumbrances of their armour were not ſo agile as their neighbours, immediately plunged after them, but to their deſtruction, for the Welſh forces returning upon them, after a ſhort conflict came off victorious. This action ſo enraged the king, that paſſing ſhortly afterwards near the abbey, he burned down the out-offices,

and ordered the whole building to be deſtroyed. The abbot only ſaved it by his entreaties to the king, and paying him down three hundred marks as ſome recompence for the injuries that had been done to him.* At the diſſolution the revenues were valued, according to Speed, at £58. 15s. 4d. and according to Dugdale, at £51. 13s. 4d.†

The

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 287. Matt. Paris, p. 311.

† Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica. It appears, from the accounts in the Augmentation Office, that from the 31. of Henry VIII. "the ſite of the monaſtry, "with lands, tenements, and mills, at the rent "of £2. 15s. 4d. The rectory of Llanelltid at "£5. 13s. 4d. The rectory of Llanycryn at £13. "13s. 4d. The rectory of Llanycreth at £6. 18. 4d. "and twenty-four crannocks,‖ and two hoppetts "of wheat, £10. 6s. 6d. were all then upon leaſe "to John Pewes. The other poſſeſſions there

‖ A crannock was an antient meaſure of corn.

"deſcribed

The ſite remained in the crown for ſeveral ſucceſſive reigns, not being granted away till Queen Elizabeth beſtowed it upon Robert, Earl of Leiceſter, about the

" deſcribed as lately being parcel of the abbey, were " the

	£.	s.	d.
" Town of Redcrowe, lands and " tenements	3	5	4
" Town of Llanelltid, divers te- " nements, &c.	10	15	2
" Town of Dolgelle, divers tene- " ments, &c.	2	8	4
" Town of Cumkadein, tene- " ments and mill	3	2	0
" Town of Tranſbryn, divers te- " nements	5	0	0
" Town of Llanechethe, tene- " ments and rents	2	18	0
" Chapel of Kydis	0	10	0
" Fines and perquiſites of courts	0	10	0

" So that the whole ſum of the yearly income of " the crown, in right of the abbey, was then " £65. 15s. 10d. See Camb. Reg. II. 284, 285.

twentieth year of her reign. How it has ſince deſcended is not known.*

On a bank, not far from this monaſtry, ſtood Caſtell Cymmer, *the caſtle of the conflux*, built by Uchdrut ap Edwin. This caſtle was demoliſhed upon ſome diſagreement with the founder, by the ſons of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, about the year 1113, not long after it's erection.†

Returning from the abbey, I croſſed the bridge at Llanelltid, and went on the vale leading towards Tan-y-bwlch. The firſt waterfall I came to, was Rhaiadr dû, *the black cataract*, this is in the grounds of William Maddocks, Eſq. at Dol-y-Melynllyn, the *holme of the yellow pool*, and from this circumſtance, it is called alſo the

* Cambrian Regiſter, II. 285.

† Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 183. Vaughan's Sketch of the Hiſtory of Merionethſhire, Camb. Reg. I. 190.

Dol-

Dol-y-Melynllyn fall. It is a double fall, about ſixty feet high, and the water foams with a thundering noiſe amongſt the black rocks down which it is thrown. Theſe rocks give to the ſcene a ſingular appearance, from their being in many places covered with a pure white lichen. The trees on one ſide of the ſtream had been lately cut down, but the lively and varied green of thoſe on the other, formed an elegant contraſt to the almoſt jet black rocks with which they were intermixed. The torrent rolls into a ſmall deep baſon, from whence it daſhes itſelf along it's rugged channel. Mr. Maddocks has been at the expence of making a very good foot-path, both to the bottom and upper part of this fall, giving to the traveller, every poſſible means of ſeeing it to advantage.

About a mile farther I turned to the right, to ſee the other two which are ſituated within a few hundred yards of each

other. The path lays along ſome woods and meadows, not very amuſing. From the ſide of a hill, about half a mile from the fall, I could obſerve the river Mawddach rolling down a ſteep in a woody vale above, and it's hoarſe murmuring juſt reached my ear. Beyond it, at ſome diſtance, was a rude arch, which croſſed the glen, and from my preſent ſtation, gave a pleaſing and romantic caſt to the ſcene.

Deſcending now (but cautious leſt too faſt),
A ſudden ſteep upon a ruſtic bridge,
We paſs a gulph in which the hazels dip
Their pendent boughs——

This was a truly alpine bridge over the river Cain, formed by the rude trunk of an oak which hung frightfully over the black torrent, that roared amongſt the rocks many feet beneath. Having paſſed this I ſoon found myſelf at the foot of Rhaiadr y Mawddach, *the cataract of the river Mawddach.* This ſtream here forces itſelf

itſelf down a rock betwixt fifty and ſixty feet in height, whoſe ſtrata laying in parallel lines ſeveral degrees inclined from the horizon, give the ſcene a ſingular and crooked appearance. The ſtream is thrice broken in it's fall, and the baſon into which is precipitated, is very large. In the baſon are ſome fine trout, which an heron ſeemed to be anxiouſly watching till I arouzed him from his attention. The rocks and trees form an amphitheatre around, and the foreground was finely broken by the large pieces of rock, once, no doubt, looſened from above. The upper part of the fall was hidden by intervening rocks, but upon croſſing the ſtream, it came into view. The ſcene was now complete and certainly pictureſque.

Piſtyll* y Cain, *the ſpout of the Cain*, I found by far the higheſt and moſt magni-

* The wood *Piſtyll* in the Britiſh language, ſignifies a narrow ſtream of water, ſomething like that iſſuing through a ſpout.

ficent cataract of the three. A narrow ſtream ruſhes down a vaſt rock at leaſt a hundred and fifty feet high, whoſe horizontal ſtrata here run in irregular ſteps through it's whole breadth, and form a mural front. Theſe indeed are ſo regular, as in a great meaſure to ſpoil it's pictureſque beauty, unleſs hidden by a volume of water much greater than there was at the time I ſaw it. Immenſe fragments of broken rock ſcattered around in every different direction at the foot of the fall, communicate a pleaſing effect. And the agreeable mixture of tints of the dark oak and birch, with the yellower and fading elm, formed on the whole a ſcene highly gratifying.

The guide who accompanied me, was an Engliſhman, who had reſided only a few years in Wales. He ſeemed ignorant of the language, which prevented him from giving me ſo much information as I wiſhed.

wiſhed. His name was Samuel Bartlet; he keeps a ſmall public houſe near Dol-y-Melynllyn.

CHAP. XXII.

FROM DOLGELLE TO MACHYNLLETH.——LLYN TRIGRAIENWYN—STORY OF GIANT IDRIS—BLUE LION—CADER IDRIS—CATARACTS—LLYN Y CAE—CRAIG Y CAE—PHENOMENON—VIEW FROM CADER IDRIS—CASCADE—CORACLES—MACHYNLLETH—WATERFALL—DESCRIPTION OF THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE IN CARDIGANSHIRE.

THE town of Dolgelle is ſeen to the greateſt advantage from the Machynlleth road, at the diſtance of about two miles. From hence I beheld it in the midſt of a vale replete with paſtoral beauty. The wide river Mawddach in the diſtance, reflected it's ſilvery whiteneſs amidſt the high and dreary mountains. The intervening ſpace was varied with every luxuriancy

uriancy of woods, meadows, and corn fields, interſected by the river Wnion which ſerpentizes along the vale.

The road ſoon afterwards, paſſing over high and wet moors, became dreary and irkſome, the lofty Cader Idris on the right, it's ſummit now obſcured in clouds, remaining the ſole ſource of amuſement. I arrived at Llyn trigraſenyn, *the pool of the three grains*, ſo denominated from three huge fragments of rock lying at the eaſt end of it. The largeſt is about eight yards long, ſix broad, and four high; and the traditions of the peaſantry ſay, that they were three pebbles which by chance had found their way into one of the ſhoes of the great giant Idris, and being ſomewhat uneaſy to his foot, he took it off and threw them out at this place, where they have ever ſince remained. It is alſo believed amongſt them that the pool is bottomleſs; but though this is not the caſe, it is ſome-

what

what ſurpriſing that ſo ſmall a place ſhould be, as I was told, upwards of fifty fathom deep. Near this pool the proſpect began to mend, and entering a long ſtraight hollow, Llyn Mwyngil, *the lake of the pleaſant retreat*, came in with diſtant hills to cloſe the vale.

I ſtopped at the Blue Lion, a ſmall public houſe, a little beyond the pool of the three grains, and enquiring what they could give me to dinner, I found, as Dr. Johnſon* did at Glenelg, in the Highlands of Scotland, that, "of the proviſions, the "negative catalogue was very copious." Here was no meat (except bad bacon), no eggs, no wine, no ſpirits. I, however, obliged by neceſſity, contented myſelf with what they could give me, bread and butter, and new ale, taken, from every appearance,

* See his Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland.

from

from the tub in which it was fermenting. I have had occaſion to remark throughout the whole of my tour, that this occurs but too frequently at moſt of the ſmall inns in Wales, and the labouring people do not ſeem to care about drinking it in this ſtate; if it has but the name of *Cwrw*, it ſeems quite ſufficient.

Edward Jones, the man who lives at this houſe, in the winter teaches a ſmall ſchool, and during the ſummer ſeaſon performs the office of guide from hence to the ſummit of Cader Idris. He is a moſt talkative man, and is certainly eſteemed a very great *ſcholard*. I ſmiled ſeveral times at his attempts to ſhow off his learning and abilities, and in ſo obſcure a ſituation I really thought theſe excuſable. This houſe being ſituated by the road ſide, immediately beneath Cader Idris, is a very convenient place for travellers coming from Machynlleth to Dolgelle, to aſcend that

mountain

mountain from. They may, if it is not inconvenient, on account of carriages or horſes, even go over the ſummit of the mountain and down the other way to Dolgelle, in nearly as ſhort a ſpace of time as it would require to deſcend again to this place.

At the time I came here it rained moſt violently, but bad as the houſe was, I determined to remain all night, in hopes that the morning might be clearer, and permit me to go up the mountain. The bed I ſlept in was not a *very* bad one, nor was I here, though in a ſmaller houſe, ſo peſtered with fleas as I had before been at Beddgelert.

The morning proving finer, I determined to venture up Cader Idris, and take the chance of the weather entirely clearing by the time I got to the top. Therefore having provided ourſelves with ſuch things as the houſe afforded, bread, cheeſe, and ale,

ale, we ſet out upon our expedition at nine o'clock.

This mountain is called Cader Idris, from the tradition of it's having been a fortreſs belonging to Idris, who is ſuppoſed to have been a prince of thoſe parts in very antient times. There is alſo a tradition that this Idris was a great poet, aſtronomer, and philoſopher, and that the ſummit of Cader Idris was his favourite ſeat and obſervatory, and from thence called *Cadair Idris*, the ſeat of Idris.* It appears to me that from their antient date and ſmall authority, there may be juſt as much truth in the one as in the other of theſe ſtories, and ſuch being the caſe, I will leave it to deeper antiquaries to decide upon their merits.

* He is ſometimes called *Cawr Idris*, or King Idris, *Cawr* being an old Britiſh word for king.

Since

Since there had been ſo much rain, the guide took me along the ſide of a rivulet which runs from Llyn y Cae, a pool in one of the hollows above, down the ſide of the mountain, to ſee a ſmall cataract, formed by it's falling down the face of a ſteep rock. The torrent now ſwelled by the late rains, foamed along it's channel, and came down in a white and thrice broken ſheet. This was altogether very ſmall but extremely pretty.

A little above this, I ſaw another caſcade on the ſame ſtream, ſmaller and more contracted than the laſt. The water was here a little broken towards the top, but it was from thence carried down an almoſt perpendicular rock about eight yards in height. This little cataract would have appeared but trifling, had it not been ornamented by three large oaks, whoſe branches, whilſt they almoſt hide the ſtream, add greatly to the beauty of the picture.

I now

I now croſſed this mountain rivulet, and went along the ſide of it for a little way, entertained in many places by the little caſcades formed in it's deſcent, amongſt the abrupt rocks which lay in it's courſe. Leaving it, I after awhile came to a hollow, in whoſe bottom are the diſmal waters of Llyn y Cae, *the incloſed pool*,* from the weſt ſide of which riſes an immenſe black and precipitous rock, called Craig y Cae, that caſts a gloomy ſhade on every thing below it. It's ſullen and majeſtic front was only enlivened with patches of

* Mr. Arthur Aikin, in his Tour through North Wales, p. 62, ſays, "ſome travellers have mentioned the finding of lava and other volcanic productions here; upon a ſtrict examination, however, we were unable to diſcover any thing of the kind, nor did the water of the lake appear to differ in any reſpect from the pureſt rock water, though it was tried repeatedly with the moſt delicate teſts."

the

the moſs ſaxifrage, and a few goats of pure white, that were ſeen ſkipping careleſsly along it's dangerous ſteeps. From it's ſpiry points and deep precipices, it has aſſumed an appearance not much unlike the age-worn-front of ſome antient cathedral. The whole of the ſcene, from near the edge of the pool, is truly pictureſque and grand, and from ſome ſtation not far diſtant, Wilſon's admirable view of Cader Idris was taken.

Whilſt I was gazing at the rock, a ſmart ſhower of rain came on, and after it was over, I was entertained with a phenomenon, novel to me, but not uncommon amongſt the mountains. The clouds were on a ſudden whirled around the top, and apparently confined within the hollow; the motion was continued for ſome time, and then remaining ſtill for a while, they were again ſent round with conſiderable velocity. I can only account for this, by ſuppoſing

them ſo denſe, that reſting below the upper edge, the wind in paſſing over, gave them this rotatory motion.

The clouds now roſe above the mountains, and the higheſt peak of Cader Idris was alone clouded. I aſcended by Bwlch y Cae to this ſummit, which is called Pen y Cader, *the head of the fort*; this, like that of Snowdon, is conical, and covered for ſome diſtance with ſmall looſe ſtones. I continued here enveloped in miſt for more than half an hour, when the mountain became perfectly cleared for about ten minutes. I had from hence a view, if not more extenſive, yet if any thing, more varied, than that from Snowdon. On one ſide of me I obſerved, that the mountain was broken into an abrupt and deep precipice, at whoſe bottom was lodged a ſmall lake or two. The diſtant views were of Bala pool, and it's adjacent mountains, which appeared quite near, and beyond it

the

the long range of Ferwyn mountains, headed by Cader Ferwyn, were ſeen to extend in rugged files. Towards the ſouth I had the county of Montgomery; and Plinlimmon, that celebrated mountain, was very viſible. On the weſt was the whole curve of Cardigan Bay, from St. David's quite round to Caernarvonſhire. I had ſcarcely looked round, when the gathering clouds ſwept over me in deeper folds, and all was again hidden from my ſight.

Cader Idris has three high points, the moſt lofty called Pen y Cader; the next in height, Mynydd Moel; and the third, Craig y Cae. The aſcent is much eaſier than up Snowdon; and I am confident, that from Edward Jones's houſe, I could walk to the ſummit in about two hours. Of the height of the mountain, I was able to learn nothing more than what Mr. Pennant has given * us. He ſays, that "Pen

* Pennant's Tour in Wales, II. 99.

" y Cader is nine hundred and fifty yards
" higher than the green near Dolgelle;
" Aranvowddwy, ſeven hundred and forty
" above Llyn Tegid; and the Arrenig
" only twenty yards ſhort of the Aran;
" that the fall from the lake to Dolgelle
" green, is one hundred and eighty yards;
" ſo that the real difference of height be-
" tween Cader and the Aran, is only
" thirty yards."

In order to vary my walk as much as poſſible, I took a different way down, by going more eaſtward, and deſcending along that part of the mountain, called Mynydd Moel. The path in this direction was ſufficiently ſloping all the way, to permit a perſon to ride quite up to the ſummit. A gentleman mounted on a little Welſh poney, had done it but a few days before I was there.

About half a mile from E. Jones's cottage, at the bottom of a hill, on the right

of

of the road to Machynlleth, I ſaw another cataract, which, though very ſmall, was not deſtitute of beauty. The rock down which the water falls, is about eight yards high, and being five or ſix times as wide at the top as at the bottom, it gives to the ſcene a ſingular effect. After dry weather I ſhould ſuppoſe this fall would almoſt always be in want of water; I, however, was lucky enough to ſee it in perfection, after ſome heavy ſhowers of rain.

The road from hence to Machynlleth, was very even and good; but laying in a narrow hollow, between a ſeries of wooded mountains, without much variety of character, even this ſhort journey was rendered tireſome, and the more ſo ſince I had rain nearly all the way. The murmuring of the rivulet, which accompanied me for ſeveral miles, and here and there a pictureſque cottage ſeated in the woods, were my only amuſements, till I came

within two miles of Machynlleth, when in the evening, the weather became quite clear, and I entered the fine vale in which the town ſtands. I did not come in ſight of the place till I was within a mile of it; for being ſeated in a vale, and hidden by intervening mountains, it only became viſible on a ſudden turn in the road juſt before I got to the river.

I obſerved in the Dovey, two of the boats, called Coracles; theſe are uſed chiefly in fiſhing; they are five or ſix feet long, and three or four broad, of an oval ſhape, and ſo light that one man may with eaſe carry them on his ſhoulders. They were the *vitilia navigia* of Pliny, and were much in uſe amongſt the antient Britons. Their name was taken from their being formerly covered with *coria*, or hides. Camden * ſays, "they were made of ſplit ſallow

* Camden's Britannia.

"twigs,

" twigs, interwoven, (round at the bot-
" tom), and on that part next the water,
" covered with a horſe's hide;" but they are now uſually covered with pitched canvas. They hold only a ſingle perſon, who can row himſelf with incredible ſwiftneſs with a paddle in his right-hand, whilſt with the other he can manage a net.

I croſſed the Dovey into Montgomeryſhire,* and ſhortly afterwards arrived at Machynlleth,† a neater and much more regularly built town than moſt in Wales. The town-hall is a plain building, and the church has a fault, common with many of the Welſh churches, in being white-

* This country contains about 450,000 acres of land, and 28,000 inhabitants. It is divided into ſeven cantreds or hundreds, and contains 47 pariſhes. It has ſeven market towns, and is about 30 miles from eaſt to weſt, and the ſame from north to ſouth.

† Machynlleth ſignifies *the place near the river Cynllaeth*, which was the antient name for the Dovey.

waſhed. From the church-yard is a pretty view up a green and meadowy vale. Machynlleth is a place of ſome trade, and I fancied it had the aſpect of being more opulent than moſt of the towns in this part of the principality.

I was ſhewn an old building, now converted into ſtables, conſtructed of the thin ſlaty ſtone, with which this country abounds, where it is ſaid that Owen Glyndwr ſummoned the nobility and gentry of Wales in the year 1402, when he was acknowledged as their prince, and as ſuch proclaimed and crowned accordingly.*

Machynlleth was not improbably the *Maglona* of the Romans, their principal ſtation in Montgomeryſhire; where, in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, the band of Solenſes were ſtationed in garriſon,

* Wynne's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 321. Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 655.

to

to act as a check upon the mountaineers.* Near Penallt, about two miles distant, is Cefyn Caer, *the ridge of the city*, where Roman coins have been frequently found, and where there has been formerly a circular fortification of some extent.†

From the top of a high rock, which overlooks the town, I had a most extensive view of all the places around me. It was a kind of prospect that reminded me very strongly of that shewn to Moses from the top of Pisgah. "And Moses went up "from the plains of Moab unto the moun- "tain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that "is over against Jericho: and the Lord "shewed him all the land of Gilead unto "Dan. And all Naphtali, and the land "of Ephraim, and Manasseth; and all

* Camden's Britannia.

† Vaughan's Sketch of the History of Merionethshire in the Cambrian Register, I. 189.

"the

" the land of Judah, unto the utmoſt ſea.
" And the ſouth, and the plain of the
" valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees,
" unto Zoar."

When I was juſt on the point of ſetting off for Llanydloes, I was informed of a very lofty cataract, about ſix miles ſouth of the town, near a pool called Llyn Pen Rhaiadr, *the pool at the head of the cataract*. But as the road lay quite over the mountains, and I was anxious to reach Llanydloes, I left it unſeen.

Had I not, that I might ſee the more of North Wales, made a determinate reſolution not to enter the ſouthern diviſion of the principality, I would have gone from hence to Aberyſtwyth, *the conflux of the Iſtwith*,* diſtant about nineteen miles. This

* The ſepulchre of Talieſſin, the Prince of the Britiſh bards, is ſuppoſed to have been near the highway, about four miles from Aberyſtwyth; but this, if ſuch was ever there, has been long deſtroyed.

is

is now a celebrated watering place, frequented by much company. Here are the ruins of a caſtle, built about the year 1107, by Gilbert Strongbow, and about two centuries afterwards, rebuilt by Edward I. From hence my route would have been to an inn about twelve miles off, called the Havod Arms, not far from which is the celebrated bridge, called Pont-ar-Monach, *a bridge over the Monach*, and by the Engliſh, the Devil's bridge. And from thence I ſhould have returned into North Wales, near Llanydloes. Were I ever to make this part of the tour again, I certainly ſhould take this route; and inſtead of the twenty miles diſagreeable road betwixt Machynlleth and Llanydloes, go this round of about fifty, viſiting in it thoſe two intereſting places, and ſeeing much beautiful and elegant ſcenery.

As it may be of ſome uſe to the traveller through this country, I will preſent him with

with a ſhort deſcription of the Devil's bridge, and the deep glen where it is ſituated, extracted from an entertaining journey through North Wales, by Mr. Arthur Aiken,* as the only account I dared to rely upon for accuracy. "After a long "and rather tedious walk (from Aber-"yſtwyth), we came ſuddenly to a moſt "ſingularly ſtriking ſpot. The valley of "the Rhydol contracts into a deep glen, "the rocky banks of which are clothed "with plantations, and at the bottom runs "a rapid torrent. This leads ſoon to the "ſpot that we were in ſearch of, which is "full of horrid ſublimity. It is formed "by a deep dark chaſm or cleft, between "two rocks, which juſt receives light "enough to diſcover at the bottom, through

* Journal of a Tour through North Wales and part of Shropſhire, by Arthur Aikin, crown 8vo. Lond. 1797.

"the

" the tangled thickets and impetuous tor-
" rent, which is ſoon loſt under a lofty
" bridge. By deſcending an hundred feet,
" we had a clearer view of this romantic
" ſcene, juſt above our heads was a double
" bridge, which has been thrown over the
" gulph; the inferior bridge was built by
" a monaſtry,* and hence called Pont-ar-
" Monach; this growing to decay, and
" being thought inſecure, another arch
" was thrown directly above, and reſting
" on the antient one, and which now ſup-
" ports a good road acroſs the precipice.
" The water below has ſcooped out ſeveral
" deep chaſms in the rock, through which
" it flows before it dives under the bridge.
" A large beech has flung it's boughs ho-
" rizontally over the torrent, as if to hide
" it from the ſpectator; and the whole

* Probably that of Strata Florida, which was not far from hence.

" banks

" banks of this wild ſpot are rough with
" fern, moſs, and native thickets, except
" on one ſide, where a perpendicular
" naked ſlate rock lets in the light to the
" inmoſt receſſes. Having ſufficiently ad-
" mired this tremendous ſcene, we walked
" along the cliffs overhanging the deep
" glen, which receives the mingled waters
" of the Rhydol and Monach, whoſe lux-
" uriant woods almoſt concealed the nu-
" merous rapids and falls occaſioned by
" the ruggedneſs of it's rocky bottom.
" After a troubleſome, and rather a ha-
" zardous deſcent, forcing our way through
" the trees, and acroſs two or three head-
" long little ſtreams, we arrived at a rocky
" bank, a few feet above the river, com-
" manding a fine view of the junction of
" the Rhydol and Monach, which ſeem to
" vie with each other in the turbulence of
" their waters, and the frequency of their
" caſcades: immediately above the union

" of

" of the two torrents, riſes a perpendicular
" rock, on the crags of which we ſaw
" ſeveral kites perched; the ſummit of
" the rock is crowned with wood, equal
" in luxuriance to that which clothes the
" lofty ſides of the glen."

CHAP. XXIII.

FROM MACHYNLLETH, BY LLANYDLOES, TO NEWTOWN.——PLYNLIMMON——GLÂS LLYN—FRWD Y PENNANT—LLYN YR AVANGE—BEAVERS—LLANYDLOES—SEVERN—ROMAN FORT—NEWTOWN—WATERFALL—CASTELL DOLFORWYN—STORY OF SABRINA.

FROM Machynlleth towards Llanydloes, the road winds for ſeveral miles over dreary and barren moors. I had ſcarcely a ſingle tree the whole way; and the only enlivening objects for the greateſt part of the journey, were a few patches of corn, ſparingly

ſparingly ſcattered in the adjacent bottoms. About five miles from Machynlleth, I came to a long and lofty hill, which continues on an aſcent for near three miles, from whoſe top I had an ample view of the country around me; but it's beauties were very few, it ſeemed nothing more than one diſmal waſte of hill and vale. From hence I went over the turfy mountains, without a village, and almoſt without a cottage to be ſeen the whole way.

Soon after I had mounted the height, Plynlimmon became viſible at the diſtance of four or five miles on the right. It's name Plynlimmon ſeems to have been derived from Pen lummon, *the ſummit of the beacon*, from it's being ſo much higher than all the hills around it; and probably, on that account, it may have been of uſe to the neighbouring peaſantry as a known mark by which they could (even in ſnow) ſteer their courſe over this uncouth country.

country. From the different accounts I had received of this mountain, I did not think my trouble in aſcending it was likely to be repaid by any thing I ſhould meet with in the journey; I therefore kept along the road, and only paſſed it at a diſtance. The mountains around being all low, make it appear much higher than it really is, and from it's being the place from whence the three noted rivers, Severn, Wye, and Rhydol, all riſe, may have been the cauſe of it's being ſo much known. In perpendicular height, it is far exceeded both by Snowdon and Cader Idris. In the flat country, betwixt Plynlimmon and the road, I obſerved a ſmall unadorned pool, called Glâs Llyn, *the blue lake*.

When I had got about half way to Llanydloes, I turned on the right, and went about a mile and a half from the road to ſee a noted cataract, called Frwd y Pennant, *the torrent at the head of the*

vale. The rock was almoſt perpendicular, and the water, then in plenty, from the late rains, roared down with a thundering noiſe. The few ſhrubs hanging from the rocks about it, added to it's beauty. In height this is exceeded by few cataracts in North Wales, except Piſtyll Rhaiadr.

About four miles from Llanydloes, the appearance of the country began to change, and the woody vales in the front, with the little Llyn yr Avange, *beaver's pool*, at a diſtance amongſt them, formed upon the whole, a pleaſing ſcene. In different parts of Wales there are ſeveral pools, called Beaver's pools; and we are aſſured by Giraldus Cambrenſis, and other writers,* that formerly the beaver was an animal found in many different places. Giraldus, after giving a ſhort deſcription

* Itin. Camb. Syl. Gir. Camb. Wynne's Hiſtory of Wales.

of

of them, ſays, that in his time, (about the year 1188) they were found, and not uncommonly, about the river Teivi, in Cardiganſhire. They were called by the Welſh, with great propriety, Lloſt-Lydan, or *the broad-tailed animal.* Their ſkin was of ſuch eſteem, as to be valued by the laws of Howel Dda, at a hundred and twenty pence; whilſt that of the martin was only worth twenty-four; and thoſe of an ermine, otter, wolf, or fox, only twelve pence. They ſeem to have conſtituted the chief finery and luxury of thoſe days.*

The entrance into Llanydloes, *the church of St. Idlos,* which is over a long wooden bridge acroſs the Severn, did not prepoſſeſs me much in it's favor, and I found myſelf not deceived in my judgment of it. The ſtreets are wide, but the houſes are moſt of

* Leges Wallicæ, p. 260, 261. quoted in Pennant's Tour, II. 143.

them built with laths and mud, filling up the intermediate ſpaces of a timber frame.

Theſe are in general very irregular, and I found as great a ſcarcity of good houſes in this place as in any I ever was in, of it's ſize and conſequence. The town-houſe is conſtructed in a manner ſomething ſimilar to the others, and is, upon the whole, a moſt ill-looking building.

The width of the ſtreets in this place, ſingular to ſay) is a great defect, for the inhabitants throughout the town, taking the advantage of it, throw all their dirt and manure in great heaps before their doors; and theſe are in general ſo large, that in a hot day the exhalation of noxious vapours from them, muſt be a great nuiſance to any perſon accuſtomed to cleanlineſs.

The town is built in the form of a croſs, having the market houſe nearly in the centre. Here is carried on a conſiderable

trade

trade for yarn, which being manufactured into flannels, is ſent to Welſh Pool for ſale. Within the church are ſix arches, whoſe columns are ſurrounded with round pillars, ending in capitals of palm leaves. Theſe, as the inhabitants aſſert, were brought from Cwm Hîr abbey, in Radnorſhire. A date on the roof intimates that it was erected in the year 1542.

The country all the way from Llanydloes to Newtown, ſeemed plainly to indicate an approach towards England, the road winding along a vale much flatter and more highly cultivated than any in the interior of Wales. Here were ſeveral fields, both of wheat and rye, two ſpecies of corn ſeldom grown in very mountainous countries, for the winds and ſtorms are there ſo powerful as to ſhake the corn out of the ears ſometime before it can ripen. I now wandered

On the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank.

It was here but a few yards acroſs, and it glided ſmoothly and ſilently along, reflecting brightly the green impending foliage of it's banks.

I croſſed the river before I came to the village of Pen-y-ſtrywad, and went up to Caer-ſws,* now a ſmall hamlet, but formerly a Roman ſtation of conſiderable note, ſituated on the bank of the Severn. The ſite of the encampment is yet diſcernible, being a quadrangular rampart, about a hundred and fifty yards ſquare. On the north-weſt ſide are hollows, which were probably part of the foſſes of the old precincts. In the ſouth-weſt angle of it were dug up, about twenty years ago, ſome Roman bricks, which were uſed in building

* The name Caer-ſws is ſuppoſed by ſome, to be derived from Heſus, a Roman lieu tenant, which was pronounced by the Britons, Caer-heſoos, and by contraction, Caer-ſws. See Camb. Reg. II. 379.

the

the chimney of a public houſe not far diſtant. There are remains of four encampments in it's vicinity, Rhos-ddiarbed, Gwynfynydd y gaer-fechan, and Cefyncarnedd. From this ſtation the Romans had a road, called Sarn-ſws, or Sarn Swſan; which, from it's direction, though it cannot now be traced the whole way, is ſuppoſed to have led to Cheſter.

In Newtown, or as it is called by the Welſh, *Tre-newydd*, I met with nothing remarkable. It is a clean place, and the country around it is fertile and pleaſant.

A glen about a mile from hence, on the right of the road to Builth, was pointed out to me, as containing a ſmall waterfall, and ſome beautiful ſcenery; but when I got to it, I was diſappointed in finding them by much the moſt deſpicable of any I had yet ſeen. The face of the rock had much the appearance of an old ſhattered wall, thrown aſlant, one end ſinking into

the ground. The water ſcarcely trickled down it, and from the muddy hole at the bottom into which it ran, ſeemed ſeldom to come in any quantity.

Returning to Newtown, I croſſed the river, and walked along its banks about three miles and a half to Caſtell Dolforwyn, *the caſtle of the virgin's meadow.* This ſtands on a lofty hill, on the north-weſt bank of the Severn, and commands the whole of the ſurrounding country. From it I had a moſt lovely and extenſive proſpect of the vale of Severn, through which the river was ſeen to glide in elegant curves, blackened by it's high and ſhady banks. The landſcape was enlivened with all the luxuriance of woods and meadow; whilſt the towns and villages around lent their aid to decorate the ſcene.

The caſtle has been a four-ſided building, of no great ſtrength, about fifty yards long and twenty-five wide, and the exterior

exterior walls appear to have been about four feet in thickneſs. A ſmall part of the north wall, with ſome trifling remains of the interior, are yet left. The ſouth and eaſt walls are entirely demoliſhed, and the other parts that are yet ſtanding, are in ſo ſhattered a condition, that it ſeemed as if a ſtrong wind might almoſt level the whole with the ground. I was informed that ſome perſons in digging amongſt the ruins a little time before I was here, had met with a few reddiſh earthen veſſels and ſome coins, but what theſe were I could not learn.

It is not known, with any degree of certainty, to whom the foundation of Caſtell Dolforwyn ought to be attributed; Dugdale * has given it to David ap Llewelyn, a prince, who reigned in North Wales from 1240 to 1246; Stow † to Llewelyn

* Monaſticon Anglicanum, II. 223.

† Stow's Annals, p. 200.

himſelf;

himſelf; and Mr. Evans, from the authority of John David Rhys, * to Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, ſometime betwixt the years 1066 and 1073. The latter now is generally ſuppoſed to have been in the right.

Edward I. in the ſixth year of his reign, made Bogo do Knovill governor, † and the next year granted it to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, to hold to himſelf and his heirs, the ſervice of a knight's fee. ‡ The

* Johannis Davidis Rheſi Linguæ Cymraecæ inſtitutiones accuratas, quoted in Evan's Diſſertatio de Bardis, p. 92.

† Dugdale's Baronage, II. 5.

‡ Ibid. I. 142. Stow's Annals, p. 200. A *knight's fee* has been defined to be ſo much inheritance, as is ſufficient yearly to maintain a knight with convenient retinue; which, in the time of Henry III. was accounted at £15. It was made £20. by the Statute i. Edw. II. c. 1. But Sir Thomas Smith, in his *Repub. Angl. lib.* I. *c.* 18. rates it at £40. And Sir Edward Coke, 2. *Inſt. fol.* 596. ſays, a *knight's fee* contained *twelve plow-lands*, or ſix hundred and eighty acres.

ſon

ſon of this Earl was attainted of high treaſon, but afterwards upon the reverſal of the attainder, it was reſtored to the family, in the perſon of his grandſon Roger, who died poſſeſſed of it.* By the marriage of Anne, ſiſter to the laſt Earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, this caſtle, along with thoſe of Denbigh and Montgomery, became the property of the Houſe of York.

In the year 1401 Sir Hugh Burrel was made governor. †

Leland,‡ ſpeaking of it, ſays, "Dolveron "Caſtle ruin is in the Lordſhipe of Kid-"owen, upon an half mile or more from "Severne, a III miles up Severne from "Montgomery, § and was the very chief "place of all the lordſhipe of Kidowen."

* Dugdale's Baronage, I. 148. † Ibid. II. 62.

‡ Leland's Itin. VII. 16.

§ Leland has miſtaken this diſtance, for by the neareſt road poſſible it is above *five* miles.

How

How this place took the name of Dolforwyn, or *the meadow of the virgin*, cannot with certainty be known; circumſtances however would lead one to ſuſpect, that it had ſome alluſion to the ſtory of Habren or Abren, the daughter of Locrinus, ſon of Brutus, the firſt king of Britain, by Eſſyllt, a daughter of the king of Germany, whom he had taken captive in his wars againſt Humyr, the king of the Huns. Previous to his taking this female he had eſpouſed himſelf to Guendolena, a daughter of Corineus, a hero who had entered the Iſland, at the firſt ſettling, with Brutus; and the chieftain, fearing this might put off the marriage, threatened to come againſt him with a powerful army, and force him to keep his former promiſe. Locrinus was therefore compelled to conceal Eſſyllt in a cavern, declaring that he had ſent her out of the kingdom, and to marry Guendolena. Upon the death of Corineus, which appears

to

to have happened but a ſhort time afterwards, he immediately divorced Guendolena, and acknowledged Eſſyllt for his queen. When he died, Guendolena aſſumed the government, and with unrelenting cruelty, cauſed Eſſylt and a daughter, called Alaen, which ſhe had borne to Locrinus, to be thrown into the river and drowned: from this circumſtance it is ſuppoſed to have aſſumed the name of Abrien, which afterwards, with a ſlight alteration, became Sabrina, and then Severn.*

Of this ſtory, Milton,† who has made Abren or Sabrina, the goddeſs of chaſtity,

* This event is ſaid to have taken place above 1000 years before the birth of Chriſt. See Geoffry ap Arthur, or Jeffry of Monmouth's Hiſtory of Britain, in the Cambrian Regiſter, II. p. 26, 29. And after him Matt. Weſtm. p. 20. Speed's Maps, c. X. fol. 115. And Whitelock's Memorials from Brutus, p. 2

† In his Maſque of Comus.

has

has given us ſo elegant and poetical a deſcription, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of following Mr. Pennant's excellent example in tranſcribing it here.

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilome ſhe was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the ſcepre from his father Brute.
The guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs flowing courſe.
The water nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts, and took her in,
Bearing her ſtraight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to embathe
In nectar'd lavers, ſtrow'd with aſphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe,
Dropt in ambroſial oils, till ſhe reviv'd;
And underwent a quick immortal change—
Made goddeſs of the river: ſhe ſtill retains
Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,

Helping

Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious viol'd liquors heals;
For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lay,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of panſies, pinks, and gaudy dafodils.
And as the old ſwain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numbing ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled ſong;
For maiden-hood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard beſetting need.

CHAP. XXIV.

FROM NEWTOWN TO MONTGOMERY.—SEVERN —MONTGOMERY — CHURCH — CHARACTER OF LORD HERBERT—CASTLE—RUSTIC VIEW—BRITISH POST—SINGULAR CUSTOM.

I LEFT Newtown, and went over a fine, cultivated country to Montgomery. The infant Severn accompanied me near half

half the way, ſometimes approaching cloſe to the road, and at others, hidden by intervening trees and hedges. Juſt before I entered the town, I was ſurprized by the road leading me along a hill, which was elevated ſo much above it, as to give me a complete bird's-eye-view into almoſt every ſtreet.

Montgomery appeared, from it's neat houſes, to be inhabited chiefly by perſons of ſmall fortune, who had come here to lead a life of retirement; and it is well calculated for this purpoſe. It is clean, and well built; and ſeems capable of affording all the comforts and conveniencies of life, without any of the buſtle and noiſe of a large town. The adjacent country is decorated with lively and luxuriant ſcenery, which indicates population and fertility. Lord Lyttleton has remarked, that when he travelled through Wales, in the year

1756,

1756,* this place was little better than a village: if this was the caſe, there muſt have been ſince that time a very conſiderable addition made to it, for it is now a moſt reſpectable market town: and theſe late alterations may have been the cauſe of it's preſent neat appearance.

The church is a handſome cruciform ſtructure, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and has within it an antient monument, to the memory of Richard Herbert, Eſquire, the father of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, of whom Mr. Granger † has given us this ſingular character: "Lord Herbert ſtands in the firſt rank of the public miniſters, hiſtorians, and philoſophers of his age. It is hard to ſay, whether his perſon, his underſtanding, or his courage, was the moſt extraordinary; as the fair,

* See his Letters, printed at the end of the preſent work.

† Granger's Biographical Hiſtory.

the learned, and the brave, held him in equal admiration. But the ſame man was wiſe and capricious; redreſſed wrongs and quarrelled for punctilios; hated bigotry in religion, and was himſelf a bigot in philoſophy. He expoſed himſelf to ſuch dangers as other men of courage would have carefully declined: and called in queſtion the fundamentals of a religion, which none had the hardineſs to diſpute beſides himſelf." The figures on this monument of Richard Herbert and his Lady, are recumbent, and under what has once been a magnificent and much ornamented canopy. In a corner cloſe by it, was a large collection of legs, arms, heads, and trunks of other monumental figures, but all ſo broken and demoliſhed, that I could make nothing out of them. In the church-yard I obſerved more epitaphs upon the graveſtones than I ever ſaw together before, and

of

of courſe amongſt ſo many, ſome truly ridiculous.

Adjoining upon the church-yard is a piece of ground unconſecrated, which ſome gentlemen of Montgomery have made into a court, where they play at the game of fives againſt the church.

The town owes it's name of Montgomery and Mons Gomerici to Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewſbury, who in 1092 entered Powiſland, and took this place, then called Ire-faldwyn, or Baldwin's Town, from it's having been built and fortified with a caſtle by Baldwyn, lieutenant of the marches to William the Conqueror. The Earl fortified the place afreſh, and called it, after his own name, Montgomery.*

The

* Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, p. 152. Camb. Brit. III. 531. Mat. Weſtm. p. III. ſays, "that when Henry III. erected here a new caſtle in 1221, it

The caſtle is ſituated on an eminence, nearly north of the town, and has from every appearance been a grand and auguſt building. It is now ſo much demoliſhed, and even the foundations at preſent are ſo very imperfect, that it is impoſſible to aſcertain, with any degree of accuracy, what has been it's extent. It ſtood on a rock quite precipitous on one ſide, and of ſo great an height as to have the command of all the places around it. The remains are a ſmall part of a tower at the ſouth-weſt corner, and a few low and broken walls. In this tower are ſeveral ſmall holes, ſimilar to thoſe I had before ſeen in the Roman fort at Segontium, near Caernarvon; and theſe ſerved ſtill more to convince me that they were all originally formed for no other purpoſe than to reſt in

was then called, from it's ſituation, Mons Gomericus; but I am at a loſs to know the meaning of the word *Gomericus*."

them

them poles, for the ſupport of the ſcaffolds uſed in building. Some of theſe are near ſix feet in depth. This fortreſs ſeems to have been divided by four foſſes, cut in the rock, each of which moſt probably had formerly it's drawbridge.

The firſt authentic accounts we have of the Caſtle of Montgomery are, that in 1094, William Rufus having been engaged in an unſucceſsful expedition againſt the Welſh (who in the preceding year had riſen in arms and ranſacked this caſtle*) and having loſt a great number of men and horſes, was obliged to return into England to reinforce his army, after having had juſt time to repair it.† On his retreat, the Welſh again laid ſiege to it, being then

* Leland's Collectanea, II. 314.

† Powel, p. 153. Matt. Paris, p. 15. Matt. Weſtm. p. 17. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 20. 23. Carte's Hiſtory of England, I. 466.

reputed the ſtrongeſt and beſt fortified caſtle in Wales: the Normans gallantly defended it for many days, but the Welſh having found means to undermine the walls, took it by ſtorm, and having put the garriſon to the ſword, levelled the fortreſs to the ground. After many ſtruggles, ineffectual on the part of the Engliſh, it was not till near four years after this event, that the king was able to obtain a victory at all deciſive. Upon again taking this place, the caſtle was immediately rebuilt by the Earl of Shrewſbury; but was after that again deſtroyed, though at what period is not known. It appears that in 1221, Henry III. in order, as the hiſtorians ſay, to reſtrain the predatory excurſions of the Welſh, marched againſt them, and erected a caſtle here, which he granted to his juſticiary, Hubert de Burgh, with two hundred marks annually, and a greater

ſalary

ſalary in caſe of war.* About ſeven years after this, as ſome of the ſoldiers of the garriſon were attempting, with the aſſiſtance of the country people, to open a road through an adjoining foreſt, a deep and extenſive cover, of many miles, which had long afforded the Welſh a ſecure retreat; from whence iſſuing, they frequently murdered and plundered travellers through the country; they were on a ſudden attacked by a body of the natives, who with great ſlaughter obliged them to ſeek refuge in the caſtle. The party then inveſted, and laid regular ſiege to it, upon which Herbert de Burgh, alarmed at his ſituation, ſent to Henry for ſuccour, who immediately in perſon, brought an army to his aid, and the

* Matt. Paris, p. 263. Matt. Weſtm. p. III. Holinſhed's Chronicle, II. 203. Carte's Hiſtory, I. 466.

Welſh upon his arrival raiſed the ſiege and fled.*

In 1231 a party of Welſhmen, having made an excurſion into the lands adjoining the caſtle, was intercepted by the Engliſh, and many of them were brought priſoners into it, and beheaded. Llewelyn the great, in revenge for this injury, aſſembling a great force, laid waſte all the Engliſh borders. During the general conſternation, Hubert de Burgh evacuated the caſtle, and it was ſeized by the Welſh, who burned it to the ground, and ſhortly after attacked and deſtroyed ſome others in ſouth Wales.†

In the year 1268, in a conference at this place, a peace was eſtabliſhed betwixt Llewelyn ap Gryffydd and Henry III. who, upon that prince's paying him a fine of

* Powell, p. 284, 285. Matt. Paris, p. 295. Carte's Hiſtory of England, II. 357.

† Powel, p. 287. Matt. Paris, 311.

thirty-

thirty-two thouſand marks,* reſtored to him four cantreds, which in the wars he had been deprived of.†

On an inquiſition taken on the reverſal of the attainder of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, in 1345, that Earl was found to have been poſſeſſed of this caſtle at the time of his death. It continued in the family till, along with thoſe of Denbigh and Dolforwyn, it paſſed by marriage with Anne, the ſiſter of the late Earl, into the houſe of York.‡

Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, in his life, written by himſelf, ſpeaks of it as having been the habitation of his grand-father, and great grand-father, who held it for the crown, as ſtewards of the caſtle, and of

* "Triginta duo millia *librarum* ſterlingorum Regi conceſſit." Matt. Paris, p. 851.

† Matt. Paris, p. 857. Matt. Weſtm. p. 347.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, I. 147, 148, 150.

the

the hundred of Cherbury, in which it was reputed to lie.*

In the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. Lord Herbert was made governor, but he did not declare himſelf either for the King or the Parliament, till the arrival of their army, under the command of Sir Thomas Middleton, in 1644; he, however, then upon a treaty, permitted them to enter the caſtle. Soon after this tranſaction, Lord Byron advanced with the king's army, conſiſting of about four thouſand men, which obliged Middleton to flee to Oſweſtry, leaving Lord Herbert and all his foot ſoldiers in the caſtle. The royal forces now laid ſiege to it; but Sir Thomas, having been joined by Sir John Meldrum, Sir William Brereton, and Sir William Fairfax, returned with about three

* Life of Lord Herbert, p. 5. quoted in Pennant's Tour, II. 371.

thouſand

thouſand men to the relief of the place. Lord Byron drew up his men to engage them, and after a moſt dreadful conflict, which laſted about eight hours, the Parliament's army obtained a complete victory. The routed troops fled towards Shrewſbury, and the purſuit was continued near twenty miles. In this battle betwixt three and four hundred men of the King's party were ſlain, and above a thouſand taken priſoners. The loſs on the ſide of the Parliament was, Sir William Fairfax, Major Fitz-ſimons, and about ſixty men killed, beſides a hundred who were much wounded.* The caſtle met with the fate of all others, being diſmantled by order of the Commons.

It was on a fine ſerene morning in the beginning of September, when I was here,

* Ruſhworth's Hiſtorical Collections, vol. II. part 3. p. 746, 747. Whitelock's Memorials, p. 104.

and

and I was ſo much charmed with the extenſive and varied proſpect from the caſtle, that I reſted under the cool ſhade of one of it's w lls for near an hour, feaſting my eyes with the delightful picture before me. The ſcene, which was calculated for almoſt Arcadian felicity, was enlivened by the buſy work of harveſt, and the merry carol of the reapers floated through the air in cheerful melody. The ruſtic ſwains and damſels were all aſſiduouſly employed in gathering the yellow riches of the ſummer. Some were cutting, others binding, and the gleaner, "with bended ſhoulders traverſing the field," followed the loaded waggons, carefully laying up every ear that fell.—I love to contemplate theſe ruſtic ſights.

Hail, therefore, patroneſs of health and eaſe,
And contemplation, heart-conſoling joys,
And harmleſs pleaſures in the throng'd
Abode of multitudes unknown! hail, rural life!

Addreſs

Addreſs himſelf who will to the purſuit
Of honours, or emoluments, or fame;
I ſhall not add myſelf to ſuch a chaſe,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his ſucceſs.

On a hill not far from the caſtle, is a ſtupendous Britiſh poſt. The approach guarded by four ditches, with two or three entrances towards the main work, where ſome foſſes run acroſs the hill; the end of which is ſufficiently guarded by the ſteepneſs.*

The town was formerly defended all round by walls ſtrengthened with towers. Leland † thus deſcribes it in his time: "It ſtandithe a mile from Severne banke, "and is ſerved with ſmall rills coming "from the hills hard by. The ſoyle of "the ground of the towne is on mayne "ſlaty roke, and eſpecially the parte of "the towne hillinge toward the caſtell,

* Pennant's Tour, II. 372. † Itin. VII. 16.

"now

" now a late reedified, whereby hathe " been a parke. Great ruines of the " waulle yet apere, *ad veſtigia* of iiii gates, " thus called, Kedewen gate, Cherbury " gate, Arthur's gate, and Kerry gate. " In the waulle yet remayne broken tour- " ets, of the which the white tower is " the moſt notable."

Henry III. granted by charter, that the borough of Montgomery ſhould have, amongſt others, the privileges of a free borough. The town is governed by two bailiffs, and twelve burgeſſes, or common-council men. It ſends one member to Parliament, who is elected by the burgeſſes, and returned by the bailiffs; Llanydloes, Welſh pool, and Llanfyllin, were formerly contributory, but they are now excluded from any ſhare in the election.*

* Camden's Britannia, II. 780. and Willis's Notitia Parl. III. 78. and part II. 9. quoted Pennant's Tour, II. 373.

In

In Blount's Tenures* I find a very curious cuſtom, which once prevailed at this place. When any woman was found guilty, by the free burgeſſes of the town, of cauſing any ſtrifes, fightings, defamations, or other diſturbances of the public peace, ſhe was adjudged to the goging-ſtool, or cucking-ſtool, there to ſtand with her feet naked, and her hair diſhevelled for ſuch a length of time as the burgeſſes ſhould think proper, as a public example, and warning to all who beheld her. This cucking-ſtool is what the Saxons called ſcealfing or ſcolding ſtool, that is, a chair in which they placed ſcolding women as public examples, and in which, beſides this, if the enormity of the caſe required it, they uſed to plunge them over head in water. This engine in general conſiſted of a long beam or rafter moving on a fulcrum,

* Edited by Beckwith, p. 282.

and

and extending to the centre of a pond, on which end the ſtool or ſeat uſed to be placed.*

* The cucking-ſtool is thus deſcribed by Jacob. "Cucking-ſtool *(tumbrellum)* is an engine invented "for the puniſhment of ſcolds and unquiet women, "by ducking them in water, called, in antient "time, a tumbrel, and ſometimes a trebucket. "In Domeſday it is called *cathedra ſtercoris;* and "the Saxons deſcribed it to be *cathedra in qua rix-"oſæ mulieres ſedentes, aquis demergebantur.* It was "antiently a puniſhment inflicted upon brewers "and bakers, tranſgreſſing the laws, who were "thereupon, in ſuch a ſtool, immerged over head "and ears *in ſtercore*, ſtinking water. Some think "it a corruption from ducking-ſtool, and others "from choaking-ſtool, *quia hoc modo demerſæ aquis "ferè ſuffocantur.*" See Jacob's Law Dictionary.

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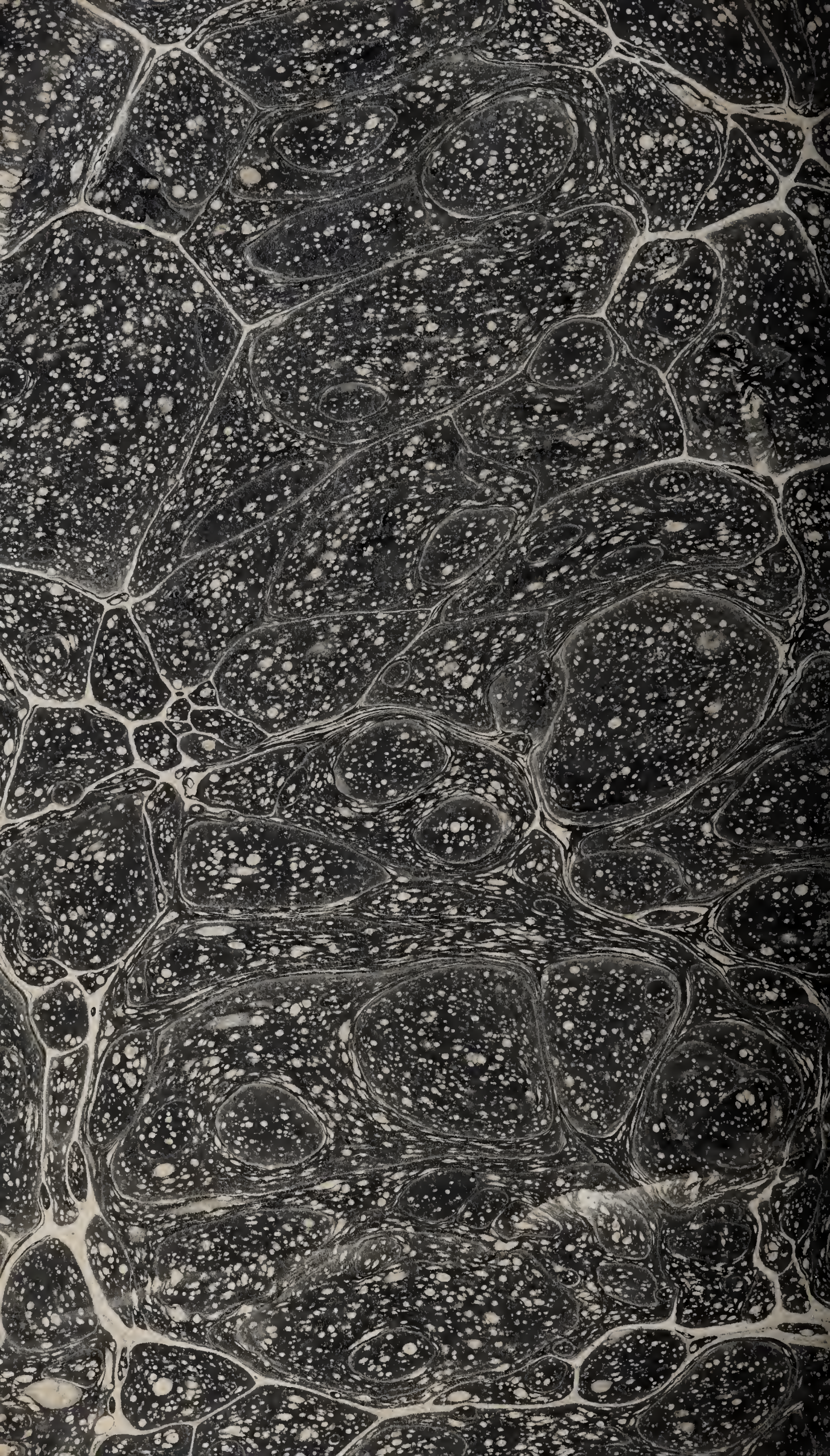
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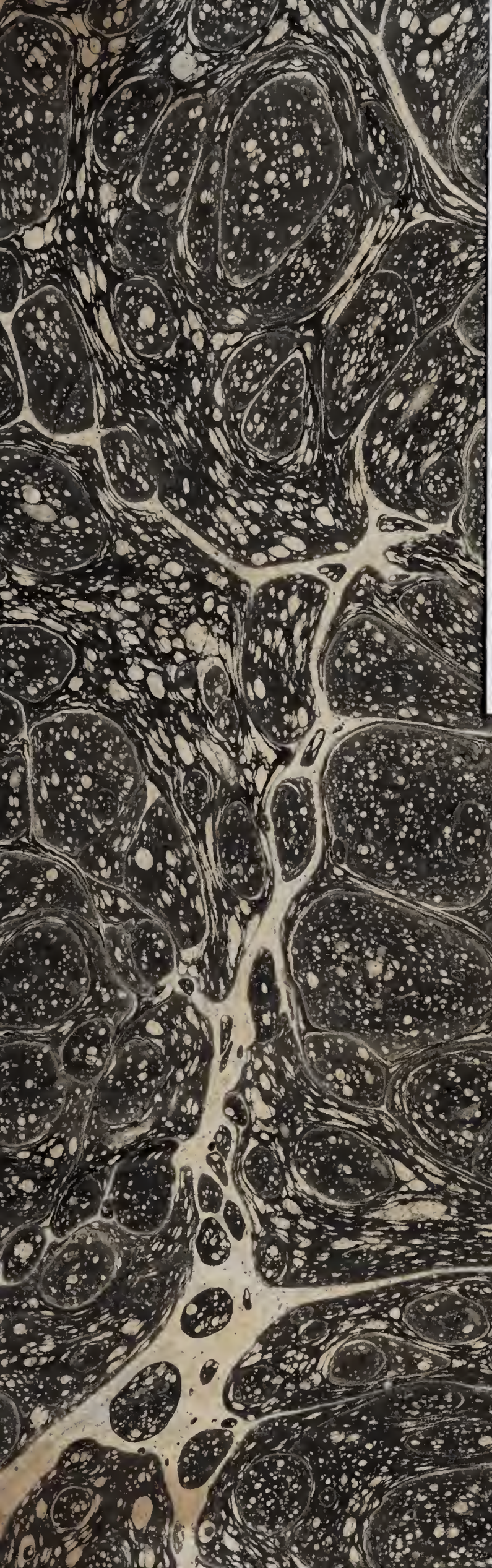
*** The Reader's indulgence is requeſted for the following Errata, and ſome others of leſs conſequence that have not been noticed, occaſioned by the author's abſence from London.

A few that are very material are printed in capitals.

Page. Line.

13. 7. for *ſide* read *ſite*.
16. 16. after *town* infert *and*.
67. 9. dele *and Foſs*.
100. 9. for *Beronica* read *Veronica*.
143. 15. for OPENED read ENTERED.
148. 11. for *Glydes* read *Glyder*.
150. 2. for *this* read *ſome ſimilar*.
155. 8. for ALSO read ONLY.
165. 12. for *elegancy* read *elegance*.
191. 4. leave out the word TWO.
195. 16. for *ſave ſtones* read *grave ſtones*.
209. 18. for *ſhcet* read *ſheeted*.
212. 7. for *thence* read *from thence*.
221. 15. for *ſend* read *tend*.
223. 20. for *Piſtyll* read *Diſtyll*.
231. 11. for *are* read *is*.
237. 12. for *this preſent* read *the preſent*.
242. 4. for *any place* read *any other place*.
245. 18. for *rock* read *rocks*.
257. 10. for *hugies* read *hujus*.
265. 9. for *they* read *the founders*.
266. 17. for *ſtonehenge, rolbrick* read *Stonehenge, Rollrick*.
—— 19. for *ſtones* read *ſtone*.
287. 21. for *was* read *were*.
296. 13. for *Ballcuin* read *Ballium*.
310. 6. leave out *when*.
334. 5. for *tolerable* read *tolerably*.
363. 12. for AND THAT IS read THAT IS NOT.
430. 16. for DEFILED read DEIFIED.
477. 2. for *and* read *an*.
490. 11. after *heirs* infert *on*.
493. 8. and 11. for *Alaen* and *Abrien* read *Abren*.





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